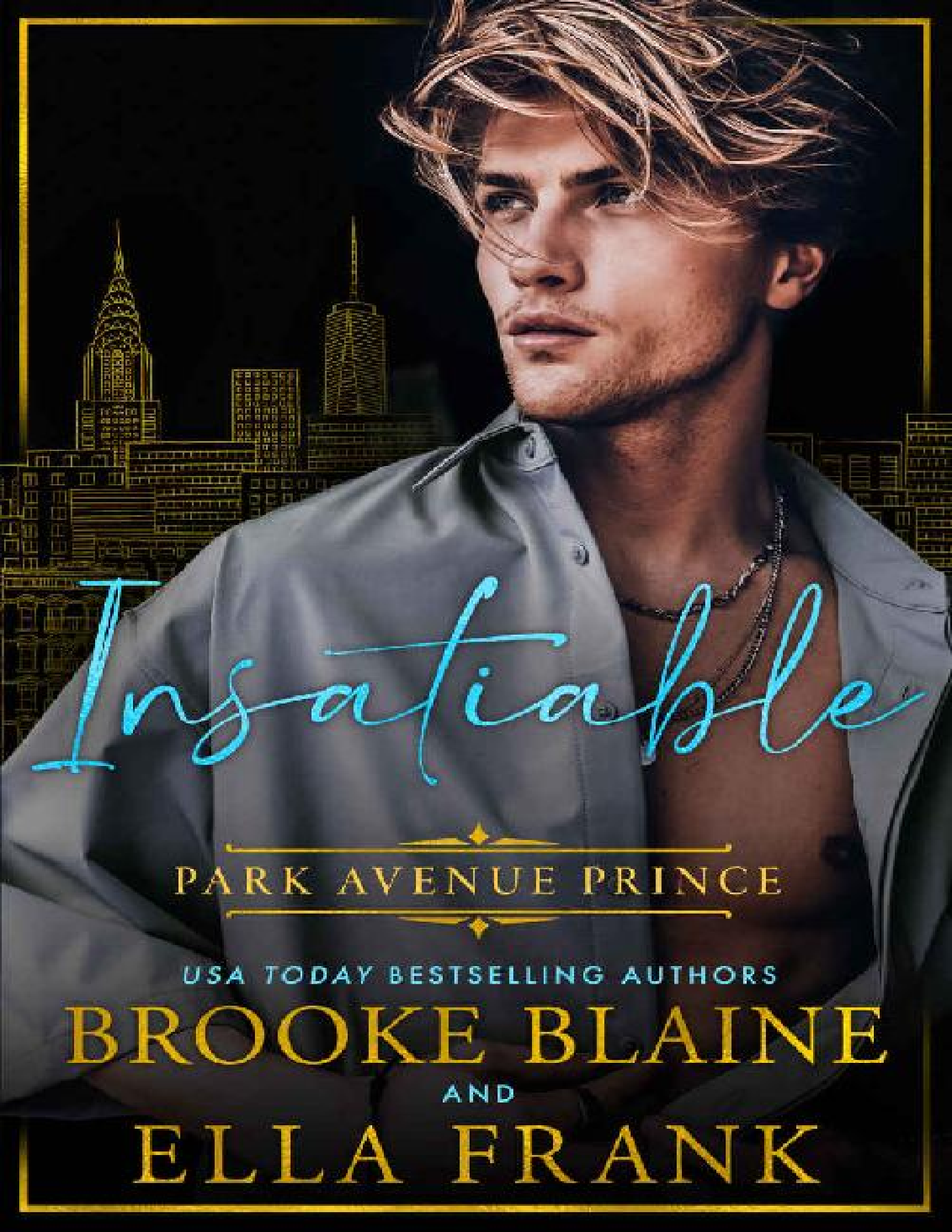
Insatiable
PARK AVENUE PRINCE
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHORS
BROOKE BLAINE
AND
ELLA FRANK

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BROOKE BLAINE

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synopsis

Who are we? Like you even need to ask. We're the seven richer-than-sin legacies causing debauchery at the prestigious Astor University in Manhattan.
Some call us spoiled.
Some call us trouble.
But *everyone* calls us the Park Avenue Princes.

Donovan "Van" Truitt
"The Model"

Wrong place. Wrong time. Right guy.

Showing up at a very *indecent* film shoot was an accident. I was a highly paid model. A professional. I didn't get down and dirty for the cameras, but one look at the sex god needing a scene partner and I found myself reconsidering.

After all, with a name like Sin, a body out of my rugged lumberjack fantasies, and a head full of dirty-blond hair I wanted to grab, he was almost impossible to resist. But I did—until fate put him back in my sights.

The only problem? He was the new *rising* star of his industry, and that meant he came with conditions.

The proposition: If I wanted a night of “Sin,” I needed to show *up* for the cameras.
My terms: Make sure my identity remained a mystery.

It was only supposed to be one time, one scene. But I quickly learned that anything less than everything would never be enough with him.

Who would’ve thought my happy accident would lead to so many happy ending…s?

Insatiable Park Avenue Prince is the second standalone novel in the Park Avenue Princes world.

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Thank You
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ONE

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donovan

“ARE YOU SURE this is the right place?” I shifted my phone to the other ear as I squinted up at the rust-colored brick of the warehouse my maps app had taken me to. It wasn’t that I hadn’t done photoshoots in the Meatpacking District before, even if it was rare; it was that the building looked completely unoccupied. Whatever businesses used to be on the ground floor were now shuttered except for a liquor store on the corner, and I didn’t see anyone coming and going out of there.

Mira, my agent, responded, but half of her words were cut out by the shit signal. I didn’t understand how that was possible anywhere in Manhattan, but here we were.

I glanced down at the address in my email again, checking it against where the map told me I was, and then lifted the phone back to my ear.

“Listen, you’re cutting out,” I said, heading to the main doors. “I’ll call you after the shoot.”

Without waiting for her broken response, I made my way inside, took one look at the peeling paint on the elevator, and took the stairs instead. No way was I taking a chance on that potential deathtrap when the shoot was only on the third floor.

The location was an interesting choice for the luxury brand I’d be modeling for today, but I’d been in crazier situations, and maybe they wanted to grit things up a little. Or maybe the exterior was made to throw people off from a hidden jewel inside.

It could happen.

I rapped on the door, and when it immediately opened, I was greeted by a dark-skinned male with a dazzling smile and the loudest outfit I’d seen since the last Betsey Johnson show. Fluorescent yellow flowers covered

every inch of the suit he wore, and the rows of tight braids fell down almost to his waist.

“Hello there, handsome,” he said, stepping aside to usher me in. “Welcome to our little slice of paradise for the day.”

Slice of paradise? Umm… I frowned as I took in the wide-open interior of the place that didn’t look all that different to the exterior. The rust-colored bricks from outside had made their way in, though some looked ready to crumble, and the floors underfoot had a definite *rustic* appeal to them—if one considered being close to collapse appealing. I hesitated at the door, my life flashing before my eyes as I imagined my foot going through one of the floorboards.

“No need to be shy,” the man said when I continued to stand in his doorway. “Come in, come in.”

When he stepped away from the door and didn’t fall to his ultimate demise, I decided, what the hell. The paycheck from this shoot would be more than enough to cover any injuries I might sustain if the worst-case scenario happened, and if it didn’t, then I would have a nice payday coming my way.

“Did you find the place okay?” the man asked as I followed him inside and shut the door. “You’re a little late.”

I looked at my watch and realized I *was* running a few minutes late, but nothing to make a scene over. I’d had to get across town, after all, and traffic at this time was insane.

“Sorry about that.” And I was. If there was one thing I took seriously, it was my job, and I hated the fact I’d caused any kind of holdup. “I hope that didn’t put your schedule too far behind.”

“Oh, you’re fine.” He glanced over his shoulder as he walked past several people setting up the lighting equipment, waving a hand in their direction. “They’re still getting everything set up. I just wanted you and Sin to have a moment to get familiar with one another.”

Sin? Was that who I’d be shooting with today? I hadn’t been told all that much about the gig other than the fact that Onyx wanted me and what they were willing to pay. But I guess that kind of fell on me too, because after I heard the amount, I hadn’t bothered asking any more questions.

Something I probably should think about next time so I could prepare myself in advance by getting a tetanus shot.

“I have to say,” my guide said as we continued toward the middle of the room, where several people were gathered around a beautiful bed, “I was expecting someone a little more…buff. But I think you’ll do quite nicely. Good contrast and all.”

More buff*?* What was this guy talking about? They would have had my portfolio and known what I looked like. This wasn’t a blind date. If they wanted some muscled-up guy, they should’ve been more specific.

We came to a stop by the side of the bed, and the man gestured to it, waggling his brows. “What do you think? Gorgeous, isn’t it?”

I took in the enormous California king as he bent to smooth his hand across the luxurious-looking silk duvet. It was nice and all, but nothing compared to the bed back at my place in the prestigious Waldorf Astoria Towers Residences. Not that I was about to tell him that. He looked like he was going to orgasm from the reverent way he was stroking the material.

“It is,” I agreed, knowing the best way to have a shoot run smoothly was to play nice with the director. “So is the hair and makeup team ready for me?”

He tilted his head, giving me a peculiar look. “Uh, sure. I’ll take you back.”

As I followed him across the room, my eyes caught on a flash of white—a long robe covering the body of a man even taller than my six-one frame, and far broader. He ran his fingers through his shoulder-length dirty-blond hair, gathering it in his large hands as he tied it up. All of that was enough to catch my attention, but it wasn’t until he turned around that my breath caught in my throat.

Please tell me that’s Sin. I’d have no problem at all spending hours shooting with him, even though right about now my dick disagreed.

But damn. The man was gorgeous. Dark brows sat low over his piercing amber eyes, and the thick scruff along his jaw made me want to run my hands through it.

He looked up, and our gazes collided for only a moment before I heard the man leading me say, “Here we are. Anita will take care of getting you ready today.”

I reluctantly tore my eyes away, only to see a tiny setup consisting of a single folding chair and mirror. Hardly any makeup at all lined the counter, and I frowned.

The man clapped me on the shoulder, but before he walked off, I said, “Wait, what was your name?”

That bright white smile returned as he bowed. “Rafferty, your director extraordinaire. I’ll see you out there when you’re ready.”

Something about his name niggled the back of my mind, but I couldn’t place where I’d heard of him. I knew for a fact we hadn’t worked together; he wasn’t exactly a forgettable character.

“Have a seat.” Anita gestured toward the chair I wasn’t sure would hold my weight; then again, if Sin or whoever that guy in the robe was had managed it, I should be fine.

Anita ran her fingers through my hair, studying me in the mirror. “I think you look great as you are. We’ll just cut down the shine a bit.” She reached for the translucent powder and brushed a bit across my forehead, nose, and cheeks. “All right, stand up and get undressed and let’s see what we’re working with.”

Well, that was putting it bluntly. Apparently Anita wasn’t only the hair and makeup artist, but also the stylist? Not that she’d done a thing to my face, but if they wanted *au naturel*, I was fine with that. My weekly facials and ten-step nightly skincare routine ensured my complexion was a practically fucking perfect to paint on.

I unrolled the long sleeves of my dress shirt and unbuttoned the cuffs as I peeled off my shoes. It wasn’t until I was sliding my shirt off my arms that I realized I wasn’t exactly in a private corner to get naked. Not that I was ashamed of my body. Hours in the gym and a decent diet kept my lean frame toned to perfection for my job.

Hell, and if that sexy-as-fuck guy in the robe was still watching…

Without another thought, I unbuttoned my jeans, stripping down to my boxer briefs and carefully laying my clothes over the back of the folding chair.

Straightening, I waited as Anita ran her eyes over my body, not in a lecherous way, but looking for any imperfections she’d have to cover. She wouldn’t find any—except for one that would be hidden to any camera I posed in front of. Raising her hand, she motioned for me to turn, and as I did, I found myself looking for Mr. White Robe, but I didn’t see him anywhere.

“Not a blemish on you. Impressive.” Anita snapped her gum and reached for a white robe hanging nearby. “Lose the briefs.”

My brows rose slightly. I'd done plenty of nude shoots, and with this being for a new line of watches, I supposed they wanted to keep the focus on their product while showing a whole lotta skin.

Oh shit. That meant I'd be getting up close and personal with naked white robe guy. Fuck me, this day just got better than I'd imagined.

I stripped out of my briefs, adding them to my clothes pile, and put the robe on, tying it at the waist. Anita grabbed a bottle of oil and inclined her head for me to follow her, and it didn't occur to me until we were halfway across the room that she hadn't given me a pouch or flesh-colored thong to wear to cover…well, my dick.

The lighting crew finally had their gear up and running and were testing where it best hit the bed, while the guy with a reflector screen ran around trying to find the best possible position.

There was a huge chandelier over the bed that I hadn't noticed before, and it shimmered and sparkled, adding to the difficulties of getting the best light. It was clear they were going for a classy, high-end kind of vibe with an element of grit. That way, it wouldn't seem too out of reach for the middle class. I could see the appeal of that. Get as many eyes on a product as possible, and what better way to do that than with two naked men inviting you to join them?

Footsteps across the bed had me glancing up to the director coming out and chatting to—*yes*, *thank you*, *Jesus*—Mr. White Robe himself. He was nodding along, his eyes focused as Rafferty pointed to the bed and the plush pillows propped up against the ornate headboard.

Mr. White Robe looked at the headboard and said something that had Rafferty throwing his head back and laughing, and I caught a smirk under all that delicious scruff.

Damn. Today wasn't going to be a hardship at all. At least, it wouldn't be if I stopped thinking about how good that scruff would feel on my *very* naked body. I followed Anita to the end of the bed, more than ready to get to the introductions. Mr. White Robe leaned down and pushed his hand against the mattress.

What the hell was he doing? Testing to see how comfortable the thing was? Like it mattered? They could ask us to lie on these beat-up wood floors and we'd have to do it. Rafferty slowly smiled as Mr. White Robe straightened, and I frowned.

Who was this guy? Not to sound conceited, but I was a pretty big name in the industry, and our director had acted like I was some Joe Blow who'd walked off the street. Whereas he was fawning all over this guy like he was the next coming of Christ.

Not that I could blame him. Mr. White Robe had a commanding way about him, from his tall, built stature, to his confident swagger as he moved about the room in next to nothing.

Again, all things that people usually found admirable about me. But for some reason, it was this guy who had everyone's attention.

He sure as hell had mine.

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TWO

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kelly

“SIN, I’D LIKE you to meet…” Rafferty’s words trailed off, his forehead bunching as he looked at the guy joining us.

The blond in the robe kicked up a brow like he was surprised our director fumbled for his name. Hell, with a gorgeous face like his, I couldn’t believe it either. “Donovan,” he said, a hint of annoyance in his voice. “Or Van for short.”

I smiled as I held my hand out toward him. “Pleasure to meet you, Donovan. I won’t be forgetting your name.” Not when I expected to call it out soon.

Hazel eyes, more green than brown under the lights, held mine as he shook my hand. His warm, strong grip had my dick reacting immediately.

This…had been a fucking fantastic idea. Whatever doubt I’d had—which wasn’t much at this point—vanished the second I saw Donovan walk into the room. I couldn’t believe I was actually getting paid to spend a few hours with this guy, and if what he was hiding under the robe was even half as hot as his face, it was going to be one of the best days of my life.

“Sin…” Donovan still had a hold of my hand, curiosity in those interesting eyes of his. “That can’t be your real name.”

“It is for today.”

His gaze trailed down my face, and I felt the scorching heat of it the further it went. Down my neck, to my chest where my robe was cinched close. I wished I’d left it open now, so he could look his fill. I had a feeling he’d like what he saw.

“You two are going to be fabulous together,” Rafferty said, his interruption causing Donovan to drop his hand from mine. “Anita, let’s get them oiled up and we can get started. If you’re both ready?”

“Absolutely.” I didn’t waste any time peeling out of the robe and handing it off to one of the assistants nearby. As I turned back around, Donovan’s heated stare was centered directly below my hips. If the way his lips parted was any indication, he definitely liked what he saw.

Anita began to apply a light oil to my back, and I watched Donovan swallow and look away, schooling his face into something more neutral.

“Will we be using pouches or nude thongs for this shoot?” he asked Rafferty as he untied his robe. It parted just enough that I could see a hint of the light golden tan of his skin… Such a tease.

Rafferty moved behind the camera, checking the angle. “Sorry, what?”

“It’s standard to use genital guards for a nude shoot,” Donovan said.

Rafferty looked from Donovan to me to his assistant. “I’m confused.”

“I’m guessing this is your first time doing this? The stylist you hired should’ve brought a few options.” Donovan glanced over my shoulder at Anita. “Do you have them on hand? Once we’re oiled up, we also need to see the pieces we’re modeling, see which is a better fit for us.”

Anita’s hand stilled on my arm as she and Rafferty stared at each other in silence for a long moment. No one seemed to know what to say to that.

“Does he mean…condoms?” Anita said.

Bewilderment was written all over Rafferty’s face as he threw his hands up and said, “Did we hire a new director and no one thought to tell me?” He turned his attention to Donovan. “No condoms, no pouches, and no robe. We’re on a deadline, people.”

With a snap of his fingers, everyone began to move again. Anita finished off my arms and moved down my lower back to my ass, and all the while Donovan hesitated. I wasn’t sure what the issue was, or what genital guards were even for, since we’d been tested and cleared for today. Maybe he was shy?

“This your first time?” I asked, trying to make him a little more comfortable.

“No. I’ve been doing this for years, but this situation…” He gestured around. “This is not what I’m used to.”

“Does anyone ever get used to this?” It was a wild kind of situation but hey, you only lived once, right?

Donovan’s lips quirked and his shoulders relaxed a little. “You’re right. It is kind of an unusual situation, but I’ve never known a director to be so blasé about his models’ modesty.”

Modesty? Huh. That was a weird word to throw around on a set like this, but it wasn't my place to judge. Just because I had no issue stripping down and using what God gave me to make a few bucks, that didn't mean this Donovan guy felt the same. This might've been a last resort for him, a job he fell into when he was down on his luck and couldn't find a way out. The last thing I wanted was for him to feel uncomfortable.

"If it helps any, this is my first time too."

Donovan's eyes lowered to where Anita was now crouched in front of me oiling up my legs, and they caught on my nine-incher and widened.

"Not sure how that's supposed to help. If anything, it's just going to make this more…difficult. We really should have some kind of protection."

I frowned as Donovan turned away, clearly searching out Rafferty, but he was nowhere in sight. Not the best idea when one of his stars was acting a little antsy. The last thing I wanted was for Donovan to bolt. Now that I'd seen him, I knew he'd be perfect for my big debut. But that wouldn't happen if he didn't calm down.

"Look, maybe Rafferty has gone to get those guard things you were talking about." Hell, I had no idea. But if it chilled this guy out, I'd play along.

Anita rose to her feet and reached for the belt of Donovan's robe, and his hands flew to the tie. "What are you doing?"

"You heard Rafferty. We need to get you naked and oiled up."

The confusion swirling in his eyes was now tinged with a distinct flare of irritation. "If you think I'm about to strip out of this robe without some sort of explanation as to what is going on, you have lost your mind. I'm a professional."

Okay, so maybe not nervous? Maybe just a diva? He'd seemed pretty put out that Rafferty didn't know him, and this spectacle about maintaining his modesty seemed a little overboard, considering what was about to happen. The guy needed to get over his hang-ups. Especially since I was about to get up close and personal with him in about five minutes.

"Look here, kid." Anita put her hands on her hips. "I get it. You got a pretty face, a killer body, and most people probably listen when you talk. But me, I don't get paid enough to take your shit. I'm standing in a run-down warehouse oiling up two guys who are about to fuck on that bed. So you think you got issues? I haven't had sex in a year and a half. Now lose the damn robe."

Donovan blinked, his face frozen in a “stunned fish” expression until Anita clapped her hands in front of him.

“Lose the robe.”

“Did you just say ‘oiling two guys who are going to fuck’?”

Anita let out a sigh, aiming her eyes to the ceiling. “Oh, for the love of God. Do you not see the big dick standing behind me? What did you think he was here for?”

Donovan looked past her to where I stood naked, oiled, and pretty damn hard after his little outburst, and he shook his head.

“You think I’m going to… That we’re going to…” He looked around the warehouse, at the lighting, the cameras, the person with the boom mic, and like a bell had just clanged in his head, he muttered, “Fuck me.”

“Yes, that’s exactly it,” Anita said. “I think he’s going to fuck you. No offense, but he’s definitely the top here, pretty boy. Now lose the robe.”

My lips twitched as Donovan’s eyes narrowed. It was obvious from his outburst that there was some kind of mix-up happening here. But damn, the flush of irritation staining his cheeks made me wish he *was* here for the same reason I was.

“I’m not losing anything.” In fact, he belted that robe tighter. “There’s been some kind of mix-up. I’m not a…not a…”

“Bottom?” Anita suggested.

“*Porn star*.”

“Oh. Oh.” She pulled her hands back and gripped the bottle of oil tight. “So what are you doing here?”

“I don’t know. Clearly.”

Damn it. Well, there went my fantasy of getting to see what was under that robe. Not to mention how he’d feel under me on that bed.

“What exactly did you think you were here to do?”

“What I’m getting paid to. Model the latest Onyx watch.”

There was utter incredulity on Anita’s face as she stared at Donovan. “Rafferty?” she called out over her shoulder. “We have a situation.”

“Handle it,” he said, his focus on the storyboard he and his assistant were going over.

“I would, but, uh…this guy isn’t here for our scene.”

Rafferty’s head shot up. “Come again?”

“Nope, none of that,” Anita said, and gestured to Donovan. “He’s here to model jewelry—”

“Watches,” Donovan corrected her.

“That’s what I said, watches.” She held out her oil-slicked hands. “So where’s the next guy I need to rub down?”

Several heartbeats passed as Rafferty’s horrified gaze flicked between Donovan and me, and the smile he’d worn the whole time I was here vanished in an instant.

“Rafferty?” she asked again, and that seemed to snap him out of his panicked state.

Still clutching the storyboard, he approached Donovan. “Any interest in being our plus-one today?”

Donovan’s hazel eyes went wide. “Excuse me?”

“He’s asking if you’re down to let me fuck you,” I said, sauntering over to join the conversation. If there was a chance my first shoot could be with this guy, I was taking it. He’d already been checking me out, so this could be a nice turn of events.

A *very* nice turn.

Heat flared in Donovan’s eyes, overpowering the surprise written all over his face. He couldn’t believe I’d said that out loud, propositioning him right here in front of everyone, but that was the job. Not to mention I’d never been shy about going after someone I wanted. What had Anita called him? A pretty boy? I wanted this pretty boy down on all fours for me, oiled down so I could run my hands over what I knew would be a tight, firm ass —

“Oh, I get it,” Donovan said, his expression relaxing. “Did my friends put you up to this? Is this one of those ‘you got punked’ shows? Good one. You almost had me.”

Reaching down, I wrapped a fist around my cock and arched a brow. “Does it look like I’m joking?”

He wasn’t shy about looking at my growing erection, that was for damn sure, and he white-knuckled his robe as he licked his lips. I didn’t think he was even aware of his actions, but he was telling me in no uncertain terms that he wanted me. My dick was already making my own interest known, so really, what was the problem here? The money was good. But I didn’t think a guy used to modeling Onyx watches was hurting for a few bucks the way I was, so I kept that bit for myself and let the stroke of my hand over my cock do the talking.

Conflict warred in his eyes…and then Rafferty had to open his big-ass mouth.

"We need a decision here—time's a wasting. And we can't have Sin coming until we get it on camera."

Donovan blinked, shaking his head, and I knew then it wasn't gonna happen.

"Sorry about the mix-up," he said. "But you've got the wrong guy."

"You sure about that?" I asked.

He hesitated, giving me one last once-over. "Yeah, *unfortunately*, I am."

Even as he said the words, they sounded a lot like regret, and as he turned and walked away, I couldn't help the disappointment settling in my gut.

But oh well. The show had to go on—with or without that pretty boy.

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THREE

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donovan

WALK AWAY, VAN. Walk away now… I repeated on a loop in my head as I turned away from the sex god in front of me and somehow managed to put one foot in front of the other. It shouldn't have been all that difficult after finding out I was standing in a warehouse with a crew of people who expected me to get on a bed and get pounded by Thor over there. But with my dick standing tall, still trying to get a look at what it was going to miss out on, moving my legs was the last thing my brain wanted to focus on.

A porn shoot? Seriously? If I hadn't heard the words with my own two ears—not to mention seen the monster cock in Sin's hand—I might not have believed the turn of events. But as I made my way back to where I'd left my clothes, certain things started to jump out at me. Things that probably should've clued me in to the fact that I was not standing on the set of a multimillion-dollar luxury brand photoshoot. Such as the spare makeup counter. The lack of clothing options that would best highlight the product. The name of the entertainment company splashed across a water bottle —"Xes Entertainment" which was *sex* spelled backward but pronounced "excess." The table over to my right that—yep, okay, I missed that—held several brands of lube and…sex toys.

Damn. I'd been so focused on the building itself that I hadn't even seen those. Well, that'd teach me. *Don't get distracted by sexy men in white robes, Van.*

I reached the folding chair with my clothes slung over the back and quickly changed, and once everything was covered—and not at risk of ending up on film—I made my way toward the exit, hoping to escape without notice. The sooner I got out of there and away from the temptation of playing with Thor's hammer, the better.

I hurried past the guy with the reflector screen and ducked between a couple other crew members getting ready to film, and just when I thought I was home free, a hand grabbed hold of my arm.

Shit.

I turned to see Rafferty behind me, a twinkle in his dark eyes as he shook his head.

“I’m sorry for the mistake back there, but really, can you blame me?”

My lips twitched despite myself. With my clothes back on and the misunderstanding handled, it was a lot easier to see the humor in the situation. “Not really, I suppose. But people generally pay to see my *face*.”

Rafferty let out a bark of laughter. “Well, we could do that. We do lovely facials here.”

I snorted. “I’m sure you do,” I said, then looked past him back to the bed—and that was the wrong thing to do.

Sin lounged back on the enormous bed, propped up against the headboard, as a guy at the end of the mattress called out commands, testing different positions.

“Left leg up, foot flat. Let me see the light on that.” The guy moved behind the camera as Sin did what he was told. “No. I don’t like that. Let’s try the right.”

Sin straightened his left leg out on top of the duvet and bent the right.

“Oh yeah, that’s where we need to start. The light’s perfect.”

Rafferty glanced over his shoulder, then turned a sly smile my way. “Since I feel *so* terrible about the mix-up and all, would you like to stay and watch? See a little of what we do here?”

Stay and watch? Watch what, exactly?

I knew what they had originally planned, but now that my ass was off the table, what exactly would Sin be doing? I assumed himself—his fist, that was—though with a dick that long, he probably could actually fuck himself if he wanted to.

“Donovan?”

“Huh?”

“Would you like to stay?”

I looked back over to the bed, where the sun was streaming through the grimy windows and dancing over Sin’s ripped body. He’d taken the hair tie off after his oil job, and as the light caught on his golden hair and scruff-covered jaw line, every other thought other than staying disappeared.

When I found myself nodding, Rafferty turned back to the crew. “All right, let’s get this started. Not sure where your scene partner is, but we can’t waste any more daylight, so Sin, you’re riding solo for this one. You good with that?”

Sin’s eyes met mine, and he smirked. “I can handle it.”

Fuck me, I knew he would. My palms were sweating as I stood there while everyone got into position and Anita handed Sin a bottle of lube.

A few seconds later, I heard Rafferty say, “Action,” and all that sexual tension Sin had been aiming my way was focused directly on the camera. He didn’t say a word as he ran his fingers through his hair and then slowly let them trail down his neck. Further down they went, over the broad, tanned muscles of his chest. He was putting a spotlight on his hot body, teasing and showing me just what I was missing out on.

Hell, I was tempted to say fuck it and join him. My dick punched against the confines of my briefs, probably wanting to strangle me for turning down one of the sexiest men I’d ever seen in my life. I almost didn’t care that there was a team of people around that would be watching—that sounded damn hot too—but I held myself back for one reason, and one reason only.

As much as I enjoyed watching it, the porn industry didn’t exactly work well with a professional model of my stature. It was a surefire way to ruin my career, and I hadn’t spent years networking and building it up to throw it all away on a few hot minutes in front of a different camera.

Sin’s hands kept moving, one pinching the pebbled tip of his nipple while the other caressed the dark, trimmed hair above his cock. I would’ve called him a tease if it wasn’t for the way it hardened and grew by the second, lengthening to a massive size—and that was before he’d even put his hands on himself.

Fuck, I knew the guy was big, but as he poured some lube into his palm and started to work himself over, I had to stop my jaw from hitting the floor. Like he could hear the way my heartbeat had kicked up, Sin looked past the camera at me. I couldn’t hide my obvious arousal even if I wanted to. I only wished that it was appropriate to unzip and join him in mutual masturbation that would leave the both of us satisfied, because how was I going to walk out of here after watching *this*?

The sound that came out of Sin as he wrapped his large hand around his even bigger dick was a mix between a growl and an exhale, so feral that I

wondered how it was possible he hadn’t been performing like this for years. He was a natural, his focus bouncing between the camera, his body…and occasionally me.

“I’m so fucking hard for you,” he said, his voice husky and full of sex. He said those words straight to the camera, but he directed them my way, and it was a miracle I didn’t pass out right there.

He gave himself a few rough strokes before moving, rising to his knees and giving the camera a perfect view of his body.

I didn’t know what to look at first. Those penetrating eyes. The hair that fell around his shoulders, a few strands sticking to his neck from the body oil. The absolutely unbelievable cut of his abs, honed to porn star perfection.

Wait, no. That enormous dick was the porn star perfection, long, thick, and plump at the head. Pre-cum glistened at the tip, and I practically salivated, kicking myself yet again for not throwing myself on the bed at his mercy. My ass would’ve begged for his cock to split me in two.

Damn. Just damn.

Sin tightened his fingers around himself then slid his other hand down between his thighs to fondle his balls. When he tipped his head back and groaned, I couldn’t keep my hands off myself.

I reached down and rubbed my palm up against the zipper of my jeans, feeling the denim become increasingly tighter as I watched the one-man show taking place only feet away from me. Sin’s bicep flexed as he began to stroke himself, drawing that tight fist up and down his mammoth length, and the warehouse was so quiet I could hear each slick glide of his hand as he pumped himself over and over again.

Holy. Fuck.

I curled my fingers around myself, trying to bank my desperate need to come. But as I greedily drank in the fuck fantasy kneeling on the bed, he raised his head, our eyes collided, and my grip went from punishing to pleasure.

My hand began to move in time with Sin’s as he pumped his hips forward. He swiped his tongue across his lower lip, that feral sound rumbling up out of him as the glistening pre-cum began to drip in ropy strings to the mattress under him.

He was close, so fucking close, and fuck me, so was I, when—

My ass began to vibrate, and not from anything sexual.

“Oh fuck.” It was my phone.

I reluctantly tore my eyes away from what was possibly the hottest thing I’d ever seen in my life and pulled my phone from my back pocket.

MIRA:

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

My hard-on instantly deflated. Shit. She was right. I needed to find out where my actual job was, not be standing here watching the hottest *hand* job of my life.

Damn cockblock.

I took one final look at Sin and cursed my bad luck, and as I turned to leave I heard what had to be the sexiest sound of my life.

Sin was coming—and I was running out the door.

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FOUR

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donovan

ALL WEEKEND I'D remained convinced there was no one dumber than I'd been in leaving that warehouse on Saturday. Sin's shouts of release haunted my every waking thought, and the memories of him getting off on that bed?

Why the hell hadn't I stayed again?

Oh. Right. My job.

Turned out the email they'd sent to my agent had a typo in the address, leading me straight to Sin instead of the shoot in Soho. Some would call that a simple mistake.

Me? I'd call it fate. Especially with what landed in the inbox of every one of my friends, save Preston, come Monday morning.

"Holy shit, get a load of this." West twisted from his position near the front of the luxury Sprinter van my friends and I took to Astor University every day and tapped the screen of his cell phone. "'Xes Entertainment presents a night of Sin this Friday at the Lure nightclub. Introducing our rising—in *all* the ways—star, a man that'll inspire all your deepest, darkest fantasies. You're invited to come (at least once) to meet our hot new obsession—SIN.'"

West turned his phone around to show us the photo, but my stomach had already flipped at the mention of his name. As my eyes caught on the mane of blond hair and those whiskey-colored eyes, I realized my memories of Saturday didn't do him justice at all. God*damn*, he was sexy. Even if Sin wasn't his real name, it fit him perfectly.

One by one, all the guys pulled out their phones, ignoring the fact that our driver, Scotty, had pulled up to the main gates of Astor. I opened my

email to the invitation we'd all been sent and scrolled down. A video had been attached, and I clicked on it before I thought better of it.

Oh fuck. Oh fuck, fuck, fuck.

That wasn't just any video. It was Sin sprawled out on that bed in the warehouse, completely naked and touching himself—

"Don't have to tell me twice," Travis said, watching over my shoulder. "I'm down."

"On your knees?" East's eyes glittered as he smirked.

"If that's where he wants me."

"Probably the only time you're so accommodating."

"Accommodating is the right word." West snorted. "Look at the size of that thing. Our porn subscriptions are paying off."

West zoom-pinched the screen as everyone crowded in, but there was no need for it. You could see Sin's "thing" a mile away. Hell, you might even be able to see it from outer space.

"I don't think I've ever seen a dick that big in person," East mused.

Daire's eyes landed on him, his perpetual scowl in place. "You own a mirror, don't you?"

East gave him a droll look. "You're just jealous there's something scarier than you in this van right now."

Travis busted out laughing as Preston angled his head to the side, a wince marring his all-American good-boy features.

"That looks like it would cause serious damage. Not sure Serena would enjoy something that, um…big."

"Maybe you should take her shopping one day and show her some options." West smirked. "I'm sure polite missionary style gets boring after the millionth time with the same person. Shake things up, add some spice to your life."

"By offering to split her in half?" Travis grabbed his stomach and started to laugh. "Why don't you show JT? I'm sure the golden boy could do with a little…loosening up."

West's eyes latched on to Travis. "Shut the hell up."

"Oh, someone's touchy."

"*Someone* is still making shit right after listening to you assholes in the first place. I don't need you yapping about our sex life."

West—and his new boyfriend, JT—were never going to let any of us live down the bet we'd issued West at the start of the fall semester. Getting

back at the dean of Astor by corrupting her son seemed like a good idea at the time—until West went and fell for him instead.

Never thought I'd see the day that the biggest playboy of our group had a boyfriend.

As everyone in the van bitched amongst themselves, it gave me the opportunity to melt into the background and try to get my own dick under control, because the second it caught sight of Sin again, it had stood up ready to say hi.

"Can you assholes get out?" Daire said from the back seat. "I'd like the day to be over with at some fucking point."

West reluctantly pocketed his phone, and we all piled out to head into Astor. As we made our way inside the gates, I fell back and took another look at my phone.

Jesus, Sin really was something to look at—and no, not just his cock. Once you got past *that*, his body, face, and sheer animal magnetism made for one hot package.

He was all male, kind of…primal, in a way. Like a lion, with those amber eyes and that long mane of—

"You're awfully quiet back here." Preston moved into step beside me, and I quickly turned off the screen. "You okay?"

"Yeah." I nodded and slipped my phone into the pocket of my jeans. "I was just, uh, wondering if Gavin got here on time this morning, that's all."

Lies.

"He didn't come home last night, and I know it's hard for him to get back after spending the night at Joey's."

There, that sounded plausible enough. My younger brother, Gavin, was dating a guy who lived in Queens, and that was a good hour commute from the Upper East Side. That seemed like way too much effort to me, unless you were madly in love. But Gavin was a dreamer, and apparently Joey was worth the trek, though many of us disagreed.

"I'm sure he's around here somewhere." Preston scanned the courtyard, most likely on the lookout for his girlfriend, Serena. He was the only one in the group who wouldn't be drooling over the email of Sin, but I knew if the rest of us went to the club Friday, he'd still drag himself there to hang.

And we were definitely going.

My hand itched to reach for my phone again, and that was when I realized it was gonna be a looong fucking day of torture before I could get

home to do exactly what my cock had wanted from the second Sin's name had been mentioned.

"You two maybe want to pick up the pace?" East called over his shoulder. "I ordered breakfast for eight fifty, sharp."

"Aye-aye, captain." I gave a mock salute as we followed the rest of the guys inside the main building of the university, heading to the lounge area we'd commandeered our first day here at the school.

It was a private room, one that was usually reserved for professors, but from the moment we'd set foot in the halls, the space had become ours.

It was obnoxious, I knew that, the way we somehow managed to take over anything and everything we wanted. Our favorite spot in the courtyard. The first spot in any line. But at the same time, it was kind of expected from us. Everyone knew our parents, therefore they knew the amount of money the seven of us brought to Astor. So if we wanted somewhere private and professionally decorated, then the school wasn't going to give us too much shit about it.

We entered the opulent space full of traditional wood-paneled walls, beautiful velvet couches, and leather clubman chairs. It was easy to tell which one of us had had the main say in décor—East. It looked like some high-end cigar club, not a college hangout spot.

I dropped my ass into a chair and pulled my phone back out, pretending to hit up my social media pages. But instead I opened the email sitting in my inbox, taunting me to take another look. I turned the volume down and hit play again, propping an ankle on my knee.

It wasn't that I'd never seen a good-looking guy before. Hell, with the industry I was in, you could randomly throw a quarter and watch it bounce off a tight ass. But Sin was different. He wasn't polished—unless you counted the oil Anita had rubbed all over him—and angular. He wasn't all full lips and perfect posture and gait. He was raw and earthy and made you want to get down and dirty with him.

Really fucking dirty.

"So, Van, you gonna be able to make it to this party Friday?" Travis turned his head in my direction. "Or you got work this weekend?"

I didn't care if I had a meeting with the pope this weekend. I'd be canceling it for a chance to see Sin again.

"Nothing this weekend, so I'll be there." There was no way I was letting this opportunity slip through my hands. It was like fate *wanted* me to see

Sin again. It had literally delivered him to my inbox for the price of three hundred dollars a year.

Travis's lips curled. "Maybe you could give him some tips on the best way to angle himself for the light."

"I don't know," West piped up. "Considering the size of the piece of equipment he's working with, I think he's got a pretty good handle on his angles. The fact it didn't block out the sun was *impressive*."

"What was impressive?"

My eyes widened at the sound of JT's voice, and I slid down in my seat.

"Uh…nothing," West said.

I snorted, then clapped a hand over my mouth when West glared.

"Nothing, huh?" JT could see right through that shit. West was the worst liar ever.

West cleared his throat and walked around my chair to go and greet his guy. The rest of us all turned and practically burned holes in his back. If he was about to be handed his ass like the last time JT caught him in a lie, we all wanted to witness it.

"Well, nothing important." West kissed JT's cheek, then—holy shit—handed over his phone. "I was just telling Van that I didn't think this guy needed lighting tips for his dick. Not when he's handling it like it's a goddamn lightsaber. Thing is lit up like a weapon."

JT took in the video of Sin working his "weapon," and he looked truly horrified.

"Aw, don't look so shattered, Golden Boy." East chuckled. "West came to terms with his inadequacies years ago. If you want to try something that big, I'm sure he could find it in silicone."

"Or better yet," Travis interjected, "they might sell replicas of Sin at his coming-out party."

Fuck, I hadn't even thought about that. But as the idea took root and started to percolate, so did my dick. The idea of being able to watch him and use his…*likeness* to get myself off? That was something I could get behind—or more like get *in* my behind.

"Um, I think I'll pass," JT said, handing the phone back like it was a snake that might bite him. A long, thick python. "That looks painful."

"Try not to be too insulted by that," Daire said as he crossed the room and threw open the door. "I'm out. Only so much talk about *your* dicks I want to hear."

As Daire exited, West led JT over to where he'd been sitting on the couch and pulled him down on his lap.

"Coming-out party?" JT said as West wound his arms around his waist and nuzzled into his curls.

"Yeah, it's Friday. Think you can swing it?"

JT's lips twitched as he glanced back at West. "I mean, not as far as that guy, obviously. But if you think you're going to a coming-out party for a porn star on your own, you've got another thing coming."

"I don't want another thing coming." West smoothed a hand up JT's thigh, making him blush. "Just you."

It was…*weird* to see West so obviously content in a relationship when he'd never been in one in his life. But seeing him all heart-eyes over the golden boy made something inside of me feel restless. I enjoyed being a couple, enjoyed having someone to kiss and make out with, and I *definitely* enjoyed having someone to give my body the attention it was so clearly lacking.

But I had a leg up here, an ace I could play that no one in this room knew about. I'd met Sin, talked to him, been the one he was eye-fucking while filming this very scene, and if the gods wanted me to attend his party, I wasn't going to go and purchase a replica of the guy.

No way. I was going to get the real thing.

He wanted me, and I wanted him. So why couldn't we have a night together…without cameras?

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The jarring sound interrupted my thoughts as the door behind me was pushed open again and East got to his feet and clapped his hands.

"Oh good, breakfast," he said, waving in the delivery guy, who was balancing a tray of coffees in one hand and holding several bags in the other. "Now, who ordered the sausage?"

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FIVE

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kelly

THE FLASHES COMING from the long line of photographers were blinding as I stepped onto the red carpet Friday night. Above me, a marquee proclaimed the event as “A Night of Sin,” and I felt a thrill pulse through my body at the thought that tonight was all about me.

How in the hell did I get here? A few weeks ago I’d been on the brink of losing my apartment, and now I had one of the hottest clubs in the city hosting an event in my name, to introduce me—and my body—to the adult entertainment world, calling me the “the next big thing.”

This shit was wild.

Shouts of “Sin, look over here” had me focusing on the job at hand—eye-fucking the cameras, just as Rafferty had instructed. I could do that. Pretend that lens was someone I wanted to get down and dirty with. Someone like…

A pair of hazel eyes flooded my mind, and I found myself biting down on my lower lip, remembering the heat in that stare. Donovan had no shame at all watching me get myself off for him, even if he’d decided not to join in. Something I probably would’ve taken offense to if he hadn’t been on the way to his own shoot.

Damn, but he was gorgeous. If he really did model for brands like Onyx, I could understand why. That perfect face, those blond, tousled strands that fell across it, and the peek of a toned body beneath that robe… I couldn’t get the guy out of my head, and I was kicking myself for not getting his number or finding out a way to see him again. It wasn’t enough that I pictured him every time I fucked my fist—I wanted to fuck what I knew would be a tight, round ass.

“Sin, this way,” a photographer shouted, and I faced his direction briefly before a hand landed on my arm.

“We’ve got some interviews lined up for you inside,” my handler for the evening said, ushering me toward the entrance.

Those interviews turned out to be pretty painless, given that I wasn’t really telling them anything about myself, but about the persona they wanted me to have. I wasn’t Kelly Sinclair to them—I was Sin. Putting on that character—the one people would want to watch, subscribe to, get off to—was easier than I expected. Maybe it was that I didn’t feel the need to hold anything back when they asked what would normally be considered invasive questions.

What was my dream scenario, the one I was dying to act out?

What scenes did I watch that really turned me on?

How big was my cock, really?

All questions I could work with that didn’t tell them a thing about my personal life.

When I’d charmed my way through all the interviews, I finally got the chance to hit up the bar. I needed a drink or three. I started to order my usual, a Jack on the rocks, but considering I was the guest of the evening and wouldn’t be paying for a thing, I decided to go with something more top shelf.

As I lifted the Sazarac to my lips, I leaned against the bar, scanning the crowd packing the club. I recognized several of the guys from watching them on the site, surprised to find that quite a few were shorter than I thought. I wondered which of them I’d be paired up with next, along with who hadn’t shown for my first day. Apparently there’d been a mix-up and he’d been double-booked, but that had worked in my favor, in a way. No better way to showcase myself than a solo act with a hot piece of eye candy behind the camera.

The liquor was smooth going down, maybe too smooth, and I quickly finished off my glass and ordered a second. As I swallowed that first sip, a group of rich-looking, attractive guys walked through the VIP entrance, and as a familiar face came into view, I choked on my drink.

He was wearing more than just a robe tonight, but that tailored navy suit cut around Donovan’s body so well he may as well have been naked. The man was beautiful. And he was here.

Holy shit, what *was* he doing here?

I watched as he and his group were led to one of the roped-off areas, and I wondered who they were that they were receiving special treatment that not even some of the stars of the company were getting.

Someone moved in beside me, attempting to make conversation, and I mustered up a bit of small talk, but I couldn't help the way my gaze kept traveling back to Donovan.

I'd made the mistake of letting him go once. I wouldn't do it again.

"Excuse me," I said, pushing off the bar and heading in Donovan's direction. I didn't give a shit that he was surrounded by others or that one of them could be a boyfriend. He hadn't *seemed* taken when his eyes had been on me.

Laser focused now, I didn't stop for anyone trying to get my attention. There wasn't a person in the room that could compare to the guy I was heading toward. As I got closer, heads began to turn in my direction. First one of the dark-headed guys, who smacked the one beside him in the stomach, and then one by one, like dominos falling, they all stared at me—all but the one I was there for.

Donovan had bent down to make a drink from the bottles lining the table, and as he straightened, his eyes collided with mine, and my breath caught. For a long moment, he didn't move, and then one side of his lips kicked up and his shoulders relaxed.

"Mind if I join you?" I said, not taking my eyes from his. They weren't as green tonight under the darker lights. The brown was more prominent and just as alluring.

"Abso-fucking-lutely," said the dark-haired guy with kohl-rimmed eyes, as he unclipped the velvet rope that sectioned off their area. "You must be Sin."

I forced myself to look away from Donovan. "I am. Heard of me?"

"More like seen you." He smirked and held out his hand. "I'm Travis."

"Pleasure to meet you, Travis."

"Trust me when I say the pleasure's all ours," one of the other guys said, an arrogant curl to his lips. He knocked Travis's hand out of the way to take mine. "You can call me East. Or whatever the hell you want."

"Jesus Christ, let the guy get a drink before you dig your claws in." Dressed all in black with a scowl, another guy gestured toward the table in the center. "You look like you need a refill."

I glanced down at the swallow of liquor left in my glass and drained the rest. I set the empty glass on the table and winked at him. “You’d be right about that.”

As I straightened, my eyes found Donovan’s again, and something about the way he looked at me told me he hadn’t said a word to his friends about the fact that we’d met before. That was confirmed as he held his hand out and said, “Donovan. But my friends call me Van.”

He’d mentioned that nickname before, but he didn’t look like a Van to me.

I took his hand, a slow smile curving my lips. That grip was as firm as I remembered. “Donovan. Aren’t you a pretty boy?”

His eyes flared at the name Anita had called him, and I heard a groan.

“I’m gonna need you to get a boyfriend stat, Van,” Travis grumbled. “I figured with West out of the picture I had a shot, but man, I should’ve put a bag over your damn head.”

If Donovan was bothered, he didn’t let on—he didn’t even spare the guy a look. He seemed as laser focused as I was, and hell if that didn’t make my cock happy.

“Ignore them. They’re just jealous because they’ve been fantasizing about you all week.”

“And you? Have *you* been fantasizing about me all week?”

Donovan’s eyes ran down over me. “Oh, I’ve done my part in adding to the number of views your video has had this week.”

“Jesus, you two,” East said. “Get a room, why don’t you.”

Not a bad idea. The last time I’d been in a room with Donovan, we’d nearly ended up in bed together. So if we could go back and re-enact that scene, but this time without a film crew I was more than happy to go to a room.

But I was under strict instructions to mingle tonight. To network and make connections. Plus, there was one *other* big restriction I had to work with tonight, and that was going to make taking Donovan anywhere impossible.

That didn’t mean I couldn’t get up close and *a lot* more personal with him, though.

“So what you’re saying is you ‘liked’ my video?”

“There isn’t a person in this room who hasn’t watched it and ‘liked’ it.”

I took a step toward him. “I was asking about *you*. Specifically.”

Donovan licked his lips, and fuck me, that mouth… I wanted to taste it.

"I liked it so much I came…" he said. "Tonight."

There was no hiding the reaction my dick had to that. But the good thing about this event was that everyone in this room wasn't shy about the reasons they were here. And with my dick being the star attraction, why shouldn't he stand up and get some attention?

Especially when that attention came from Donovan.

"Do you dance?" The question came from my right, and I looked at the guy with platinum-blond hair. Something about him reminded me a little of Donovan, but he was slighter in both height and frame. He gestured toward Donovan as he bit back a smile. "He loves to. I bet he wouldn't say no if you asked him."

"To any question," someone muttered.

"Is that right?" I arched a brow at Donovan.

He stopped shooting the instigator a glare and shrugged. "Ask me and find out."

Fuck, I wanted to get closer. To haul his body up against mine and let him feel exactly what he did to me when I looked at him.

I inclined my head toward the dance floor. "Come with me?"

"I thought you wanted to dance?" Those hazel eyes carried a wicked challenge I couldn't resist.

"Well, maybe we could do that first."

"Oh shiiit," someone said as I held my hand out toward Donovan, and he took it.

I barely heard the comments his friends made as we walked out of the VIP area to the dance floor. I wrapped my fingers tight around his, not letting him go now that I'd found him again.

Around us, my images flashed on the screen, press photos I'd taken in various states of undress. The whole event was centered on me, but I couldn't focus on anything other than getting closer to Donovan.

As we fell in beside the other partygoers dancing and grinding, I pulled him close, wrapping an arm around his waist so there wasn't even an inch of space between us. A shiver racked his body as he ran his hands up my arms, and then I leaned in and said, "No running away this time."

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SIX

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donovan

RUN AWAY? HAD he taken a look in the mirror at any point this evening? Because if he had, he would've known there was no one in the room who could pry me away from him tonight.

Apparently it didn't matter whether the guy wore clothes or not—he was just as stunning in a suit as he was naked on a mattress. Everyone in this room knew what he was packing under his clothes, but I'd had an up-close-and-personal view.

I'd also been the dumbass walking away, and that was not happening tonight.

Sin's arm around my waist tightened, pulling me even closer up against the hard lines of his body, and I realized I'd been so busy enjoying the feel of him that I hadn't answered.

"Trust me," I said, sliding my hands up his arms. "I'm not going anywhere."

A smile full of sexual promises curved Sin's mouth, and I felt it all the way to my toes.

As we began to dance, I took the opportunity to really look at him. He wore his hair up tonight, tied back from his face, and I knew I'd have my fingers running over that scruff lining his strong jaw before the night was out.

On second thought…why wait?

I reached up, trailing my fingertips over the trimmed beard that matched the dirty blond of his hair. It was somehow both rough and soft to the touch, and I could only imagine the way it'd feel rubbing along my thighs, leading up to—

"Feel something you like?" Sin's eyes darkened.

Oh, I could feel several somethings I liked—including the one growing harder between us.

Instead of answering, I simply smiled and rolled my hips against his. I let my hand drop from his face to the lapel of his suit jacket, looking at the tanned skin I could see from the collared shirt he'd left unbuttoned a little way. That seemed to jibe with what I'd so briefly seen of the man so far. Casual and easygoing, but with an erotic intensity that knocked me off my feet.

With one arm still wrapped around me, Sin lowered his hand to my ass, giving it a squeeze with every thrust of my hips. It didn't matter that we were in a crowded room, that my friends were no doubt watching every second of this encounter. Hell, they were probably cheering me the fuck on and shouting directives from the VIP.

But I didn't need any help here.

Sin's head lowered as we danced, and for a heartbeat I thought he was about to kiss me. I breathed in the heady scent of his cologne and closed my eyes, and then I felt his lips brush lightly along my neck.

Damn. Just damn. I couldn't hide the way that slight touch sent a tremor through my body. And all the while we kept moving, holding each other close as we danced to the pulsing rhythm.

Sin hummed by my ear, bringing to mind the thoughts I'd had of him earlier that week. The animalistic ones. The raw, earthy ones that made me feel desperate and needy. I was about two seconds from tearing his jacket off right there on the dance floor.

I curled my fingers into his lapel as I angled my hips forward, rocking myself up against his hard cock. The curse that left his lips had his warm breath washing over the skin of my neck.

"Ah, I know what you want…" Sin slid his hand up under my jacket, smoothing it along my spine until he could hold me in place. He wedged a foot between mine and dipped a fraction to grind on me, and my eyes practically rolled to the back of my head. "That it?"

"Mhmm. It's definitely a start."

He chuckled by my ear, and the rough sound vibrated through me, making every nerve ending come alive.

"Then maybe it's time you come with me…" *Fuck*, he flicked his tongue over the lobe of my ear. "Somewhere a little more private."

He was teasing me, using my own words from earlier against me. But damned if I cared. If there was a snowball's chance in hell I would get to come with this man in the next handful of minutes, I would go anywhere he wanted me to.

"Lead the way."

Sin's lips curved into a smile that promised all kinds of delicious trouble, and I was a willing and eager participant, taking his hand. As he led me off the crowded dance floor, several people tried and failed to capture his attention. There was something so damn hot knowing that everyone in this room was here vying for his attention, but it was all centered on me.

So when he led us past the DJ into a small hall and told a tall, muscled guy in all black, "Don't let anyone back here," my dick started to pound in time to the throbbing music pumping out of the speakers.

Sin directed me a little way down the darkened path, and then tugged me inside a room.

I was about to ask him what he had planned next, but before I could utter a word, my back was up against the wall and Sin's hands were on either side of my head. He stared down at me, those amber eyes practically glowing in the dimly lit space, and I groaned.

"Fucking hell." Sin's voice was raspy as his gaze drifted over me until it landed on the erection I had no hope of hiding. "I've been thinking about this moment ever since you eye-fucked me to orgasm last week."

I pushed my hips forward, dying to get his hands on me. "I eye-fucked you?"

"You know you did. Stood there, out of touching distance, and stroked your dick, teasing me with what I couldn't have." Sin stroked the backs of his fingers down my lapel. "You're in touching distance now…"

Fuck yes I was. I was in touching, kissing, and fucking distance. All of which I wouldn't mind him doing to me right now.

"So, what are you going to do about it?"

A grin that could only be describe as *sinful* spread across Sin's mouth, and he trailed his hand down my jacket and pushed the hem aside. Then he gently teased the outline of my dick.

"I'm going to fucking touch you."

Before I could point out he already was, Sin flattened his palm and rubbed it up and down my length, applying a delicious amount of pressure before curling his fingers around me.

Then he leaned in until our lips barely touched and said, “And now, I’m going to taste you.”

He didn’t have to tell me twice. The second his tongue swept across my lower lip and entered my mouth, I reached for his jacket and pulled him as close as I could get him.

His hand on my dick squeezed and massaged me through my pants, and his tongue tangled with mine the way I wanted our bodies to. The scruff surrounding his wicked mouth tickled the skin of my clean-shaven face, and when he nipped at my lower lip and brought his other hand off the wall to grab my ass, I moaned from the pure pleasure.

It wasn’t often I was with a guy taller than me, not to mention so much…brawnier. But something about the way Sin manhandled me made my dick pound even harder. I wound my arms around his neck, my fingers itching to get into his hair and pull his tie free, but when I felt my back move up the wall, I held on and went with it.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, bucking my hips forward against his.

“Jesus Christ, I knew you’d feel good against me.” He cradled my cheek and then drew his hand down to my neck before leaning in and nipping at my lower lip. “It’s a goddamn shame you won’t be the one under me at my next shoot.”

I rolled my hips forward, trying to get him to move again. “I’m here now…”

“Yes, you are,” he growled, moving his mouth down my jaw. “And I still can’t fucking have you.”

My eyes opened as I felt the scrape of his teeth against my skin. “In case it wasn’t clear, I’m up for this.” I thrust my hips against his, letting him feel exactly how up for it I was.

“You think I don’t want to take you right here, right now? That the way you’re moving your body tells me exactly how good this would be.”

“*Will* be,” I corrected him. If I wasn’t holding on to his shoulders, I would’ve reached between us and unzipped his pants just to clarify that this thing between us was happening.

I captured his mouth again, diving in deep to taste every inch of him, and he met me with equal fervor, intensifying the fire between us. My cock strained painfully behind my briefs in this position, needing the relief Sin’s body promised.

“Fuck.” He ripped his mouth away and dropped his forehead against mine. As he took in a ragged breath, the fog of lust cleared my brain enough that I realized something about this encounter wasn’t as two-sided as I’d assumed.

I lowered my legs back to the floor, wondering what the problem was, but I didn’t get a chance to ask before Sin said, “I can’t.”

It was like a bucket of ice water had been thrown over my head. He didn’t move away, as he seemed to try to get himself under control, but that was the last thing I wanted. I wanted to be *out* of control, and I wanted him so deep inside me I wouldn’t be able to walk out of here.

“I want to. Trust me, I fucking want to.”

Was he serious? “I’m not understanding the problem.”

Sin sighed and pulled back to look at me. His hand curved around the side of my neck, his thumb tracing my jaw. “Tomorrow’s my first big shoot. I’m under strict orders not to…come before then.”

I blinked once. Then twice. “That’s a rule?”

“Yep, sure is. No blowing my load twenty-four hours before.”

“What kind of bullshit is that?”

He lifted a shoulder, brushing his thumb over my lower lip. “Apparently these are long days that require a few takes.”

“I have a feeling you’ve got the stamina to follow through with tonight *and* tomorrow,” I said, pushing my still-erect cock against his. “They don’t have to know.”

A grin tugged at his lips. “You’re a bad influence.”

“I’ve been called that a time or two.”

I could see the war in his eyes, the struggle between what he wanted to do and what he knew he needed to. I didn’t give a fuck about rules or what was right; all I cared about was making the man I’d been fantasizing about for a week mine, at least for tonight.

“Wait a minute,” I said, stilling his hand as an unwanted thought occurred to me. It was stupid, considering what his job was, but I found myself saying it anyway. “Since your shoot’s tomorrow, I guess that means they found a replacement.”

Sin’s brows lifted. “A replacement for…?”

“For me.”

He bit back a smile as he dropped his hand from my neck. “Because you were supposed to be there in the first place?”

“Well, no…”

“Feeling jealous?”

My first instinct was to deny it, but just the thought of someone else touching him tomorrow had me irrationally annoyed. “Wouldn’t you be?”

“Yes,” he said without hesitation. He moved his hands to either side of my head again and leaned in close so that his breath was a whisper against my lips. “But if you want to take that spot, I could make it happen.”

Take that spot? He wasn’t talking about— Oh.

“Perform with you?” I shook my head. “I don’t think so.”

“No? Because you don’t want to or you don’t want to be recognized?”

I considered his question. If I didn’t give a shit about my career or what anyone else thought of my choices, would I do it? I mean, I wasn’t exactly shy about sex, even with others watching. It was all hot to me, so yeah, if it weren’t for my modeling career, I’d give anything a go at least once.

“That’s almost an offer I can’t refuse,” I said.

“Then don’t.” Sin rubbed his palm against my dick again, the damn tease. “If I could promise your face would be hidden, would you come?”

I would come in about two seconds if he’d unzip my fucking pants *now*, but no. He wanted to torment me, get me riled up and craving him to the point where I would be willing to do anything he wanted me to.

“Sin…” I said, feeling my resolve slipping.

“That’s not a no…”

It wasn’t. But somehow, *that* word just wouldn’t come out of my mouth.

I couldn’t do this.

I *shouldn’t* do this.

But when he released me and straightened, I heard myself say, “Where and what time?”

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SEVEN

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kelly

WILL HE OR won't he show?

That was the only question on my mind as I looked to the door for what had to be the hundredth time that morning. Donovan had left me with one hell of a set of blue balls last night, even though I'd brought it on myself. I had no business getting him alone when I knew I couldn't follow through, but the temptation to touch him had been impossible to resist.

Would it be the same for him? I'd already filled Rafferty in on the possibility, but he didn't seem to think it would happen. My scene partner, a guy he'd worked with on many different shoots, was on set already, and it was clear he expected the two of us to work together today.

But if Donovan showed, all bets were off. The studio wanted me happy, and getting Donovan to do this with me was my first choice.

I glanced over at my scene partner getting ready. He was a slight, delicate sort of guy, one I would've feared breaking apart if I hadn't seen some of his work already. Alcan could hold his own despite his thin frame, and he had the dick to back it up.

It was too bad my cock was already so focused on another.

If he doesn't show up, it'll have to…

As I slid on the suit jacket I'd be wearing in today's scene, I looked yet again at the door.

He wasn't coming, was he? In any of the ways I'd been looking forward to.

Which meant I needed to get my dick on board with this other guy if I had any hope of making my first non-solo shoot one that would satisfy all the fans I'd met last night.

I checked myself in the mirror, tugging down my cuffs before taking in the fit of the suit. It was more buttoned up than I'd been last night, but none of it would be on for very long.

"What do you think?" I asked Anita. "Hair up or down?"

"Down. More for him to grab on to." She said it so matter-of-factly before walking away that I couldn't help cracking a smile. For her and the rest of the crew, this was just another day after years of working in the adult industry, but I wasn't sure if I'd ever get used to this.

I'd untied my hair and shaken it loose when the door opened and—holy shit—Donovan stepped inside.

No. Fucking. Way.

I grinned as he scanned the room, and when his eyes locked on mine, he smirked.

Oh yeah, he knew I'd been standing there waiting for him to walk through that door, and I didn't give a flying fuck.

He was in a pair of jeans that looked tailor made; they molded to the thighs he'd wrapped around me last night—not to mention cradled the bulge between them like I had. He'd paired them with a white button-down shirt that was tucked in, with the sleeves rolled up his forearms, and over that he had a navy vest that gave him a high-end but casual look. A look that made me want to mess him up.

Donovan shut the door, and Rafferty turned to see who'd just stepped onto his set. My director glanced back at me, surprise plastered all over his features.

"Told you he'd come."

Rafferty's dark eyes narrowed. "That's yet to be seen."

My lips twitched as my attention shifted back to Donovan. "You give me ten minutes with him and he'll be coming so hard you're going to get noise complaints from the neighbors."

"That's big talk."

It was, but Rafferty hadn't been in that hall with us last night. He hadn't seen the way Donovan had come alive under my touch. Hell, I bet I could get him there in five. He was here, wasn't he?

"You know I can back it up."

Rafferty grunted. "Well, it's not *you* who needs to back *it* up. So let's see what kind of mindset your pretty boy is in before we send home Alcan."

I shrugged as though it were no skin off my nose, but truth be told, I was ready to go out and hail Alcan a taxi myself.

“Well, look who decided to come back and pay me a little visit,” Rafferty said as Donovan came to a stop opposite him, a smile playing across the mouth I’d fantasized about all night. “I have to admit, when Sin mentioned he ran into you last night and that you might show up today, I thought he was delusional. But here you are.”

“Here I am.” Donovan’s eyes caught on mine, that teasing grin now matching the mischievous twinkle in his eyes. “What can I say? Sin was very convincing last night. Very”—he trailed his eyes down over me, zeroing in on my zipper—“*hard* to ignore.”

Rafferty looked my way, his brow arched. “I’m sure he was.”

I slipped my hands into my pockets to give them something to do other than reach for Donovan. “Rules are rules.”

“So they are. I’m glad to see you stuck to them.” Rafferty turned his attention back to Donovan. “But that still doesn’t explain *your* sudden change of heart.”

“I think it explains it very well. He said the only way I could have him was to be here at nine,” Donovan said. “So here I am.”

Rafferty scoffed and crossed his arms over his chest. “Aren’t *you* a confident one? What happened to all that modesty of yours? Pouches and genital guards are still not part of the wardrobe today.”

“I understand. But I was told a mask would be.”

“Ah. I see.” Rafferty turned to me, and I flashed my most convincing smile.

“I was going to mention that part.”

“Oh, were you now?”

“Yeah. I mean, what’s hotter than a man I have to have, even if I don’t know his identity? A masked man of mystery.”

“Hmm.” Rafferty tapped a finger to pursed lips. “That *is* intriguing.”

“Right, and sensual…”

“Yes, yes, and the only thing that would be covered—”

“Would be my face,” Donovan said.

Fuck. Just the thought of Donovan completely naked and under me had me raring to go. I couldn’t begin to imagine what it was going to be like when I actually had him in front of me.

Rafferty narrowed his eyes, looking between the two of us as he continued tapping his lips. “I see it. I like it. You do know we require you to be tested—”

Donovan pulled a folded paper from the back of his pants. “Got it.”

“And we’ll need you to fill out some paperwork.”

“No problem.”

“Hmm. And a mask is absolutely necessary? You’ve got such a pretty face.”

“He does, but I’ll make sure that’s not the head anyone’s paying attention to,” I said.

Heat flared in Donovan’s eyes, and Rafferty finally nodded.

“I suppose I can’t argue with that. Let’s get you signed off, and then Sin’ll get you off.”

A choked laugh escaped Donovan, and I winked at him as Anita took his arm and led him away to get changed. That only took a few minutes, more than enough time for Rafferty to break the news to my former scene partner that he wouldn’t be needed for the day. I heard Alcan start to put up a fight until he realized he’d still get paid for showing up, and then he left pretty quickly.

I wasn’t sorry at all about it.

My dick was already up and raring to go, had been from the second Donovan had walked through the door. The only problem: I was hoping I lasted long enough to get inside him.

I looked to where he was signing the consent forms and let myself *really* look at him while his attention was elsewhere. Not that I minded his catching me staring, but soon the cameras would be on us and I’d have to slip into a character.

He’d changed into a suit similar to mine, all buttoned up and ready for my hands to tear into them. I wasn’t sure I’d be able to hold myself back otherwise. I called Rafferty over.

“You don’t need these clothes back, do you?” I said.

“Unless you’re planning on ripping them off, I do.”

I gave him a wolfish grin. “That’s exactly what I was planning.”

“Then by all means, feel free to shred.” Rafferty snapped his fingers, and one of his assistants came running with the storyboard. “Anita, pretty boy. Get over here.”

As they headed our way, I could see the curious expression on Donovan's face as he took in the set. Last time things had been simple. A bed in a warehouse, right to the point. This time, however, the room looked like a party, with extras waiting off to the side and almost the entire space being used. There wasn't a bed in sight, but that was one of the many things Rafferty pointed out as he showed off his board.

"The scene starts and you see each other from across the room," he said, gesturing exaggeratedly. "Since pretty boy here will be in a mask, Sin, you'll be curious to follow him as he moves through the party to somewhere a little more private."

This was sounding awfully familiar.

"No one's around, but there's a tension as you lead him through the study." Rafferty's overdramatic tone had me biting the inside of my cheek. "But that's not where the chase ends. You step outside, to the twinkling lights of the garden…"

I glanced over at the trellis and the fake shrubbery and tried to imagine whether anyone would buy that we were outside. Not that anyone would care.

"Here, you'll see a plethora of opportunities. The stone bench… The stone pillar… Which will you use? *That* is the question only you two can answer." Rafferty waggled his brows before clasping his hands together. "I, for one, am excited."

"That makes two of us," I said.

"Three." Donovan shoved his hands in his pockets, and the seductive smile he gave me shot straight to my dick.

"Okay then, let's not waste any more time. I believe in striking while the iron is hot, and you two are…definitely hot." Rafferty turned to the crowd waiting in the main "room" of the party and clapped his hands together. "Places, everyone, places!"

As everyone moved into position, Anita came over to Donovan with his mask. It was a beautiful gold Venetian type, with lace and beading that would twinkle under the light. It was opulent, luxurious, and would match perfectly with the highlights in his blond hair.

I walked over and gestured to the mask. "May I?"

She shrugged and handed it over, and Donovan's eyes fell to it. I walked behind him and placed the disguise gently over his face, and as I tied it, I

leaned down and whispered in his ear, “You just stand there and look fucking gorgeous. I’ll handle things from here.”

Rafferty looked to us then and gestured toward the crowd.

I took Donovan’s hand and led him into the cast of extras where he would begin the scene, then brushed my thumb over the back of his hand and let it go.

“See you soon,” I said, then moved to my position across the room.

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EIGHT

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donovan

HOLY SHIT, I was doing this.

A million different thoughts ran through my brain as I stood among the mix of men and women pretending to be partygoers. First, that I had actually consented to take part in a porn film, which, let's be honest, was up there with any guy's fantasies. Who wouldn't want to get paid to fuck hot guys for a living and know people would watch and get off to it? Especially when that guy looked like Sin? Hell, after watching us at the party, my friends were so jealous they'd been green when I made my way back to the VIP last night. If they knew where I was at now, they'd be pissed they hadn't been invited to watch—or participate.

But I didn't plan to tell them, or anyone. There was a reason I was wearing a mask, and even though most of it was because of my career, another small part of me wanted to keep this time with Sin all for myself. Crazy, considering we were about to do something others would watch.

How had I ended up here?

When my eyes fell on Sin as he moved across the room, I knew exactly how.

Him.

"All right, here we go. Positions," Rafferty called out.

I did one final adjustment of my mask and wiped the sweat beading on my brow. The heat from the heavy lights penetrated my suit, and I was grateful it'd be coming off soon.

"Action!"

My pulse skyrocketed. I had to stop myself from adjusting my dick behind the fit of my suit, because it didn't matter if the camera picked up my growing erection. Knowing Sin was only a few minutes away from

touching me had me ready to go, but first I needed to mix and mingle and play the part I'd been instructed to.

None of the others wore a mask, and they didn't hide their perusal of me as I moved through the room. It only felt right that I returned those looks, even though I never stopped or took advantage of what I knew they were willing to offer. How could I when something better was coming my way?

I grabbed a glass of amber-colored liquid from the makeshift bar, keeping it in my hand as I rested my elbow on top and scanned the crowd. Even with the amount of people in the room, it felt surprisingly natural to flip my mindset, pretending I was back at the club waiting for a glimpse of the man of the night. It wasn't nerves that had had me feeling so high strung as I waited then, and it wasn't now. More like the thrill of anticipation—only this time there was a guarantee I'd walk out having gotten exactly what I wanted.

I swirled the contents of my glass, not daring to take a sip, since I didn't know what was actually in it, and it was then that the couple in front of me moved and Sin's broad shoulders came into view. Like he could feel my stare, he turned around, and eyes the color of the drink in my hand met mine. Even from across the room I felt the intensity, like a hunter was trapping me in his sights.

If this had been real life, I would've been powerless not to go to him, but luckily the reminder of why we were here registered in my brain. I had to tease him a little, let him chase me.

But not before running my eyes over every inch of his body to take a mental picture—and show my character's interest.

As if the bulge in my pants wasn't obvious enough.

Sin's eyes narrowed as he started forward, and I licked my lips as the chase began. A shiver of anticipation rolled through me as I set my drink aside and began to move through the room. Rafferty had given instructions on where and how, but I couldn't remember a damn thing with how singularly focused I was on the man following me.

I glanced over my shoulder, tracking his movements and smiling to myself as he ignored the others trying to get his attention. It reminded me so much of last night that it no longer felt as if we were pretending.

The room I stepped into was empty, designed like a study, with several options for getting down to it. The desk, perhaps? The velvet chaise

longue? Maybe the bookcase? Hell, I'd even be fine with the damn floor at this point.

As I waited for Sin to search me out, I leaned back against the wall and shoved my hands in my pockets. The pose said, *I'm here, take what you want,* and Sin's words from before crossed my mind.

"You just stand there and look fucking gorgeous. I'll handle things from here."

Yeah, I was more than ready to see how Sin handled me and the surprise I had in store for him.

The thumping music for the party scene kept time with my pulse as I stared at the door, willing it to open, the anticipation building with every second that passed.

One…

Two…

Three…

Four—

The knob turned and Sin stepped inside, his tall stature and built frame filling the doorway, and my dick stiffened at the sight.

Far away, Sin captured your attention in the way something intriguing and beautiful might. Up close, he made your breath catch. He made you realize that what was so intriguing about him was the dangerous air that surrounded him, the power his body exuded and how he might use it against you, and my happy cock was standing up tall, volunteering for the job.

A sly smile curled Sin's lips as he walked inside and kicked the door closed behind him. As it slammed shut, I pushed off the wall and stood tall, meeting him head-on, my intentions clear. I was no wilting wallflower. I'd come here with one thing on my mind, and Sin was going to give it to me.

"Running away so soon?" he said in a voice that made me want to touch myself.

But I kept my hands firmly in my pockets, *away* from temptation. "If I was, I didn't do a very good job, did I?"

Sin looked around the empty space before bringing his attention back to me, then he took a step forward. "I don't know about that. I think you led me exactly where you wanted me to go."

It took everything in me to stand my ground, to try to remember my role. But with Sin so close, it was a miracle I didn't just throw myself on his mercy.

“I didn’t lead you anywhere. I needed some air.” I glanced to the makeshift window of the “study.” “It’s not my fault you took that as an invitation.”

He reached for my wrist, and I turned back as Sin pulled me in to him. I placed a palm on his strong chest, bracing myself as I looked up at him, and a wicked gleam glinted in his eyes.

“So you didn’t want me to follow you?”

Sweet Jesus, who *wouldn’t* want him to follow them? But I was all about a good tease, and I couldn’t make things too easy on him.

“I said it wasn’t an *invitation*.” I slicked the tip of my tongue over my lower lip, and the fingers around my wrist tightened. “I’d never be so obvious.”

Lies. Lies. All damn lies.

I’d been pretty obvious about what I’d wanted last night, and there was only one reason I was here right now. Hell, I was Captain Obvious.

“Ah, I see.” Sin brought his other hand up to cradle my face, and a shiver raced down my spine. “You like to keep things a little bit… mysterious?”

My breathing accelerated as he drew his thumb down to my mouth and pressed on my lower lip. I opened for him, more than aware that this was only one of the many places I wanted him to fill tonight, and Sin chuckled.

“Bet I know where your mind just went.”

I had no doubt my need for him was written all over my damn face.

But just as I was about to answer, he slipped his thumb inside my mouth and said, “Suck.”

Fuck. Me.

No, really, please fuck me, I wanted to beg. But my lips were now sealed around Sin’s thumb, and I sucked it in a way that I hoped would convince him to replace it with his cock. A low growl—the same one I’d been playing on repeat since last night—rumbled out of Sin, and what that sound did to me should be illegal.

A hot rush of desire washed through me as I gripped his lapel, and Sin pulled his thumb free and dragged it down over my lip.

“So damn sexy,” he muttered. “This mouth… It makes me want to do things to it.”

And *his* mouth made me want to let him.

I figured he'd be good at the physical side of things, considering he was being touted as the next big thing. But I never would have imagined this sex-talking side of him.

No one tuned into porn for the scintillating conversation. But if Sin wanted to keep up with the dirty talk, me and my cock were more than okay with that.

"What kinds of things?"

Sin drew my hand down his body to his thick cock, and then he wrapped my fingers around it and thrust his hips forward.

"Destroy it with this."

Fuuuck, I was done for. Where the hell did I sign to make that happen right then without dragging this on like I knew I needed to?

I gave him a long stroke, from root to tip, through his pants. "You think this is what I want?"

His hand over mine tightened as he leaned in, his breath on my lips. "I know it is. Unless you tell me I'm wrong."

Play hard to get, play hard to get—

But the second he started to move back, I gripped his lapel tighter, yanking him toward me and catching him off guard. His lips crashed down on mine, and oh God, it was just as hot as I remembered. In that moment, the reality of where we were disappeared completely. Everything about him overwhelmed me in the best way. The slide of his tongue against mine. The hard muscle of his chest under one hand as his cock throbbed against the other. The intoxicating scent of his cologne. All of that combined with the unadulterated lust pouring off him and into me, making me desperate for him in a way I wasn't used to.

I always had the upper hand, but for once I was fine with letting someone else take the lead.

No, not *someone* else. Sin.

He angled his head, sucking on my tongue and swallowing my moan. If my dick wasn't so hard to the point of torture, I would've let him kiss me for hours. But the lust was riding him as hard as it was for me, and when he tore his mouth away, he growled, "That's what I fucking thought."

And then he moved his hands to the waist of my pants and ripped them open.

The button went flying, and I sucked in a breath as he reached inside my briefs and took hold of my cock.

A curse escaped me as he stroked, his touch rough, just the way I wanted it right then. I thrust into his grasp and took his mouth again, tugging his lower lip in between my teeth. The sound he made was dangerous, sending another shot of lust through me, and I reached for the button of his pants, making quick work of it and the zipper. I wanted him naked, wanted to see all that tanned skin on display. Undressing Sin would be like unwrapping a present, one I'd get to play with in any way I wanted.

But just as I started to pull at his jacket, Sin moved, catching my wrists and pushing them up against the wall by my head. He rolled his hips over mine, achingly slow, letting me feel how hard he was.

"You wanted me to catch you," he said by my ear. "And I did. Now you're mine to do with what I please."

Truth be told, I'd been his from the moment I'd walked into that warehouse by mistake and seen him standing in a robe.

Sin's hair and beard tickled my skin as he moved his lips down my throat to the crook of my neck, and when he dragged his tongue back up to nip at my lobe, I bucked forward, shoving my erection up against his.

"Please," I begged, because at this stage I was past caring that I might sound desperate. I *was* desperate and needed some kind of relief, some kind of action, to move this forward before I ruined everything and came in my fucking pants.

"Oh, I do like the way you beg…" Sin released my hands. "Now, if you can keep your hands there while I get undressed, I'll give you *exactly* what you're begging for."

As Sin took a step back, I imagined the backs of my hands were glued to the wall in an effort to keep them there. Anything to guarantee I would get what he was promising.

Sin shrugged out of his jacket and laid it over the chaise longue, then reached for his shirt and pulled the hem from his open pants. That gorgeous hair fell forward as he reached for the bottom button, and as he began to undo each one, my cock pounded a little harder.

God*damn*, he was sexy. This striptease only added fuel to the fire. When he peeled the shirt off, revealing that ripped body, it was a miracle I didn't collapse on the floor.

Sin balled his shirt up, tossed it aside, then slid a hand down over his abs and into his pants. I bit down on the inside of my cheek as his hand

began to move, and when he straightened his dick and pulled it free of his briefs, I couldn't hold back my moan.

The arrogant smirk he aimed my way only increased his overall effect on me, and when he kicked out of his shoes and let go of himself to remove his socks, I sent up a prayer that he was about to remove everything else.

In one dick-hardening move, Sin was as naked as the day he was born, and sweet mother of God, he looked even better than I remembered.

My mouth parted, the sight of his huge, veiny cock almost making me cave. But no. I wouldn't give in. Not with his promise looping in my head.

"Impressive." He chuckled and stroked his dick like it was a beloved pet. "You must want this pretty bad, huh?"

When he gripped the wide, plump head and pre-cum spread over the top of it, I whimpered.

"What was that?"

That was my dignity leaving the room, because hell if I wasn't about to do anything and everything he asked of me. "I want it so damn bad."

Sin ran his other hand through his thick mane of hair, pushing it back from his face, and my knees weakened a little.

Then he crooked a finger at me and said, "Then come here and fucking take it."

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NINE

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kelly

DONOVAN’S LOOK WAS so damn hungry that I was surprised I was still standing.

His lips were kiss-swollen, strands of his blond hair fell over the golden mask he wore, and those pants I’d ripped open showcased a cock straining against his dark grey boxer briefs. Donovan looked undeniably sexy as he leaned against the wall watching me strip for him. He was utterly wrecked, and we’d barely even gotten started.

When I crooked a finger at him and told him to get over here and take what he wanted, he moved with an urgency that had me gripping my dick harder. The greedy fucker muscled me back until my ass hit the end of the chaise, and then pushed my hands away.

“This is mine,” he said in a voice full of lust as he ran his fingers along the underside of my cock.

Having Donovan finally touch me the way I’d been dying for him to hit me harder than I expected, and my breathing became unsteady. I had to remind myself to draw this out. Blowing my shit too soon on my first partner shoot was a surefire way to fuck this up before things really got going, but I’d underestimated how hot I’d be once I had him where I wanted him.

I took his chin in my hand and brushed a rough kiss across his lips. “Then I expect you to do something about it.” I unfastened the tie at his throat, pulling the material free as I smiled savagely. “Now.”

Donovan dropped to his knees before the word rolled off my tongue, and I didn’t even have time to breathe before he licked a warm path along the head of my dick. His hazel eyes darkened, watching me as he swallowed every bit of my pre-cum.

I wanted more of that sinful mouth, but as I reached down to guide myself deeper, he batted my hand away. He wasn't lying about being possessive, and that was so hot that a rumble of pleasure vibrated through my chest.

With his tie still dangling from my fingers, I grabbed each end and lowered it down to the back of his neck, tugging him forward slightly. He didn't want my hands interfering, but I could still use whatever leverage I had to draw more of his mouth onto me.

A wicked gleam filled his eyes as he looked up at me from under impossibly long lashes. He had his lips wrapped around the head of my cock, sucking on me like he'd never tasted anything so good in his life.

He drew his mouth back with a loud pop, and his lips curled. With one hand cradling the underside of my dick, he pressed kisses up the length of me and said, "You have the biggest cock I've ever seen. And I can't wait to feel every inch of you in my ass."

Before I could respond, Donovan took me back inside the warm heat of his mouth and wrapped his hands around the base of my erection. I couldn't believe how much of me he was able to suck, and as my dick reached the back of his throat, I tightened my hold on the tie on the back of his neck, keeping him there. I hadn't even meant to do it, but it didn't seem to faze him as he swallowed.

This definitely wasn't his first time sucking a big dick, that was for sure, and while the thought of him with anyone other than me made my fists tighten, I was definitely benefiting from his expertise.

Donovan began to move his lips up and down my length, sliding his blond head closer to my body with every inch he took. When I once again hit the back of his throat, I held him, still growling out my pleasure, and when he swallowed, my toes curled against the floor.

Fucking hell. How was I supposed to draw this out when Donovan and his talented mouth seemed hellbent on blowing my mind?

I dropped the tie to the floor and gripped his jaw as I slid out of his hot, willing mouth. When the head of my dick reached his puffy lips, I wrapped my hand around the base of my shaft and painted them with the pre-cum dripping from the tip.

Donovan moaned as I coated his lips in the arousal he'd pulled from me. I knew once I got him back to his feet, this was going to go from zero

to sixty in a heartbeat. So while I had him there, I was going to take a second to mess him the fuck up.

I speared my fingers through his blond strands and gripped his hair tight as I slid the sticky head of my erection up his smooth cheek, using him like a canvas, marking him as mine.

“On your feet,” I said, and tugged at his hair, urging him to stand. The second he was toe to toe with me, I hauled him in for a taste.

I took his mouth in a vicious kiss, one that relayed just how on edge I was as I plunged my tongue between the lips that had just sucked on my cock. When Donovan’s hands found my bare ass and squeezed, it reminded me of exactly what I wanted next.

I bit at his lip, sucking it between mine, then licked the salty cum from his mouth and started to kiss my way up his jaw.

“Hmm,” I groaned. “You taste like me. Do you know how fucking hot that is?”

Donovan turned his head, recapturing my mouth. “I do now.”

The desire and arousal swirling in his eyes had me pushing away from the chaise, and Donovan released me. As I turned us, his ass bumped up against the end of the longue, and I reached for the top of his shirt and ripped it open.

Buttons bounced on the floor, and his shirt now hung from his body much the same way his pants were—and damn, he was fucking stunning. I’d been fantasizing about what was under Donovan’s clothes since the first time I’d seen him in that robe.

As I reached out and slid my hands up over his shoulders, removing his shirt, Donovan sucked in a breath.

“I knew you’d be something to look at, but Jesus…” I smoothed a palm down his leanly muscled body, flicking one of his nipples, and his dick jerked inside his pants. “I think it’s time we took these off, don’t you?”

I grazed my hand over the material outlining his dick, and Donovan braced his hands on the edge of the longue and bucked his hips forward.

“Fuck yes.”

I gripped his pants and briefs and slowly drew them down his legs to his ankles. Stiff and flushed, his cock was a thing of beauty. If this had been any other time and any other place, I might’ve been able to hold back enough to repay him for that mind-altering blowjob he’d just given me. But knowing my control was close to gone, I didn’t dare risk it.

“Turn around and bend over the end of the chaise.” My voice sounded rough, as though it had been dragged over sandpaper. But that was hardly surprising considering how wired I felt, and Donovan’s mischievous grin didn’t help matters.

He licked at his lips and slowly turned. As he braced his feet and began to bend at the waist, a gem nestled between the most perfect ass cheeks I’d ever seen glittered at me.

Are you fucking kidding me?

My brain took a second to catch up to what it was I was looking at. But as soon as it registered, I reached for my dick and clamped my fist around it.

Donovan had come here today wearing a butt plug—and not just any butt plug, one with a fucking *diamond* twinkling out at me.

Un-fucking-believable.

He was turning out to be too good to be true, that was for damn sure. When I just knelt there, doing my absolute best not to come over this new discovery, the sexy tease glanced over his shoulder and wiggled his ass.

“Thought you were going to take me.”

Oh, I was going to take him, all right. I moved up to my knees and ran my hands up the back of his calves, then leaned in and nipped at his ass cheek.

“That’s quite the hidden jewel you have here.” Eye to eye with the flashy adornment, I couldn’t help but wonder if the gem was real or fake. But knowing the kind of campaigns he worked for and the money he no doubt made, I was leaning toward real—and that made it even hotter.

It seemed Donovan had a stash of personal, high-end sex accessories. One of which he’d worn here, today, for me.

“I told you, I wanted to feel every inch of you inside me. This is going to let me do that.”

Every inch of me jerked in response to his bold statement, and when I brushed my fingers over my shiny new toy, Donovan’s ass cheeks flexed.

“I got no problem with that.” I gripped the sparkling head of the plug and gently twisted it, and when Donovan gasped, I chuckled. “Oh, I’m going to like this.”

I dragged my tongue over one of his smooth, tight cheeks and twisted it again, and a curse echoed around the room.

Now that was a sweet sound.

I scraped my teeth over his delectable ass and sank them in as I gave a more forceful turn. Donovan moved up onto his toes, and I kissed the abused flesh better.

Greedy for more of him, I reluctantly pulled his little surprise free, and I wasn't shocked to see it wasn't so little after all. Donovan hadn't been lying last night at the party—he wanted me. Probably could've taken me, too, judging by what his preference obviously was, but knowing he'd come here prepared to take me was just about the hottest thing I'd ever seen in my life.

After placing the plug on our discarded shirts, I turned back to the sheer perfection of what was directly in front of me. Donovan's ass was high, round, and tight, and I couldn't wait to dive in. I fit my hands to his body, spreading him apart, then I leaned in and dragged my tongue up his shadowy cleft.

He moaned at the touch of my tongue, and when he pushed back against me, my cock throbbed at his response. The raw sound was something he couldn't seem to hold back as I dug my fingers into his soft skin and did it again.

"Fuuuck," filled the air as I nuzzled in, inhaling Donovan. Whatever cologne he'd sprayed over himself today, he'd been sure to get *all* the right places.

Donovan had come prepared, and I'd just prepared to come.

Something I'd have no problem with if I spent any more time with my face buried between his sweet cheeks. I could've dined on the feast of his ass for hours.

The moment my mouth left his hot hole, he groaned, and I answered by smacking his ass when I got to my feet. He'd gotten all the time to play that I could allow, because two could play that greedy game. The fact that he'd primed his ass for me meant I wouldn't need to waste any precious seconds getting inside him.

I backed away, keeping my eyes on the erotic picture Donovan made bent over the edge of the chaise as I felt behind me for the drawer that had what I needed—lube and lots of it, if he was gonna take everything I had to give.

After grabbing the bottle, I shoved the drawer closed and watched his hands white-knuckling the back of the chaise. Eager anticipation rolled off him in waves so palpable that I knew everyone in the room could feel it.

I hadn’t forgotten them, even though they were so far in the back of my mind they may as well be nonexistent. Right now it was only me and Donovan—and the pleasure we’d both be riding in waves in a matter of minutes.

I ran my hand through my hair, pushing it back from my face as I went back to him. His skin was so warm, and his breathing was coming out in unsteady exhales. I kissed down the length of his spine as I flicked open the cap of the lube. When I reached the curve of his plump ass again, I couldn’t help but sink my teeth into his flesh enough to leave a mark.

He cursed, and as I lifted my head, I noticed another mark along the bottom of his ass near the crease of where it met with his thigh. An almost perfectly shaped heart birthmark. It seemed like far too sweet of a symbol to belong to such a dirty little fucker, but I filed that secret spot away for later and went about lubing up the both of us.

“Sin, I swear to God, if you don’t fuck me right now—”

Donovan’s words fell off as I tipped the bottle of lube over the crack of his ass and watched the liquid disappear between his cheeks.

“You were saying?” With one hand spreading his ass open, I took hold of my cock with the other, tormenting myself by using the tip to spread the lube up and down him.

Just when I thought I’d managed to shut him up from having to beg, he moaned one word.

“*Sin.*”

I would’ve killed for him to say my real name, but today that’s who he believed was about to fuck his brains out, so that was who I’d become.

Donovan spread his legs even wider and arched his back, so clearly ready for me that I lined myself up with his entrance and pushed inside before he could ask again.

Oh, fuuuck me all the way to hell.

My dick was barely inside him, and already the tight fit was almost more than I could take.

Blowing out a breath, I forced myself to keep going, to take all that Donovan was willing to give. Most guys couldn’t handle my size, and they definitely never showed up at my place with a fucking butt plug. This guy was something else.

I flexed my hands on his hips as his ass swallowed even more of me. I kept the pace slow, letting him adjust, and my awe grew with every inch

that disappeared inside him.

“Oh yeah.” He grunted as he dropped his head, and I pulled back a little to rock against him. A muffled sound of approval met my ears.

That was it, that was the sweet spot, and even though I hadn’t gone balls deep inside him, I was so close. But if I went any further, this would all be over too soon, and that wasn’t happening. Not when I was calling the shots here.

As I slid my cock out of him, I had to bite back the fierce urge to shove inside, to shatter his senses to pieces with every part of me.

I tempered my thrusts as much as my patience would allow, which wasn’t much. Especially when the sounds coming out of Donovan were nothing short of orgasmic. They made me feral, and when he turned his head to look over his shoulder at me, the green-brown of his eyes had been completely swallowed by the black of his blown-out pupils, lust and desire riding him hard. He was more than ready.

As I pushed inside again, I ran my hands up his lean back muscles, letting one rest at his waist while I curled the other around his throat. Not enough to cut off the sexy moans he made, but to draw him back against me so he was standing, his back to my front and my cock squeezed by the even tighter fit.

“You good?” My voice was a husky whisper against his neck, and he nodded before the words were even out.

“So fucking good I need another word for it,” he breathed.

“Then hold on if you can.”

Donovan barely had time to reach for the back of my neck before I began to thrust into him, so deep and rough I knew he’d be feeling me for days. I tightened my fingers around his throat, keeping him against me as I ran the hand on his waist down to wrap it around his cock.

Swirling my finger over the cum dripping off him, I fought the urge to bring it to my mouth for a taste and lubed his dick with it instead.

“Goddammit, Sin.” He clenched his ass around me as I pumped his length with my fist. I knew being so consumed was driving him out of his mind, and I couldn’t help but be impressed that he was able to hold off exploding the way his throbbing cock told me he wanted to.

With the wild need coursing through my body, *I* was only seconds away from this being over. But I wanted to make sure Donovan was right there with me.

“You gonna be a sexy fuck and come when I tell you?”

I felt Donovan swallow against the fingers I had holding him by the throat. “As long as that’s right the hell now.”

I grinned at the desperation in his words and nipped at his earlobe. “Then show me how much you like my cock in you,” I said, punching my hips against his, out of control. “Now.”

Like he’d been waiting and holding his breath, Donovan let out a shout so uninhibited, so primal, that I followed him right over that cliff. I pulled out of him just in time for my orgasm to coat the length of his back, and the force of it caused my vision to go white for a few seconds. I could feel his sticky release on my hand, his raw, uneven breaths, and as the haze of my desire cleared, I saw that the picture we made was just as hot as the high thrumming through my body.

It was only then, as we began to come down from the rush, that I noticed how close two cameras had gotten to the both of us. We’d been in such a bubble that none of it mattered, but now reality that we weren’t the only ones in the room crashed in as Rafferty’s voice pierced the quiet.

“Aaand cut.”

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TEN

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donovan

WELL. THAT WAS intense.

As I lowered my head under the piping-hot spray of the shower, letting the water massage the ache out of my muscles, I couldn't stop replaying the last few hours. It hadn't been enough that Sin had fucked me so well that I'd be feeling it for a week. Nooo, Rafferty had also needed a few different angles of certain shots, something I hadn't been prepared for—but didn't complain about in the least. Spending my Saturday having the sexiest man I'd ever seen making me come multiple times wasn't exactly a hardship. Hell, I knew hooking up with Sin would be hot, that was the whole reason I'd risked showing up here in the first place. I just hadn't expected it to be so mind-blowingly incredible that I was ruined for anyone else now.

I shut off the water and toweled off, and the sound of voices and the crew breaking down the set filtered through the door. Somewhere Sin was doing the same thing, and that had me throwing on my clothes a little faster.

Well, as fast as I could manage with my ass and every muscle in my body feeling like I'd been put through the wringer in the most delicious way possible.

Was it wrong I wanted to do it again?

After running the towel over my hair, I used it to wipe down the mirror, taking a good, long look at myself. I didn't think I looked any different, even if I felt it. And that had surprisingly little to do with the fact that I'd just shot porn and more to do with my scene partner.

I ran my fingers through my hair, not even bothered by leaving it wet and un-styled while going out, something that was definitely unlike me. With my job so ingrained in me, I never left the house looking anything less

than perfect, but that post-sex high was strong, and so was the desire to spend a few more hours with Sin…and maybe learn what his name really was.

I threw open the door and stopped suddenly when I saw what was waiting for me.

With his long legs encased in a pair of casual jeans and an olive t-shirt covering his broad upper body, Sin leaned against the wall, arms crossed, as he waited. For what, I didn't know, until he looked up at me and straightened.

If I'd thought he'd gotten his fill of me before, I'd been wrong. Those heated eyes roved over me before landing on my face.

"You look hot wet," he said, shoving his hands in his back pockets. "Maybe next time should be a shower scene."

Despite the exhaustion I was feeling, his words shot straight to my dick. "Next time, huh?"

His smile deepened. "You hungry?"

Now *that* was a dangerous question. "For?"

"Something other than my cock. For now."

I couldn't help but smirk. "You asking me out?"

"I am."

I'd been fully prepared to be the one suggesting we spend some more time together, but his waiting for me and making a move was doing serious things to my heartbeat.

"Then I guess I'm yours," I said.

We quickly said our goodbyes to Anita and Rafferty and headed downstairs to the bustle of Midtown. As soon as the smell of food from all the different restaurants nearby filled my nose, my stomach let out a loud growl, enough that Sin heard it and chuckled.

"Any preference, or just wherever we can get you fed the fastest?" he said.

"The latter. Definitely." I looked across the street and nodded at the park. "There's a few good spots there."

"Works for me. I'd race you, but I have a feeling moving slow might be in your best interest."

I chuckled as we crossed the street—slower than I normally would. "I'd say it's all your fault, but I'm not complaining."

“Yeah?” His grin kicked up, and his lips were pinker than usual and still a little swollen. Under the harsh afternoon sun, I could see all the different colors of the scruff lining his jaw. All shades of blond, from very pale to dark, along with a little brown here and there. I didn’t know why I found it so hot, but so far there wasn’t anything I’d seen of him that I didn’t find attractive.

With the ache in my body practically begging for a rest, we headed to the first place we saw, Bryant Park Café, a little outdoor spot with a few available tables. We grabbed one under an umbrella and placed our orders, and I shifted carefully in the chair.

“Pleased with yourself?” I asked, catching his smirk.

“Yeah, I am. I kinda like the idea of you sitting there thinking of me inside you every time you move.”

My lips twitched as I gingerly leaned back in the seat. “I don’t have to move to think of that.”

“No?”

“Definitely not. I have a feeling I’ll be thinking about you and today well into my golden years.”

Sin laughed. “I’m going to take that as a compliment.”

“As well you should, because…wow.” I sighed and let my eyes travel over the man I’d just spent several of my most intense and strangely intimate hours with. “So is this something you, um…” I paused, trying to think how to best phrase what I wanted say, but when nothing polite sprang to mind, I just blurted it out. “Rehearsed? Or is this a God-given talent of yours?”

For a second there I thought Sin might be offended. But I had no need to worry, as he stroked his jaw and ran his eyes over me. I swear I felt them touch every spot they lingered.

“Fucking? Or fucking on camera?”

My eyes shifted to the table beside us, and for the first time maybe ever, I was extremely conscious of the people surrounding us. Usually, I didn’t give a flying fuck about what others thought of me. *Usually* because I wasn’t the one doing the most outrageous thing when I was with my group of friends. But with Sin practically announcing we’d just made a porn video, I found myself checking to see if anyone had heard.

When no one seemed to care or look our way, I turned back. “Isn’t it one and the same?” I asked, as a waitress approached us with our drinks on

a tray.

“I wouldn’t know. Today was my first time. Just like you.”

I waited as the waitress placed our drinks down and then left, before narrowing my eyes on Sin.

“When you say your first time, do you really mean that? Because you’re pretty...convincing.”

“Thanks. And yes. First time.”

“Like first time working with Rafferty? Or your first time—”

“Working that way with anyone.”

I couldn’t hide my pleasure at hearing that.

“You’re smiling.”

“Am I?”

“Mhmm. That answer make you happy?”

“It does. Don’t ask me why, but I kind of like that I was your first.” Although I hated I wouldn’t be his last, as unreasonable as *that* was.

“Well, I fucking loved that you were my first. So thanks for coming.” The smile on his lips teased my dick.

“It was my pleasure…several times over.” I picked up my drink and took a sip, trying to think of anything other than my cock or his. My body needed to calm the hell down. “So, um, you from around here?”

Sin snorted, and I couldn’t blame him. The question sounded ridiculous even as it was falling off my tongue. But my brain was still recovering from what it’d just experienced.

“I know, that was lame.”

“Nah, just very…normal. All things considered.”

“Right, but if I sit here and ask what I want to, I might cause bodily harm to myself, since it’s not listening to reason right now.”

“Gotcha. Well, I don’t want that. So let’s see, nope. Not from around here.”

Which told me…absolutely nothing. “So where are you from?”

Sin rested an arm on the table and eyed me closely. “Guess.”

“Guess?”

He was about to answer when our food arrived, a chicken sandwich and fries for him and shrimp tacos for me.

“You want me to guess where you’re from?” I asked.

“That’s right.” He picked up a fry and took a bite. “Do your worst.”

“You think I’m going to get it wrong.”

He shrugged, and his eyes creased. “Let’s just say I’d be surprised if you get it right.”

“Why?”

“Because you look like someone who has been to New York and maybe…Europe.”

My jaw hit the table. “Oh, I see, you’re judging me.”

“Tell me I’m wrong.”

I reached for one of my tacos and picked it up. “You’re wrong.”

I took a bite and moaned as the tang of the lime juice and creamy sauce hit my tongue. I swallowed and glanced up, waiting for Sin’s response, and found him staring at my mouth much the same way he had back on set.

“Did you hear me?” I arched a brow. “I said you were wrong. I’ve *also* been to the Maldives.”

Sin nodded and picked up his sandwich. “No judgment was meant. I was just making an observation.”

“That I look like a snob?”

“That you look like a high-end model who belongs in beautiful places.”

Whatever comeback I had at the ready died. “Oh.”

“But you’re supposed to be guessing we’re I’m from. Remember?”

Considering he never said what I expected him to, I doubted he’d grown up anywhere common. “Montana.”

“*Montana*?”

“Wyoming.”

“What—”

“Idaho?”

“Are you just naming off random states now?”

“Only the ones I assume a family of lumberjacks would live.”

“Are you calling me a lumberjack?”

“You look like one.” I held up a hand, stopping his protest. “And before you say anything, that’s not an insult. You’re tall and built like someone who likes to hammer wood.”

A deep laugh rumbled out of him as he shook his head. “Don’t lumberjacks saw wood?”

“I dunno, you tell me.”

“Can’t say I’ve ever done that, though I know a few guys who do. I’m from Oregon, near Mt. Hood. So, really, you weren’t too far off. I’m impressed.”

“Of all the things I could do to impress you, that’s the one, huh?”

He took a sip of his drink and licked his lips. “I think you know better than that.”

I had a feeling I did. “What brought you here? The, uh, new job?”

His lips quirked as he popped a fry in his mouth. “No. I was scouted back home and came here for a couple of modeling jobs. I thought they would lead somewhere, but they kinda fizzled out. I couldn’t imagine going back home after experiencing all this, so I figured…why leave?”

“I don’t know how that’s possible. Have you *seen* you?”

Sin shook his head.

Wait. I’d forgotten the one thing I wanted to ask.

“What’s your real name?”

He nearly choked on his sandwich. “Took you long enough.”

“If I thought you would tell me, I would’ve asked sooner.”

“Sure you would’ve,” he teased. “It’s Kelly Sinclair. I go by Kelly, and Rafferty pulled out Sin from my last name for the job.”

“Kelly,” I said, testing the name on my tongue. “I like that.”

“So do I. Say it again.”

“Nice to finally meet you, *Kelly*.”

“You too, Donovan.”

“You can call me Van if you want.”

“I know.” He winked at me as he took another bite of his sandwich, catching a bit of sauce at the corner of his lips with his thumb. Without thinking, I reached across the table and brought his hand to my mouth to get a taste. That seemed to surprise him—hell, it surprised me—but something about Kelly had me touching him without thinking twice about it.

I sucked the sauce from his thumb, and his eyes widened slightly. As I lowered his hand and sat back, he cursed under his breath.

“Sorry,” I said, not apologetic in the least, not when he was looking at me like we weren’t sitting in the middle of a public park. “I couldn’t resist.”

“Don’t ever apologize for that. You can touch me anytime you want to.” He paused, blinking like he was clearing the haze from his eyes. “Shit, I forgot what we were talking about.”

“Just introducing ourselves. *Kelly*.”

“Fuck, I like that. Too much.” He shook his head again. “You’re distracting as hell, you know that? Here I am trying to get to know you, and all I can think about is your mouth.”

The smug smile that curved my lips then wasn't something I could hide even if I wanted to. I'd never met someone so straightforward with how they felt or exactly what they were thinking, and it was such a turn-on.

Kelly cursed again and took a deep breath. "Tell me about you before I drag you across this table. Please."

Wait, what if I *wanted* that? Regardless of all the action my cock had gotten earlier, it somehow was still up for more. But as I shifted in my seat, my tender ass reminded me that maybe that wasn't the best idea right this second.

"Well, you know about what I do for a living, but I'm actually still in school."

Kelly's face paled a little, and I chuckled.

"Not high school, don't worry. I'm a junior at Astor University, majoring in communications. I just turned twenty-one, and I share a place with my younger brother, Gavin, not too far from here."

The color returned to Kelly's cheeks, and I almost felt bad that I'd given the guy a panic attack.

"You okay over there?"

"Yeah, I'm just—" When he caught me biting back a laugh, his eyes narrowed. "Are you laughing at me?"

"No. I'm doing my best *not* to laugh at you. Here you were giving me hell about not asking your name, and maybe you should've asked my age."

"You're a smartass, you know that?"

"I'm also a tight ass, and *you* know that." I waggled my brows.

He chuckled and picked up his napkin to wipe his mouth clean before tossing it on his empty plate.

"Speaking of your ass—"

"Were we?"

He shook his head. "Are you feeling okay? I wasn't too, uh, rough on you, was I?"

Aw, he was worried about me. That was sweet. But really there was no need. "You were exactly the right amount of rough, trust me."

"So you liked it, then?"

I pushed my empty plate back from the edge of the table and looked him over. "I liked it a little too much."

"And that's a problem?"

"It is for my ass."

He barked with laughter.

“I’m serious—have you *seen* the size of that thing you’re packing?”

“I have. So, what you’re saying is you might come back for round two?”

My dick perked up like it had been issued a formal invite. “Are you asking?”

“Would you say yes?”

“That’s not an answer.”

Kelly leaned across the table and whispered over the top of my lips, “I’m asking. Will you come for round two?”

I nipped at his lower lip and grinned. “If you’re the one inside me, count on it.”

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ELEVEN

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kelly

BY THE TIME I headed home, my body was feeling it. My adrenaline must've been riding me the whole time I'd spent with Donovan, because once I began the walk to my apartment, I thought my legs might give out on me. I'd definitely put them, and several other body parts, to very good use earlier, and those hot visuals of Donovan kept me walking. Luckily, it wasn't far to my place in Murray Hill, so I had more than enough material to keep me occupied.

God. The sexy moans he'd made, and the way that perfect ass swallowed my cock… It was enough that he was so good looking that I could've gotten off to just his face, but he had to have a personality to match, didn't he?

I didn't even want to think about how much trouble I could fall into with that guy, not when I was starting out in a job that wasn't exactly conducive to having any kind of dating life. Sure I'd somehow convinced Donovan to join me not just once, but twice, but it couldn't go any further than that. I knew it, and I still didn't give a fuck.

That was a problem.

Just not one I needed to think about now.

My thighs burned as I headed up the stairs to my fourth-floor walkup, a place I'd gotten lucky to find with my old roommate a couple of years ago. It was small, like everything in the city, but it had two separate bedrooms, both barely big enough for a bed that could fit my six-three frame, but I made it work. The price had been manageable too, at least until Sven decided to move back home a few months ago and I realized doing a bunch of side hustles weren't going to pay the bills.

As I put my key in the lock, the knob turned too easily—which meant my apartment was already unlocked.

Sighing, I pushed open the door and hung my keys on a hook on the wall. “Corey, you here?”

A few seconds later, a head full of wavy auburn hair poked out from the entrance to my kitchen. “Damn, dude, I thought you’d be back hours ago.”

I blinked. “Tell me you haven’t been hanging out here for hours.”

“Here? Nah, you don’t have cable. I was just looking for the sauce you put on the stuff the other day. You remember?”

To anyone else, I was sure that sounded like a bunch of gibberish, but considering he’d been my intrusive neighbor for two years now, I’d learned how to speak fluent Corey.

I moved past him and opened one of the upper cabinets, reaching for what he wanted.

“See, that’s the problem. I’m not tall enough to reach that.” Corey’s face twisted into a frown. “Wait a second, is that why you put it up so high? So I couldn’t borrow it?”

Snorting, I handed him the jar of chili oil and then grabbed a clean glass for me. “Borrow?”

He rolled his eyes. “I’d return it.”

“Yeah, mostly empty.” I punched out a couple of ice cubes from the tray before popping it back in the freezer and pouring myself a Jack and Coke. “I’ve got exactly two cabinets to put shit in. Grab a chair next time.”

“You got it.” Corey stared down at the jar, his forehead still pinched. “And you just used it on the, uh…”

Shaking my head, I pulled out a small plate and reached for the remaining sourdough tied up on the counter. It was easier to do it myself than expect him to retain the few steps to make it, especially when a complicated meal to him was putting a frozen pizza in the oven. Then again, my taking over probably had a lot to do with why he insisted on raiding my kitchen all the time. That and free food.

The lone avocado left was well past its prime ripeness, but I figured that wouldn’t matter much to Corey. As I mashed it up and added a few spices, I said, “You know, I gave you that key in the first place for emergencies only.”

“I know, what do you think this is?”

“Food? Not an emergency. Locking myself out or my apartment on fire? *Those* are instances that require a spare key.”

“Friends don’t let friends go hungry,” he said, giving me a toothy grin I couldn’t help but laugh at. Along with the shirt he wore that said, *Zombies eat brains. Don’t worry, you’re safe.*

“You’re ridiculous,” I said. I spooned a little chili oil over the avocado toast and handed him the plate. “I’m already selling my ass for rent money, but yeah, why not add your groceries to the list.”

“Hell yeah, now that’s the reason I’m really here. I need aaall the dirty details.” He started toward my couch and called over his shoulder, “And thanks for the grub.”

“Yeah, yeah, you’re welcome.” I brought my drink with me as I followed Corey, stopping to kick off my shoes before planting my ass in the chair.

My living room consisted of only a single window and a few square feet, enough to put a small futon and a sling accent chair. I’d had to mount the TV, since there wasn’t enough space for an entertainment stand, but it wasn’t like I needed much. This place was far bigger than many of the studios my friends rented. Coming from an abundance of space back home to the reality of city living had been an adjustment for sure, but now it felt good. Cozy, but home.

Maybe that had more to do with living alone instead of sharing the space.

Corey sat cross-legged on the couch and turned toward me, already stuffing his face. “So? Give me the goods,” he said around a mouthful.

I hadn’t told a soul about the porn stuff and hadn’t planned to, but Corey had been here raiding my fridge when I got the phone call inviting me to meet up with the owners of Xes Entertainment, and his relentless line of questioning had worn me down.

Then again, maybe it was nice to have one person in my life I could talk to about it. A lot of my guy friends were straight and would probably never come across it, but if they did, it wasn’t like I’d be ashamed of it. What I’d done today had been so fucking hot I was wondering why I didn’t get into this sooner. Even if, in the back of my mind, I had a feeling that had more to do with Donovan after the non-reaction my dick had to my original scene partner.

Stretching out in the chair, I sipped on my drink and tried to keep my face schooled into indifference so Corey wouldn't completely see through me. "It went…well. Better than I thought it would for my first time."

"Yeah? So the guy was hot? Not one of those his-dick-is-huge-so-you-have-to-just-go-with-it porn guys?"

I sputtered out a laugh, knowing exactly what he was talking about. Lots of guys out there did this stuff because of one reason, not because they were the most physically attractive. But that didn't apply to Donovan.

He also wasn't technically a porn star. Although…maybe he was after today. *The masked porn star.* I ran my hand over my scruff in an effort to hide my grin.

"No, the guy was"*—gorgeous, physically perfect in every way?—*"the hottest guy I've ever seen."

"No fucking way," Corey said. "You're not that lucky."

"I was today."

"Shit." He took another bite of his toast and didn't wait to swallow before saying, "I can't wait to see that."

"You're not watching it."

"Oh yes I am. You can't stop me."

"Did you forget you'll see me naked? You'll have nightmares."

He shrugged. "I'm not watching for you. I'm watching for the hottest guy you've ever seen."

"Then I hate to disappoint you, but his pretty face is all covered up."

"You lie."

"I'm not. He wore a mask the whole time."

"What?" Corey set his half-eaten toast aside, giving me his full attention. "What kind of twisted asshole puts a mask on a hot guy?"

"Does it matter?"

"Hell yes, it matters. Masks should only be on the ugly ones."

It was wrong, but I couldn't help but chuckle at how put out he was. "It went along with the theme. It was a party scene."

"Did you wear one?"

"No."

Corey's eyes narrowed. "What's his name?"

Oh shit. I didn't actually know *what* name would be listed in the credits for the scene. Donovan definitely wouldn't use his real name, but I hadn't thought to ask what he'd put down on his paperwork.

“I’m not sure,” I answered.

“He didn’t give you a name to call out?”

“You’re a little perv, aren’t you?”

“Says the porn star.”

I laughed, realizing just how strange this whole situation really was. I thought back to Donovan beneath me, my ramming into his tight body seconds before I came all over him. Had I called out his name? Or any name? I couldn’t remember that part, but it wasn’t surprising, considering how powerful my release had been. I was pretty sure I’d blacked out for a second.

Shit, if I’d accidentally said his name, surely Rafferty would edit that out, right? I’d have to reach out to him later and ask.

I swirled the contents of my glass and took another long sip, already feeling relaxed and ready to pass out soon, even though it was far too early for that.

“Well, if you end up watching, you’re welcome,” I said with a smirk. I didn’t need to see it to know what had happened between Donovan and me today had been off-the-charts scorching. So, hell, if Corey wanted to watch it, I wasn’t ashamed. I just didn’t need him trying to get in my bed instead of simply raiding my kitchen.

“Don’t worry, you’re still not my type,” he said, turning his attention back to finishing off his food.

“You might change your mind once you see me naked.” I winked.

Corey cocked his head. “Nah. I mean, don’t get me wrong, you’re hot and all, but you don’t even game, bro. We’d have nothing in common.”

I snorted out a laugh. “You’re right. You need a fellow nerd who’s memorized all the numbers to your favorite takeout places.”

“Now you’re speakin’ my language. And *you* need someone who actually likes to do all that workout shit you do to look like that.” He lifted his hand, gesturing up and down my body. “Ain’t me.”

No, that definitely wasn’t Corey. Who it *was* was someone I couldn’t stop thinking about. Someone with hazel eyes, an easy smile, and a body made for mine.

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TWELVE

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donovan

THE HARD RAP of knuckles on my door had me looking up from the essay I was working on—and at the time. Jesus, it was about to turn seven already? That meant I'd been at this for a good two hours, and I still only had half of it done.

I groaned and flopped back into my couch, sucking down the last of the freshly squeezed juice that had been delivered from the health bar in the lobby of the Waldorf. Usually I opted for my staple kale and watermelon mix, but with the threat of a workout looming overhead, I'd opted for their Energizer juice instead. The mix of carrot, celery, beet, spinach, and cucumber wasn't for everyone. But it was the way they trimmed a handful of the wheatgrass to blend into the juice that usually sent my friends into fits of nausea.

Hey, they'd drink it too if a couple of hours in front of a camera could earn them a cool mil or two.

When the knocking sounded up again, I cursed the fact that I had some moral opposition to paying someone to write my essay for me. I could too, easily, running in the circle I did. If I wanted someone to write a paper for me, I could. If I wanted a grade changed for me, done. Hell, if I needed someone to help me bury a body, I could more than likely find someone to do that too—but again, I was pretty sure my brain would oppose.

"Yo, Van, get your ass out here!" West called through my door as I slid my empty juice cup onto the coffee table and got to my feet. "I let you skip gym time Sunday, but if you think I'm letting you punk out today, you've got another thing coming."

I pulled open the door to see West's mile-wide grin and shook my head. "Let's not forget who punked out yesterday."

“I didn’t punk out.” West straightened as I grabbed my bottle of water and key card off the table. “I just chose a different *kind* of workout, and a better-looking partner.”

“And how is JT?” I asked as we headed into the elevators to make our way down to the Towers’ fitness center—one of the perks of living in one of the most prestigious buildings in Manhattan.

West chuckled. “Sorer than I am today, that’s for sure.”

He could joke all he wanted, but we both knew that this new relationship meant the world to him. It would’ve been laughable—actually, it was to several of our friends—but to me it was just fun to see him finally fall for someone. Especially when that someone was as sweet and good as JT.

“Uh huh, and what about *beyond* the physical demands you made of his body? You know, like his well-being?”

West’s eyes softened a fraction. There it was. The affection. The real feelings. The ones he kept for himself. The ones he protected from anyone who might shit on them—a.k.a. the rest of our friends.

“He’s good. I think I might’ve finally convinced him to get up on the stage at the next poetry slam night.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. He’s got a couple of pieces he’s been working on, and I’ve been making him practice. But it’s different performing for just me. In a room full of strangers, he kind of freezes. Gets stage fright, you know?”

Actually, I didn’t know much about stage fright at all. Apparently I had no issues when it came to performing in front of others—just ask Sin.

No, no, Kelly.

It had been days since I’d allowed myself to think about *that* delicious male specimen, and as my cock began to throb, I had my reason why.

The man made me crazy. Certifiably mad. Whenever I thought about him, my body took over and had a mind of its own. I had no willpower to say no, no common sense to my thought process, and it appeared I made rash decisions in his presence.

Something I became aware of Saturday night while soaking in my tub, when I realized that I’d agreed to do *another* sex video with the man. What the hell was the matter with me?

Oh, that’s right. I loved Kelly’s monster cock. Even more, I loved it inside me.

“Van?”

“Huh?” I glanced out the elevator door to see West waiting for me.

“You have to get out of the elevator to use the exercise equipment. Although”—he eyed the hard-on punching against my shorts—“I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if you went and used *your* equipment in the locker room as long as you don’t make a mess.”

I shot him the finger as I shoved off the wall.

“They wouldn’t want you to fall and break anything important.”

“Fuck off.” I brushed past him and heard his laughter follow me as I made my way across the marble lobby and through the double doors of the fitness center. Truth be told, I felt like taking a detour and going through to the wellness center for a massage. Maybe after.

We made our way into the multistory, fully decked-out gym and scanned the space, and when I spotted our two favorite treadmills available and ready for an hour of torture, I groaned.

“Sure you don’t want to just head into the sauna?”

West clapped me on the back and shoved me in the direction of the empty machines. “After.”

I knew I needed to get back on schedule. After taking a couple of days to rest my weary body, it was time to get back to my routine. But the first time was always the hardest.

And there went my brain again.

First time…

Hard…

Kelly…

“Fuckin’ hell, what’s up with you today?” West climbed onto his preferred treadmill and glanced back at where I stood motionless, caught up in the delirium caused by a certain sex god. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were smokin’ some of that new shit Travis has been going on about.”

That was the last thing I’d ever use to get high. Kelly’s built body, however, was a whole other story. “Well, you do know better. I don’t suck on anything that—”

“Isn’t a big, thick cock?”

I nearly tripped over my feet as I stepped up onto the machine, and West quickly reached out to lend a hand.

“Seriously, what the hell is up with you?”

I swatted his hand away and steadied myself, putting my water bottle in the holder and seriously contemplating whether I had the brain capacity to run on this thing when it started to move.

At the rate I was going, West was right: I just might fall and break my dick—or worse yet, my face.

“Nothing’s wrong. I’m just a clumsy shit today.”

“Says the man who can walk a runway in nine-inchers.”

Oh my God.

Why was everything coming out of West’s mouth today bringing to mind Kelly’s—

“Speaking of nine inches… You never did say how things went Friday night with you and that Sin guy.”

Up until now I thought I’d gotten away with it, but West’s suggestive grin told me otherwise—I was screwed. But there was no way in hell I was telling him about what I’d ended up doing with Kelly. He’d run his mouth to JT and, worse yet, East, and then I’d never hear the end of it.

So instead, I opted for the truth. At least the truth as far as Friday night went.

“Nothing happened, that’s why. We danced, it was hot, but he’s going to have more than enough dicks soon. I wasn’t about to have him worry about mine.”

“Really?” West turned back to his treadmill and hit several buttons, and we started a slow jog to warm up.

“Really. And why are you so concerned? I thought you were too happy with your new ‘workout partner’ to worry about what my dick’s doing.”

“Hey now, let’s be clear. I’m not thinking about your dick. Not when Golden Boy’s is mine for the taking. I don’t need you starting shit.”

Good, crisis averted. If there was one thing West enjoyed talking more about than cock, it was JT—and maybe JT’s cock.

“I’m not starting shit.”

“Sure sounds like it,” he grumbled, and upped his pace. “Last thing I need is him worrying about anything, not when we’re finally in a good place.”

“Aw, that’s sweet.” I glanced at him. “I didn’t actually think you knew what a good place was.”

“I didn’t, until I met him,” West said, shocking the shit out of me.

“Wow.” I shook my head and punched the speed button until my jog was a steady run. “I never thought I’d see the day you were so damn smitten over someone.”

“Me either, but here I am, and I’m trying my best not to fuck it up. I swear JT is just waiting for me to break his heart.”

“No way. Anyone can see that boy is just as smitten with you as you are with him.” I chuckled. “Smitten kittens.”

“Yeah, yeah, well, I’d like to keep it that way.”

“You will. Just keep doing what you’re doing and don’t do anything East suggests.”

West snorted. “No shit.” Then he pushed down on the speed button and took off at his full workout pace, thankfully ending our discussion and giving me the reprieve I wanted.

I put my earbuds in and cranked up my music, and as the burn in my legs eased and I hit full stride, I zoned out and stared down at the swimmers in the pool a level below, happy to have dodged the Kelly bullet.

It wasn’t that I was ashamed of what I’d done with him on Saturday. Or that I regretted it. I just wanted to keep it to myself, that was all. It was a memory I wanted to be able to play on repeat one day when my body wouldn’t go haywire at the thought, and if my friends ever found out about it, they’d totally ruin it for me. Or even worse, they’d look the damn video up and add commentary.

That was the last thing I wanted. Especially since I’d come to my senses in the last couple of days and decided that was going to be the one and only time I saw Kelly.

So if telling a little white lie to West was what it took to keep my secret, then I wasn’t going to feel bad about it.

I did my best to push all thoughts of Kelly and what we’d done together out of my mind as I finished off my run, and fifty-five minutes later, as I glared the countdown to death, I picked up my water and took a swig before pounding out the last five minutes.

When our machines came to a stop and we grabbed up our towels, West reached over and tapped me on the arm. I hit stop on my music and pulled the buds from my ears.

“Hey, about before?”

Oh shit. Here we go.

“I wasn’t trying to be a pushy asshole about that Sin guy. I just know it’s been a while for you, and you seemed really into him.”

Probably because I had been. Still was. *Jesus.* I really needed to move the hell on. Kelly was about to start having sex with hundreds of different guys, and the last thing I needed was to start obsessing over him.

“All I was getting at was that if I were *you*, I’d track him down and have him worry about your dick first. That guy is gonna be huge—I mean, he already is, if you know what I mean—but he clearly was into you, so why not take advantage?”

I mean, it wasn’t a *terrible* idea. “I don’t think so.”

“Why not?” West slung his towel around his neck. “We all know your preference, Van. If *anyone* wants—and can take—what that guy’s packing…”

I smothered my laugh with a cough and wiped my face with the towel. Partly to get rid of the sweat and partly to hide the fact that just thinking about what Kelly was packing sent my body into overdrive.

The guy made me feel insatiable.

West grinned in a way that told me he knew where my mind had just gone. But little did he know it had already been there, several times over.

“That’s right.” He nodded. “Get on that big thing before all the other bottoms do.”

“Jesus, West.” I looked around the gym, and the bastard started to laugh.

“What? Don’t tell me you aren’t thinking about it.”

“Well, I am now.”

“Exactly.” As we stepped off the treadmills, West slung an arm around my shoulders. “We only live once, and what better way to die than being split in half ‘sinning.’”

“Nice euphemism there.”

“I thought so.” We pushed out of the main gym area and walked to where the steam and sauna rooms were. “So, you gonna go sin?”

Was I?

I’d enjoyed it the first time around, and I liked Kelly as a person, so why shouldn’t I go back? It was just for fun, and if my face was still hidden, there was no reason not to…right?

“You’re thinking about it…”

Yes, yes I was. But again, there was no way in hell I was going to tell West about it.

If I was going to go and sin again, it was going to be between me and Kelly—and, well, the production crew of Xes Entertainment.

But West didn’t need to know that, and I could keep a secret.

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THIRTEEN

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kelly

THE TIMER ON the oven went off just as my stomach let out a loud grumble, signaling it was done waiting for me to fill it. Good thing, too—I was an absolute beast when I was hungry, and right now I felt close to starving. A solid 5K run through the city would do that to a person, but add in the weight reps and push-ups I'd done at the end and I was about to start chewing on the walls.

I turned off the alarm and headed into the kitchen, grabbing a packet of instant rice out of the pantry. Once it was in the microwave and doing its thing, I put on an oven mitt and pulled out the cast-iron pan. The tomato-basil sauce bubbled around the breast as the delicious aromas filled my tiny space. I slid it onto the stovetop then leaned down over the meal and inhaled the mouthwatering scents.

It smelled amazing. I'd had to leave out the garlic, of course—I didn't want anything lingering for my next shoot—but the basil and crushed tomatoes and buttery, blistered grape ones made up my favorite chicken recipe.

It was healthy, too, which was kind of important considering my current line of work. When you were stripping down to your bare ass, it helped to look good for the cameras.

With my food ready to go, I grabbed a tray from the top of the fridge and headed into my living room, where I planted myself in front of the TV. I flicked through the channels, looking for something to watch, and finally settled on the latest episode of *The Amazing Race.*

It wasn't my first choice, but considering my limited options, it would do. Also, I was too damn hungry to really care at this point. I got stuck into my meal, shoveling a forkful of chicken and rice into my mouth. As I piled

it high for a second bite, an ad flashed across the screen that had the fork falling back to the plate with a clang.

There, walking across pristine white sands in a pair of low-slung designer jeans and a white shirt left open so it billowed in the breeze, was the beautiful man I hadn't been able to stop thinking about for the past three days.

Donovan's feet were bare and sinking down into the wet sand as the waves crashed into the shore. As he began to walk out into the cerulean-blue water, he magically took a step on top of the ocean and began to walk on water.

The music swelled as he slipped the shirt free, and as it blew out of frame, the camera zoomed in and he turned.

Yes. God yes. There was that gorgeous face I'd been dreaming about, and it was like Donovan was right there in the room with me as he whispered the name of whatever cologne he was selling like it was a secret.

I missed it, of course, because I was too busy trying to relocate my brain. The hunger in my stomach now played second fiddle to the hunger that had just moved south, between my legs. Then the commercial ended.

Fuck. It was moments like this I wished I could afford a damn receiver, because what I wouldn't do to rewind and replay that. Hell, who was I kidding? As soon as I was done eating, I was going to go and YouTube the shit out of that ad. It was sexy as fuck—my stiff dick was a testament to that.

I shifted on the couch and grabbed my fork, trying to get comfortable now that I was doing my best to perfect the art of plate spinning with my cock and tray.

Jesus. I'd known he was going to be a distraction, but he'd gotten me hotter and harder in fifteen seconds than anyone I could remember, which was exactly why I'd asked him back for round two.

Our debut video had been sent out to the masses just yesterday, and while I'd spent an inordinate amount of time watching it, just looking at Donovan's face in the last five seconds of that commercial had almost made me come in my shorts.

No need for a fluffer when Donovan was around. One glimpse of those hazel eyes and that sea-swept hair made me want to fuck him for hours on that beach.

The beach… Oh my God, the fucking Maldives.

My lips twitched as I thought back to our conversation at lunch the other day, and I would've bet money that this was what he'd been doing there. Okay, maybe not money, since I was kind of low on that, but I had a feeling that was where he'd shot it.

Actually, that was the perfect excuse to reach out to him. I'd been waiting for Donovan to give me a call, not wanting to come off pushy if he decided not to come back for round two. But this way it would be casual. I wouldn't seem as desperate to see him again as I felt…right?

I took another bite of food and then picked up my phone, pulling his number up.

God, how many times had I started to text him in the last seventy-two hours? Too fucking many, and something I'd deny if anyone ever found out.

Staring at the screen, I typed out a generic *Hey, how you doing?* but then quickly deleted it. I wanted something that would grab Donovan's attention no matter what he was doing, not some lame-ass greeting. I wanted something he couldn't ignore.

I thought about it for a couple minutes then typed.

You look good in the Maldives, and I look good in you. Maybe one day we should combine the two.

I stared at the text for a couple seconds then hit send before I could change my mind. If that didn't get his attention, I didn't know what would. I was about to put my phone down and go back to my meal when I saw three dots appear, and suddenly the last thing on my mind was food.

DONOVAN:

Is that an invitation? Because I have to agree. I'd look fantastic with you in me in the Maldives.

Okay, fuck my food. That answer had me hungry for something else. I put the tray aside, distracted by the only thing that could possibly tear me away from my meal right then.

Definitely an invitation, but you might have to give me a couple of months to save.

I'd spend all my damn money for the opportunity to roll around naked on sun-warmed sands with him, to swim in those blue waters naked and uninhibited. That was one of the things that I'd really loved about spending time with Donovan, learning what kind of person he was—and luckily, he seemed as free and open as me. Something that came in handy, considering I wanted to get him naked every time I saw him.

DONOVAN:

What if I said we could hop on a plane tonight and be there in a little less than a day?

My hands stilled as I read over his message, and something about the casual way he'd tossed it out there made me think he was serious. That if he wanted to hop on a plane tonight and fly off to some exotic location, he could—and more than likely would.

I'd already suspected he came from money. It was there if you looked closely. All the little nuances, like the fact he'd traveled all over Europe and, well, the Maldives, and where he went to school.

Astor University was one of the most prestigious schools in the country; everyone knew that. You either got in because you were a genius or because you were richer than Midas—not saying that Donovan couldn't be both, but given the night of the Xes party at Lure, where Donovan had been in the

VIP area with a group of guys who screamed privilege and money, I guessed he was cut from a very similar cloth.

Not that he'd ever mentioned it. But it was there. In his clothes, the way he held himself, the jewelry he wore. It was easy to spot when you didn't have much of it yourself.

That wouldn't run me off, though. I didn't care if he was rich or poor. I wanted him in a way I'd never wanted anyone in my life, and if he was willing to come for me again, then I was more than willing to make him.

As enticing as that offer is, I have a shoot on Thursday, remember?

I never claimed to be subtle.

DONOVAN:

I remember. If I'm not mistaken, you asked me to come.

Thank fuck he wasn't either.

I did. You still want to?

DONOVAN:

Come on Thursday? Probably. I just have to watch our video if I want to do that. I also just have to close my eyes and remember your hands on me. So yeah, pretty sure I'll come on Thursday at some point.

That little tease. He was driving me out of my mind on purpose, and if he said no to this, I might just beg him to meet me somewhere in the next few days to take care of this gnawing need he'd built up in me. I didn't care how irrational it was to want someone so badly after one encounter—if I didn't get him out of my system in some way or another, I was going to turn into a fucking madman.

Do you still want to come with ME on Thursday?

Three dots… Nothing.

Another three dots… Nothing.

Then up popped a photo of the hardest, prettiest dick I'd ever laid my damn eyes on. Flushed and veiny, the tip glistened in invitation and then the message came through.

DONOVAN:

What do you think?

I wasn't sure I *could* think, except to slide my hand inside my pants. But after giving myself a rough squeeze, I realized I needed both hands to text back.

I think you better fucking save that for me.

DONOVAN:

I thought the rule was twenty-four hours?

The rule is that's MINE. So don't touch it until I tell you so.

Damn. The possessive feeling that bubbled up inside me was completely out of character, but I wasn't about to apologize. I meant every word I'd typed. I wanted that pretty cock, and I would have it.

DONOVAN:

That's fucking hot, and kind of bossy. Is that part of your new role?

My lips quirked as I quickly typed.

Say yes to Thursday and I'll send you the overview.

DONOVAN:

Rafferty signed off on that?

Rafferty ASKED for you back. Have you seen how many hits our video had this morning? Trust me, I'm not the only one who wants the masked man to…come again.

I shook my head. Man I was really pushing for this, but I couldn't seem to stop myself. If Donovan wasn't interested, he would've said so by—

DONOVAN:

Yes.

I stared at that one word for a heartbeat and then another, then quickly scrolled up to make sure I wasn't imagining things.

I wasn't.

Thank fucking God.

DONOVAN:

Were you worried I'd say no?

If I say yes, will you think less of me?

DONOVAN:

Even if I thought less of you, there'd still be MORE of you than most men. I think you're safe ;)

With comments like that, you're not. Give me your email, I'll send it over.

Seconds later, Donovan's email address popped up, and I attached the sparse outline and sent it his way. A couple minutes passed, I took a few more bites of my dinner, then a message popped up.

DONOVAN:

I think I can work with that. I like the way Rafferty wrote an entire scene for me in my mask.

I told you, he wanted you back. How's it feel knowing he wrote it just for you?

DONOVAN:

LOL. Idk, you seem to have a lot more direction than me, so it's definitely about you—his star. I'm assuming it starts outside?

That's right. Calloway Court. It's gonna end outside too.

DONOVAN:

How risqué… I love it. Send me the time and directions and I'll be there. Oh, and Kelly?

My dick jerked at my name typed out, remembering how it had sounded coming off his tongue.

Yeah?

DONOVAN:

Your cock is MINE too. So don't touch it until I tell you so.

I looked down at my thick erection and cursed. It was like he'd read my mind. But if I was going to make him wait for me, the least I could do was wait for him.

Done. See you Thursday, Donovan.

I was about to put my phone down and finish off my dinner when a final text came through.

DONOVAN:

Yeah you will. ALL of me. Sleep well xx

I stared down at my meal and shook my head, then got to my feet to go and cover it. If I had any hope of enjoying the rest of that, then I needed to go and have a cold shower first.

Damn tease.

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FOURTEEN

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donovan

THE SKY RUMBLED overhead, and thick grey clouds darkened the private courtyard currently being prepared for a not-suitable-for-the-public affair. I hadn't been sure what to expect when Kelly told me this scene would be outside, because where would they have found anything in the city that would work for something like this?

Even now, I glanced up at the windows of the nineteenth-century townhouses and wondered how they'd gotten permission from all the residents. Hell, maybe they'd just promised them a nice view. I didn't know. But for now, all the windows were closed.

"Don't worry. The forecast says the rain should hold off this evening," Anita said, handing me a long-sleeved black Henley to match the black pants and shoes I already wore.

"What if it doesn't?"

She shrugged. "You don't mind getting wet, right?"

"Nah." If I got wet, that meant Kelly would get wet, and I could only imagine what he'd look like with rain pouring off him, his hair sticking to his neck, and me leaning in to lick the droplets off his chest…

Shit, I changed my mind. *Please rain. Storm like fucking crazy.*

I threw on the cotton shirt and pushed up the sleeves, suddenly feeling a little warmer despite the light breeze. For the role I was playing, I'd need to be covered head to toe, and this time my mask wouldn't be golden.

"I'd say it's a shame you have to put all that on, but then I remembered I get to be the one to take it off you." Kelly's breath tickled the back of my neck, and I spun around to face him. A look full of devilry lit his golden eyes. "Maybe I'll use my teeth this time."

"Promise?" I said.

“The only promise I’m making is that you’ll leave here with multiple orgasms. I’ll be the one to decide how.”

Before I could respond, Anita shoved something small and dark in my hands and muttered, “Still here, guys,” before walking away as quickly as her short legs could take her without breaking into a run.

Chuckling, I arched a brow. “Not one for subtlety, are you?”

“It’s not my fault. I can’t seem to help myself around you.”

“Oh, so this is a ‘me’ problem.”

“It is.”

“What do you suggest I do about it? You know, to make you not feel the need to rip my clothes off when you see me?”

“Is that really what you want?” he said, taking a step closer. “For me to keep my hands off you?”

A dark pool of desire settled low in my stomach, just as a hand that wasn’t mine or Kelly’s landed on my chest and pushed me away.

“Guys, guys, the cameras aren’t rolling yet,” Rafferty said, coming in between us. “Save it for when I call action, yes?”

As he backed away, Kelly winked at me, the instigator, and I smirked back at him.

“Also, we need to discuss the scenario for today, because as hot as it was last time, you veered off from what I planned.”

“Did we?” I said.

“Oh, you’re right.” One side of Kelly’s lips tipped up. “I think you said to chase Donovan, and I fucked him over the chaise instead. My bad.”

I couldn’t help but laugh as Rafferty snapped his fingers, and his assistant came running with today’s storyboard.

“Yes, well, since you didn’t make it to the garden setup last time, I brought the garden to you. Now there will be no mistakes.” To make his point, he gestured to the hedges and flowers that took up much of the center of the courtyard. A few park benches were scattered throughout the space along the uneven cobblestone, but other than that, I wasn’t sure where exactly we were supposed to, uh…perform.

I couldn’t imagine the benches were comfortable, but the only other option would be maybe up against one of the vine-covered brick walls that enclosed the space. It wasn’t until Rafferty went over his storyboard that I realized the two options he gave us were actually park bench or park bench.

Shit. That meant my knees were about to get a rougher ride than my ass.

“We’re good?” Rafferty asked when he finished his spiel, and we nodded. “Fabulous. Now go make it hot but stay on point.”

I quickly moved out of the way as he turned, whipping his long braids out to smack me in the face.

“Careful—” Kelly held his arm out to block me from getting whacked, but Rafferty was already gone.

I grinned. “Feeling protective?”

“Just saving him from a lawsuit waiting to happen if he scarred your pretty face.” He trailed his fingers over my cheek.

“Don’t worry, it’s not insured. Yet.”

“Should be.” He dropped his hand, and I mourned the loss of his touch immediately. “Have I mentioned I’m glad you’re here? Again?”

Damn, there went that stomach flip. “Well, I can’t seem to say no to you, even when I probably should.”

“Oh yeah? I wonder what else I can get you to agree to…”

There was no fucking telling, not when he was looking at me like that. I’d probably say yes to most anything that came out of his mouth, and while that should’ve scared me, all I felt was the thrill of adrenaline. Because in about five minutes, I wouldn’t have to hold myself back from him anymore. The anticipation had been riding me all day, all through my classes, so much so I’d gone on a short run when I got home to try to chill the hell out.

It wasn’t so much nerves this time now that I knew what to expect, though I still had a bit of those. More because of the fact that our location meant anyone could peer through the gates, which was a thrill on its own. I didn’t realize how much I got off on others watching, but what did I have to be ashamed of? I took care of my body, I looked good, and I knew I was a great fuck.

Bring on the eyes.

“Maybe we should find out,” I said, swinging the mask around in circles on my finger. Kelly grabbed the mask on an upswing and shook his head.

“It’s a damn shame you have to wear this. But I’ll take what I can get.”

“You could get whatever you wanted from anyone.”

“I meant from you.”

Wow. Okay, *that* had me feeling some kind of way. Too bad I couldn’t sit there and savor those words, not when Rafferty’s assistant called out,

“Places!”

Kelly would be waiting off camera while I started the scene, and today’s scenario was one that made me laugh when I heard it. Was it ridiculous? Absolutely. Did I have any doubt we’d make it hot? None whatsoever.

I plucked my mask out of Kelly’s hand and grinned as I backed away. “Catch me if you can.”

He dipped his chin, heat simmering in his gaze. “I can. And I will.”

Hell yeah he would. And I couldn’t wait.

Anticipation rolled up my spine as I took my place and put on the ski mask. There were only holes for my eyes and my mouth, so this time even my hair was covered. Once the clothes came off, that was the only thing that would remain. Well that, and my pre-lubed ass.

The assistant handed me a crowbar, and I cracked my neck from side to side, channeling my inner…burglar. It was amusing to play the part with the way my friends and I had broken into more than a handful of places in the last few months. The dean’s office and JT’s dorm being the most recent, though neither of those had required ski masks and crowbars.

We’d done it with more flair, obviously. We were nothing if not dramatic.

“Here we go,” called Rafferty, and then he began the countdown to… “Action!”

From slightly off camera, I crept along the wall, keeping to the shadows as I made my way toward the townhouses. The cool steel of the crowbar in hand, I glanced behind me to check that the coast was clear and then continued on.

I could feel the many stares from those behind the camera, and even though they kept quiet, the noise of the city filtered into the courtyard. As I approached one of the doors, I lifted the crowbar to pry it open—and then a deep voice sounded behind me.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

Going still, I noted the change in Kelly’s tone as he instantly switched to his Sin persona. I tightened my hand on the crowbar, and when I whirled around, I swung it in a wide arc that Sin caught with his large hand.

He cocked his head to the side, looking at me with an incredulous expression that said he couldn’t believe I’d swung on him.

Well, not *me*. Burglar me.

The strength of his grip on the crowbar overpowered mine, and he ripped it from my grasp, causing me to stumble forward. Rafferty's notes had detailed our having a struggle, and I started toward Sin like I was going to attack him.

I wondered briefly if we should've maybe practiced this part so we didn't hurt each other by accident, but I soon realized Sin had all of this under his control. I didn't know how, but he caught my wrist with his free hand, jerking me toward him in a spin that had my back against his front. He held the crowbar against my throat as his strength kept me firmly in place.

I knew I was supposed to be pissed, angry I got caught, but that was easier said than done when I felt his semi pressing up against the crack of my ass.

"Let go of me," I growled, fighting to get free of his hold.

"You thought you'd break into my apartment and I'd let you just get away with it?"

Sin's grip on me was so firm that I didn't have to pretend to struggle for breath when I said, "You weren't supposed to be here."

A low chuckle met my ears. "So sorry to disappoint. Maybe I should let you go, then."

No, I didn't want that at all, but burglar me did.

"Yes," I said, swallowing. "You should."

"And if I do"—he rubbed himself against my ass—"will you fight me?"

I hesitated. "No."

"Will you run?"

"Yes."

"Really? Even though you didn't get what you came here for?"

I clawed at his wrist, trying to free myself. "Let me go and you can keep your shit."

I shivered at his dark laugh that tickled the side of my neck. "You're a feisty thing, aren't you?"

"Fuck you."

"Wrong answer. No one fucks me." Sin's hold loosened, but in a matter of seconds he had me turned to face him. My back was now against the porch column, and the edge of the crowbar pressed into the center of my chest.

I glared at him, and even though he couldn’t see the scowl on my face, he could hear it in my words. “What are you going to do? What do you want?”

“What I *wanted* was a peaceful night at home. What I got was you. So what to do now?”

I thanked God that Sin didn’t have to wear a mask over his gorgeous face, because the savage expression he wore was one I would’ve hated to miss. All that passion aimed my way had my dick rising to the occasion, right on time.

Sin ran his eyes over me from where he stood a couple feet away, still holding the crowbar against my chest. “You tried to take from me. That was a mistake. Because now you’ll pay.” He licked his lips as his gaze settled below my hips. “With your body.”

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FIFTEEN

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kelly

NEVER IN MY wildest fuck fantasies could I have imagined that catching a burglar trying to break into my house would make my dick hard. But when the criminal in question was a feisty blond whose pink lips peeked through his black ski mask, apparently all worry about property loss took second place to getting my hands on him.

Jesus, Rafferty had really zeroed in on a scene that let me play to the possessive way I'd been feeling about Donovan. I ran my eyes down his fitted black shirt and black pants that were doing jack shit to hide his erection.

I held him against the column, pinning him in place with the crowbar as I did my best to fight back the urge to end the scene and just tear his fucking clothes off. Once I finally got myself under some kind of control, I cocked my head and slowly drew the tip of the flat chisel end of the bar down the center of his body.

Donovan's chest rose and fell as the metal tool moved further down his torso, and when I reached the distinct outline of his cock, I traced the edge of it down the underside of his shaft.

"Hmm, this is supposed to be a punishment. Not something you derive pleasure from." When I reached the crotch of his pants and slid the end of the crowbar between his legs, Donovan sucked in a breath. "But it seems you're a deviant in *all* the ways."

"You don't know shit."

The aggressive response was so unlike Donovan, but so fucking hot that I tightened my hand around the bar. Then I took a step closer and pushed it against his balls.

“Say that again,” I dared him, my words a whisper across his shit-talking lips.

Donovan’s eyes flared, and it was a fucking trip to see so little of his face. But what I *could* see told me everything I needed to know.

He was totally getting off on this. His pupils were blown, the expression in them daring me to keep pushing with this act, and the stubborn tilt of his chin signaled he wasn’t about to go down without a fight.

Fuck yeah, bring it on.

“You don’t know *shit*.” He all but spat the last word at me, and my lips quirked as I straightened to my full height.

I pulled the bar from between his legs and turned it in my hand, and when Donovan’s eyes flicked to the clawed end moving toward his body, he swallowed.

“I know when to shut up,” I told him, hooking the end of his shirt with the tool and dragging it up his body. “Something you clearly haven’t learned the art of. Don’t you understand? I’m the one in control now, not you.”

I stopped when I had his shirt up between his pecs, showing off the cut lines of his abs.

“Undo your pants.”

“Go fuck yourself.”

I shook my head, narrowing my eyes on Donovan.

“I told you, no one fucks me. But you have a choice tonight. Me or…” I applied a little more pressure to the bar at his chest, and Donovan’s eyes widened. “Ah, yes, now you see how much trouble you’re in.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” Donovan said, and went to move off the porch, but as he took a step forward, I threw the crowbar to the concrete. It landed with a loud clang as I reached for his shirt.

I hauled Donovan in hard and fast, making him stumble, vaguely aware of a siren going off in the background—or maybe that was a warning sign to my crazed, horny side that I was pushing this to the extreme. But I didn’t care. I was in this now, and so was he. I could see it in the heated glare he aimed up at me as I bit down on his lip and growled, “Wouldn’t I?”

Quick as a flash, I whipped the end of his shirt over his head, effectively removing it *and* locking his arms in place.

Donovan gasped, completely caught off guard as a feral grin curled my lips. Then I walked up on the porch, forcing him to step back once, twice,

all the way until his back—and arms—hit the wall.

“I told you, you’re going to pay for your crimes tonight with your body, and if you aren’t going to give it to me, then I’m going to take it.”

I pinned him to the wall with one hand at his neck as I reached for the button of his pants and flicked it open. Donovan’s eyes screamed *fuck you*, but the hard cock I revealed when I pulled down his zipper said *fuck me*—and I was more than willing.

I yanked his pants down his hips and under that tight, round ass, and when he was standing against the wall with most of his face covered, arms bound, and his torso and dick bare, a wild, untamed sound bubbled up out of me.

Holy shit. Donovan was every depraved sex dream I’d ever had, and I stepped back and took a nice, long look at him.

“You’re an animal,” he said, doing his best to appear horrified even as pre-cum dripped down his hard length.

“The way I’m feeling right now”—I reached up and pulled off my hair tie, and as my hair fell down around my shoulders, Donovan bit into his lip—“you’re not fucking wrong.”

I tore open my jeans, and when I grabbed hold of my cock to pull it free, I heard a faint moan. I stroked from base to tip and squeezed, spreading pre-cum across the wide head.

“I don’t need a crowbar to punish you tonight. My dick is gonna do that for me.”

I walked back to where Donovan stood, grabbed hold of his arm, and pulled him off the wall, then I spun him around and muscled him forward until his ski-masked cheek was kissing the brick. His pants fell to his ankles then, and, wanting to see his full naked back, I tugged the shirt off his arms and tossed it to the ground.

Hell fucking yes. Now that was a dirty visual. One that would no doubt be seared into my memory for the rest of my life.

I gave several rough strokes to my dick as it pulsed in my hand, impatient to get back inside that tight, fuckable bottom. Then, unable to wait any longer, I strode over to Donovan.

“Don’t even think about touching me,” he warned.

“Too late.”

“I’ll scream if you do.”

“Be my guest.” I trailed my fingers down the smooth line of Donovan’s back to his tailbone, dipping my finger between his cheeks. Then I lowered my head until my lips were by his covered ear. “I think I’d like that.”

He groaned as I grazed a fingertip over his hole.

“Ah—stop. Don’t.” Donovan tried a last-ditch effort as I pushed it inside him. “What do you think you’re doing?”

I slid my finger in and out of him, making sure to add a second then a third, and those cries of protest quickly morphed into moans.

“I’m teaching you a lesson.” I pulled my fingers free and grabbed one of Donovan’s plump ass cheeks, spreading him wide. His hole glistened at me, begging me to enter no matter what its owner said, as I took hold of my cock and lined myself up.

“You want to break and enter *my* house? Then I’m going to break and enter *you*.”

I plowed forward, entering Donovan in a way that not many could take, and even with his experience and the fact that he *could* take me, that initial thrust only got me halfway in.

A loud shout tore from his throat as I stopped to grab his other hip. As I let him get used to my intrusion, Donovan brought his hands up to brace himself against the brick wall. He shifted his feet back so he could bend over a little and angle his body, and when that delicious ass clenched around me, I dug my fingers in and thrust further inside.

A muffled “Fuck” left my sexy burglar as I managed to get in a good eight inches, then I slowly pulled out until I found his sweet spot.

Donovan moaned, the sound part pleasure part unease. The width of my dick was something anybody would have to get used to. But when he pulled forward, dragging himself off me before shoving back, I knew he was good to go.

“I knew you were a fucking deviant. You wanted to get caught, didn’t you?”

Donovan whipped his head around, his eyes shooting daggers that made me grip his hips harder.

“Not by you.”

“Liar.” I bucked forward, impaling him in a way that had him crying out and moving up on his toes. A raspy chuckle left me as I looked down to watch my cock slowly withdraw, stretching his hole. Then my eyes caught on the small birthmark I’d noticed last week.

“Now what do we have here?” I slid my dick up between his cheeks until they were hugging me, then reached out to trace my finger around the little heart on the underside of his ass. “Isn’t this cute.”

A shiver racked Donovan’s body as I did it again, then I leaned down over him and bit at his shoulder.

“Guess I’ll be breaking your heart *and* your ass tonight.”

Donovan whimpered as I straightened up, pulled his cheeks apart, then powered on home. His ass was a tight, hot cavern I could get lost inside, and I began to drill into him rough and hard, giving him the punishment I had so boldly claimed I would deliver.

I gritted my teeth as I thrust my hips, flexing my muscles every time I hauled Donovan back on me. The sounds coming from him were nothing but moans of pleasure now, as the pretense of not wanting this pounding disappeared into the night.

I could hear the faint noise of traffic just outside the courtyard, smell the sweet scent of white gardenias, and as it mixed with the moisture in the air and thunder rumbled throughout the darkened sky, several drops of rain began to fall.

I tensed. The water added a new and unexpected element to one of the most mind-blowing encounters of my life. Everything about the moment only heightened my awareness of Donovan, me, us, and the way our bodies were so in tune with one another. I picked up my pace and reached around his body to take hold of his dick.

Donovan moaned again, the sound so sexy I almost came as I stroked his cock with his sticky arousal.

“Still want to tell me you don’t want this?”

He turned his covered head my way. The rain came down harder, making my hair stick to my neck and face, and when he caught sight of it, he licked his lips and shoved back. His ass swallowed me almost to the hilt. “Just shut up and fuck me.”

My goddamn pleasure.

With a hand at his hip, I pulled him onto me. Donovan pushed back, taking me deep, and I had to wonder—who was fucking whom in that moment?

I worked his cock good and hard, and the needy sounds leaving both him and me began to override the pelting rain as we neared the edge of our control and sanity. I pegged that sensitive bundle of nerves, making him

shout louder than the thunder in the sky, then rammed him one more time and watched in awe as Donovan painted the red brick with white, ropy jets of his cum.

Jesus, that was hot. So fucking hot.

I pulled out of him and smoothed a hand up his wet back where the rain was running in rivulets down to his stretched hole. Then I couldn't help but slip my hand up under the back of his ski mask and twist my fingers in his hair.

I tugged him off the wall, tilting his head back as I began to stroke my cock, and when I bumped up against his well-used ass, I said, "Maybe I should take this off, find out who my sexy masked man is?"

Donovan immediately moved his hands to the mask, holding it in place, knowing exactly the role he was playing as I got off against him.

"No. You already got what you wanted."

I licked a path over his shoulder, my balls tightening. "Not yet I didn't."

I buried my face in the crook of his neck and began to feverishly jack myself off as the rain poured down over the two of us. As my orgasm barreled down my spine and my balls tightened, I spun Donovan around and shoved him to the ground, where I exploded in a white-hot rush all over his masked face.

My chest heaved as I stared down at Donovan. My wet hair fell forward as I studied the man kneeling at my feet, his ski mask and chest covered in my cum, his dick sticky from his own release—and goddamn, I think I fell in love a little as I delivered my final line.

"*Now* I got what I wanted."

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SIXTEEN

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donovan

JUST AS I settled into the back of the Sprinter and rattled off an address for my driver, Scotty, the door slid open and East cocked his head.

“Going somewhere?” he said.

“Yeah. To your mom’s.”

“Punk-ass. Where you really going?”

“I’ve got a shoot in Newport. Wanna come?”

East’s lips curled in distaste. “Jersey? Why the fuck?”

“Does it matter? You in or you out?”

“Out,” he said, but hopped in the van anyway, followed by Preston. “Scotty can drop us off on the way there.”

“You mean on the way *back*. I can’t be late.”

East let out a dramatic sigh as he sat down and kicked his feet up on the seat. “Fiiine,” he drawled, running his hand over the cardigan tied over the shoulders of his striped button-up. “I need a nap anyway.”

At seven thirty in the morning on a Saturday? I couldn’t believe his ass was up and at ’em in the first place.

“I’m the first stop. Then these fuckers,” I called up to Scotty before turning toward Preston. He wore a lightweight cream sweater over his collared shirt and was busy rolling the sleeves up his forearm. “So what trouble are you guys getting up to?”

“None, unfortunately,” East muttered, and Preston rolled his eyes.

“I got roped into helping out at Elysium for their event next week.”

“Bullshit you got roped into it,” East said. “More like volunteered. Damn do-gooder.”

Preston’s eyes met mine. “My father requested my presence and told me to bring a friend.”

“And you thought *East* was the right person for the job?” I couldn’t help but laugh. I couldn’t imagine East lifting a finger to decorate or pitch in, or whatever it was they’d be doing. He only knew how to be a bossy shit. Was there a position for that?

“Everyone else was busy.” Preston smirked, and that told me he wasn’t telling the entire truth. Most likely he thought it would be fun to see East get his hands dirty. Couldn’t blame him there. Hopefully he’d take a few blackmail photos.

“What did you have to promise him? I know he didn’t agree without a fight.”

“You’re right. I didn’t.” East adjusted the gold luxury watch on his wrist as his mouth curled up on one side. “I get a two-hour spot with Raúl.”

I frowned. “Who the hell is Raúl?”

“My massage therapist,” Preston explained. “He’s the best-kept secret in the city—”

“That Preston keeps selfishly all to himself.” East shot him a glare, and Preston shook his head.

“Because with East on his client list, I’ll never get a damn appointment again.”

“How come I’ve never heard of this guy?” I said. “I could use a massage.”

My entire body—especially the more private areas—was still a bit sore from the outdoor scene with Kelly a couple days ago, though really, I would prefer *his* hands rubbing me down.

“I bet you could.” East’s gaze fell to my hands. “What’d you do, bust your ass on the pavement?”

Nope, Kelly busted my ass. In two.

I turned my palms up and gently traced over the scrapes that still decorated my skin. I hadn’t even noticed until I’d gotten home Thursday night that bracing myself on the rough brick while Kelly pounded into me from behind had cut up my hands. The high that had followed me back to my apartment lasted until the heat of my shower stung the shit out of the raw wounds.

It had been worth it, though. I didn’t even care that my agent would bitch me out when she saw them.

“Uh…yeah,” I said, dropping my hands. “Something like that.”

Was I still hiding Kelly—or Sin, as they still knew him—from my friends? Damn right I was. If they knew we were fucking they'd want details, and they had the resources to pry until they found out what I'd been doing in my spare time.

And my fellow Park Avenue Princes knowing my secret?

Not happening.

Changing the subject, I bullshitted with the guys for the next half-hour, grateful that Scotty had managed to get me to the shoot location on time. The early hour meant traffic hadn't been too bad, but I had a feeling Preston and East would run into a few standstills on their way back in.

Not my problem.

As Scotty drove off, I shrugged my bag over my shoulder and headed down the Hudson Riverfront Walkway. I could see the huge white sculpture from here, the one I'd be shooting in front of called *Water's Soul*. It faced the New York City skyline and depicted the head of a woman holding her finger up to her lips.

Several white tents were set up nearby for catering, wardrobe, hair, and makeup, and also to keep the models out of the sun during breaks. As I stepped under one and pushed my sunglasses on top of my head, I immediately spotted my agent, Mira. She didn't usually accompany me to shoots, but she'd wanted to see the sculpture up close and had never made the time to do so before.

"Good morning," she said, giving me a double air kiss that I returned, bending over to reach her barely five-foot frame. She took a step back and ran her eyes over me, scrutinizing every detail. "Hmm. What's different?"

I looked down at myself, didn't see anything out of place, and shrugged. "You realize I'm now an eleven on a scale of one to ten?"

She shook her head even as amusement played on her dark, berry-colored lips. "Smartass. Something's different, though. I don't know what it is. Did you go on vacation?"

"Not since summer." I didn't want to explain that maybe all the orgasms Kelly had been giving me had probably given me a nice, healthy glow. Sex could do that. At least, I thought it could.

"Well, anyway. They're not quite ready for you in hair and makeup. Want a coffee?"

When I nodded, she headed to the makeshift beverage station under the catering tent. When she handed me a paper cup and I reached for it, I saw

her eyes widen, and she grabbed my wrist, tugging me forward. The cup fell to the ground.

"Van, what the hell is this?"

Well, shit. Of course she'd noticed the scrapes on my hands. I knew she would, because nothing got by her, and it was just my luck she'd shown up here today.

"I fell," I said, starting to pull my hands away, but her grasp on me was tight for such a tiny woman.

Her dark eyes narrowed as they met mine. "You did not fall."

"Were you there?"

"Where?"

"When I fell."

"*Where* did you fall?"

I shrugged. "On campus."

"Where on campus?"

"In the courtyard."

"In the courtyard in front of all your friends and peers?"

"Yeah." Jesus, she was relentless, and the lies flew out of my mouth easily.

She pursed her lips and dropped her hold on me. "You're such a bad liar, Van. I know what rough sex looks like."

"It wasn't— Wait, how do you know?" Actually, on second thought, I didn't want that bit of personal information at *all*, but I'd rather have the focus on her naughty deeds than mine.

Mira turned back to the stainless-steel coffee urns and held a cup under the dispenser.

"Never mind that," she said. "What have I told you?"

"Don't be a clumsy ass and fall on pavement?"

"If you were vertically challenged in the slightest, you wouldn't be a client." She left her coffee black and popped the lid on as I poured a cup of my own. "The rule is, you mark others, you don't let them mark you."

I sighed, knowing she was right, but there wasn't much I could do about it right now. I'd enjoyed myself a little too much in the moment, and I'd have to be more careful.

Not that it was happening again…right? I hadn't actually been propositioned, and I wasn't sure if it was a smart idea to keep it going. It

was a sexy idea, and part of me wanted a round three, but a selfish part of me wanted that to happen away from the cameras this time.

"You're right," I admitted, ignoring the sting in my hands from the heat of the coffee.

"I know I'm right. No sex marks. You need to be flawless for all the big things coming your way."

I choked out a laugh at that comment, because all I could think of right then was, well…Kelly's massive dick coating my face in his release and—

Nope. I couldn't follow that train of thought right now. I blew on my coffee and took a sip, shoving the visuals of Kelly to the back of my mind for later. But something Mira said had snagged, and I asked, "What do you mean by big things? Is there something you're not telling me?"

Her eyes darted elsewhere as she lifted a shoulder. "I can neither confirm nor deny until we've got an offer, but there is…talk."

"Of?"

"I can't say—"

"You mean you *won't*."

"Fine, I won't say, but what I *can* tell you is that you need to stay in peak condition, and that includes your skin. Got me?"

"Yeah, yeah. I got you."

"Gonna make a household name out of you yet," she said, patting my cheek, and then her attention moved past me. "Oh look, they're ready for you. Off you go."

I finished off my coffee and headed to the makeup chair. There were several other models I'd worked with before lined up along the tent, each of them at a separate workstation.

The next half-hour was spent getting my eyes painted in black liner that Travis would be proud of, and they'd slicked my hair back to keep the focus on my face. A pair of loose-fitting pants and a structured jacket completed the look. I barely recognized myself, but that was part of what I liked about the job—disappearing into someone else for the day.

"You look perfect," the photographer said when he stopped by to say hello. He checked his watch. "We'll start in twenty."

As he moved down the line, I pulled my phone out of my bag hanging on the back of the director's chair. I had a feeling Kelly would get a kick out of this look. Maybe it'd inspire him for an upcoming scene, because I

could only imagine that he'd look fucking amazing with slicked-back hair and dark eyes.

The line rang…and rang…and then finally the video chat connected.

"Hey there," I said, grinning as he came into view.

Fuck me, that was…a seriously sexy visual. Kelly's eyes were half open, his blond hair loose and spread across the white of his pillow. He was still in bed. I forgot that not everyone woke up early on the weekend.

I couldn't stop myself from taking a screenshot of what a hot picture he made half-asleep and shirtless.

"Donovan?" He rubbed his eyes. "Is that you?"

"Yeah, it's my new look. What do you think?"

"I think my dick just woke all the way up."

I grinned. "Oh, this does it for you, huh?"

"I'm beginning to think if it has to do with you, it does it for me. You look fucking amazing." Kelly ran his fingers through his hair and rested his head on his arm. "Where's your shoot?"

"Why? Wanna watch me?"

"I wish I could. I've got some interviews for the studio in a couple of hours."

I hadn't called to ask him to come down here, but for some reason his answer still disappointed.

What the hell was *that* reaction about?

"Nah, if you were here you'd probably only get me in trouble again."

He picked up on my teasing tone. "Again? When did I get you in trouble the first time?"

I lifted my hand, showing him the scrapes across my palm. "Turns out my agent isn't a fan of sex marks."

"Shit." He sat up, and all that gorgeous hair fell around his face. "I did that?"

"Well, technically the brick wall you fucked me against did that."

"Does it hurt?"

"Not at all."

The concern that he'd hurt me melted into a more curious expression. "Let me see it again." When I held up my hand, he ran his tongue along his lower lip. "Not gonna lie, that's hot as hell."

"It's a reminder of a good time, that's for damn sure."

"Then is it bad I'm not even sorry?"

“Yes. But I like that.” I lowered my voice in case Mira was roaming around nearby. “Next time you’ll have to mark me somewhere a little more…private.”

He cursed, falling back against his headboard. “That sounds like a challenge.”

“Only if you’re up for it.”

His lips twitched. “Already told you I was.”

God, that was the last thing I needed. To think of him naked and hard right before I had a high-def lens aimed my way.

“When can I see you again?” he said.

I didn’t bother hiding my smile. “Whenever you like.”

“I mean outside of work.”

“Even better.” Someone called my name from the other side of the tent, and I looked up to see the assistant motioning for all of us to join him. I nodded and held up a finger before returning my attention to the screen. “Sorry, they’re ready to start.”

“No problem. Do you have plans later?”

I vaguely remembered the guys mentioning something about tonight, but whatever it was, they’d have to do without me. “Look at that, my schedule just cleared.”

Kelly’s slow, sexy smile and the fact I’d get to see him in a few hours had my pulse speeding up. “Glad to hear it.”

“Why don’t we meet at my place? Go from there.” Like we’d really be going *any*where once that happened. “I’ll text you the address.”

“Looking forward to it.” He gave me a wink, and I ended the call before the assistant could make his way over here to snatch the phone out of my hands.

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SEVENTEEN

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donovan

WITH THE SHOOT lasting well into the afternoon and under the blazing sun, my ass was dragging by the time Scotty picked me up.

But…I had a hot date. With Kelly. And nothing was going to stop me from enjoying whatever our evening had in store.

Once I'd scrubbed off all the makeup and hopped in the Sprinter, I sent Kelly a text with my address and said he could head over anytime. Then I power-napped the whole drive back, until Scotty pulled the van door open, startling me awake.

"We're here," he said.

Yawning, I grabbed my bag and climbed out of the van. "That was fast."

"Not really. Traffic was pretty heavy, took about an hour."

"I was out that long?"

Scotty nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Damn, I guess I needed it. Thanks for the ride." I clapped our driver on the shoulder and then crossed the porte-cochère and entered the Towers.

Home sweet home.

I waved at Sofia at the front desk as I headed to the elevator and checked my phone to make sure I didn't get any messages from Kelly while I'd been passed out.

There was only one in response to my address about an hour ago:

SINful KELLY:

See you soon.

I wasn’t sure what that time frame meant. Soon, like any minute now? Soon, like another hour? It didn’t really matter, as long as he came.

Multiple times.

Grinning to myself, I shoved my phone in my back pocket and stepped off the elevator and onto the forty-second floor. As I headed toward my condo, I thought I heard someone shout, and it wasn’t until I was at my door that I realized there were several raised voices coming from inside.

Looked like I was missing the party.

“Shit, start it over, I wasn’t ready.” That voice belonged to West.

“That would require you to stop sucking face for five seconds. Not sure you can manage.”

“Careful, Daire. You sound jealous.”

“Of being tied down? Yeah. Fuckin’ green over here.”

“D.” That one letter of admonishment spoken by Gavin had someone—probably Daire—sighing.

He grumbled out a half-assed apology, “No offense, JT,” and I rolled my eyes as I walked inside.

I hadn’t expected to come home to all the guys spread out in my living room, not when I had Kelly coming over, but as I looked at what was paused on our big screen, my heart stopped.

“About time you decided to grace us with your presence,” East said, throwing an arm around my shoulders as I stared at the screen. The courtyard was all too familiar, and so was the figure all in black by the brick wall.

Fuck. What were they doing watching this?

Travis brushed by, a glass tumbler in hand, but then he stopped, his eyes catching on my still slicked-back hair. “That’s a hot look for you.”

If I hadn’t been shocked still by the sight of me on my widescreen TV, I would’ve shown him the photo of all the dark makeup I’d worn today that I knew he’d approve of, but I couldn’t seem to make my mouth move.

They hadn’t watched it yet, that much was obvious. I just needed to kick them out before they did. And before Kelly got here.

“Didn’t you guys have plans tonight?” Of everything I could’ve said, *that* was what came out.

“We did, yeah.” Travis looked down at West and JT. “But something came…up.”

“Or someone’s about to.” West’s comment earned him a jab in the ribs from JT, and he grabbed hold of JT’s hand and drew it between his thighs. “Don’t worry, Golden Boy, I promise it’ll be worth your time.”

Travis took a seat on one of the sofas and nodded. “Sit down, you’re just in time. Xes sent out their latest video of Sin, and damn, it sounds even hotter than the first one.”

The first one? As in, they’d all sat around and watched the party scene too? Where the hell had I been when they were having their little porn parties?

Oh, right, likely getting railed for the starring role in their next film.

“I have to admit…” East smoothed his hand down the ends of the silk scarf tied at his neck. “There’s something about this masked mystery man that’s rather intriguing too.”

A strangled cough left me, and every one of the guys turned my way.

East scrunched his nose a little. “Really, Van. If you’re sick, could you maybe go and stand”—he looked over his shoulder and waved in the general direction of the kitchen—“over there somewhere.”

While I’d love nothing better than to go and hide somewhere, I felt it was important to remind him, “This is my place.”

“And?”

When West picked up the remote and aimed it at the TV, my anxiety kicked into overdrive. My heart was pounding so hard I was shocked none of them asked what the hell the noise was. But they were all too busy staring at the scene about to unfold on the screen, and *that* did absolutely nothing to help the panic taking over my body.

Jesus, I felt like I might pass out. I needed some air and I needed it fast, because…

A) That was *my* bare ass they were all about to watch, and I wasn’t quite sure I was ready for them to be seeing all that.

B) I didn’t really love the way they were all drooling over Sin—Kelly—the way they were. I couldn’t remember a time they were so obsessed with one of the Xes guys. But in all fairness, none of their past guys had ever looked like Kelly.

C) The guy they were all getting hard to was about to be at my front door—*this* front door—soon.

And D) Possibly the worst reason of all—my *brother* was sitting in the room.

"Um, Gavin," I somehow managed around the croak in my throat. "Can you come with me into the kitchen for a second?"

Gavin looked at me, a frown creasing his brow. "But we're just about to __"

"Kitchen, *now*."

Several of the guys *oohed* us out of the room like I was about to tear Gavin a new one. But truth be told, I just wanted to save him from watching Kelly tear me a new one—almost literally.

I hurried out of the living room as the show started up, and I heard Sin say, "*I wouldn't do that if I were you*," and when West and Travis started chanting, "Do it! Do it!" I rubbed my hands over my face.

This was a nightmare.

A living, *waking* nightmare.

How was I going to get these assholes out of my condo without telling them I didn't want them watching my sex tape?

"Van?" Gavin's voice behind me brought me back to my biggest problem right now. "You okay? You look—"

Mortified? Horrified? Like I want to throw up?

"—a little pale."

I scoffed, raising my brows in disbelief. If *Gavin* was calling you pale, you definitely should seek medical attention. My brother's skin tone had been the same shade as his platinum-blond hair since birth—so if *he* thought I looked like Casper, I was screwed.

"I'm just a little tired, that's all." I leaned back against the counter in an effort to stay on my feet. "Do you think you can get rid of that crowd out there so I can go to bed?"

Gavin peered over his shoulder as Daire chuckled and said, "Knew that crowbar was gonna come in handy."

"I don't know." Gavin grinned and turned back to me. "They're kinda in it now. Even Daire's, um…enjoying himself."

My cheeks flamed as I shook my head. "I don't care. I want to go to bed. It's just a porn video, for fuck's sake."

I knew I sounded irrational at this point, but I was running out of options here.

Gavin reached for my hand and squeezed it. “Hey, it’s cool. I can tell them to go. We’ll just go to someone else’s place and watch it.”

He let go of me, about to walk back to our friends, but I launched myself at him, grabbing his arm.

“No!”

Gavin glanced back at me, his eyes wide. I sounded insane. Hell, I *felt* insane. But they couldn’t watch this. *He* couldn’t watch this—I just couldn’t tell him why.

“What is going on with you?”

I didn’t get a chance to respond, because on the screen, I heard myself say, “*Fuck you,*” and Sin responding, “*Wrong answer. No one fucks me.*”

“Um, what’s he going to *do* with that crowbar?” Preston asked, and I did a double take that he was even in the room.

“Not fuck him with it,” East said. “Did you forget about that monster dick in his pants?”

Even as I panicked, I kept my eyes glued to the screen, watching as Sin pushed me against a column and held the crowbar to my chest. With my entire body covered except my eyes and mouth, it wasn’t like you could tell it was me, and even my voice sounded a little different somehow. Deeper, more aroused.

Not that you could look anywhere other than at Sin when he was onscreen. He was captivating, even fully clothed, and born to be watched.

“If he doesn’t want to pay with his body, I’ll pay with mine,” Travis said, grabbing a handful of popcorn from the bowl on the coffee table. Without looking at me, he called out, “You’re all good with that, right, Van?”

That snapped me out of my stupor, and I blinked.

“Why wouldn’t I be okay with it? I don’t care. Why would I care?”

Gavin gave me a weird look, and I swallowed.

“What?” I said. “I’m fine. Everything’s fine.”

His brows knitted together as he felt my cheeks and forehead with the back of his hand. “Do you need to go to the hospital? Did you take something?”

“I’m not on drugs,” I said, a little too loudly, causing JT and Preston to turn around and look my way. “I mean right now.”

Travis lifted a brow. “Good. It’s rude not to share.”

“Can everyone shut the hell up?” East complained. “Van, if you’re gonna be sick, do it somewhere else. You’re ruining this for me.”

“This is *my* place.” No one paid any attention to my protest, because right then, Sin was getting me naked.

Bare-chested, with my shirt holding my arms behind my back, I was at Sin’s mercy as he freed my dick from my pants and began to give it long strokes.

My breathing came a little faster as the memory collided with what I was seeing on the TV. It was just as hot to watch as it’d been to experience, and even though I was panicked that somehow they’d know it was me, I still found my cock getting hard at the scene.

“Take his pants off!” West called out, just as Sin spun burglar me around to face the brick and did just that.

The shirt holding my arms disappeared, my pants were around my ankles, and there I was, hands braced on the brick and so very naked. I couldn’t even enjoy the fact that I looked damn good, because Gavin let out a low whistle and said, “Here it comes,” and I practically stroked out.

I smacked the container of lemon juice on the counter while Gavin wasn’t looking, sending it pouring out in his direction, and he jumped back out of the way, but not before some of it landed on his shirt.

“Van, Jesus.” He grabbed at the paper towel roll, and I helped him dry off his shirt so he wouldn’t be subjected to…oh, I don’t know, *his brother getting rammed* in about two seconds. He didn’t need to see that. *None* of my friends needed to see that, but the remote was across the room—

Unless I switched off the power somehow. I could do that, right?

As Gavin rinsed off his shirt in the sink behind me, Travis shook his head at the screen, where Sin had his fingers deep in my ass.

“Van, you’re a fuckin’ idiot for not hitting that while you could,” he said.

I would’ve said the same thing if I didn’t know better, and thank fuck *he* didn’t know better. None of them did. Wasn’t even on their radar.

For a brief moment, I was able to breathe again—until Sin traced the birthmark under my ass and said, “*Now what do we have here?*”

“What the…” Gavin’s mouth fell open as he slowly made his way his way past the counter toward the living room. “Oh my God,” he said quietly at first, almost to himself, but then recognition dawned and his eyes widened. “Oh my *God*.”

All eyes turned to my brother, who was pressing the heels of his hands over his eyes.

“What the shit is going on with you Truitts back there?” East said, exasperation lacing his words.

“For the love of...” Gavin said as he gagged a little. “My eyes. Someone get the bleach.”

“Uh oh, Gavin’s scared of the pretty python. Doesn’t bode well for what Joey’s packin’.” Daire smirked as my brother shook his head.

“That’s Van. That’s his birthmark. It’s Van.”

Oh fuuuck. I didn’t even remember Sin pointing it out, not with everything else he’d been doing to my body.

Those eyes moved from Gavin to me, disbelief in all of them.

I shook my head, but my knees were about to give out from under me. “He’s wrong. It’s not me.”

“Oh God, it even sounds like you.” With his eyes squeezed shut, Gavin put his hands over his ears. “Make it stop. Someone turn it off.”

“Okay, for some reason my brother is traumatized by huge dicks, so let’s just give him a break.” I made my way in between the couches and reached for the remote, but East was faster, grabbing it and rising to his feet.

He tapped me on the chest with the end of the remote, a wicked curve to his lips. “I think you’re lying.” As he took a step toward me, I moved back, but at least my body was blocking some of the screen now.

Even if the sound of our groans did nothing to hide what was happening.

Gavin had two pillows shoved against his ears.

“It’s not me,” I said again, but this time every one of my friends were looking at me with amusement and devilry written all over their faces.

Shit. I was so busted.

“Is it off yet?” Gavin called out.

East arched a brow at West. “I think we need a little proof.”

“Didn’t look so little to me,” Travis said, and when I cut my eyes to him, he smiled and shot me a wink. “Just sayin’.”

“Fast-forward it—maybe he takes the mask off,” JT said.

“He won’t, will he?” East said, turning back to me. “Because he didn’t in that other scene, the one in the study. And come to think of it, that guy was a blond too.”

“Holy shit.” West bounded up off the couch, pointing at me. “They’re right. Now prove it—take off your pants!”

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EIGHTEEN

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kelly

YOU'VE GOT TO be fucking shittin' me.

I stood on the pavement opposite the Towers and peered up at the elegant skyscrapers that were now a permanent part of the Manhattan skyline—and apparently were Donovan lived.

I figured the guy came from money, but this? *This* was on a whole other level. A level I hadn't ever been a part of and hadn't ever expected to be. Which was obvious as I glanced down at my t-shirt, jeans, and booted feet and wondered if they'd let me through the door.

I wasn't exactly dressed to visit or stay at a five-star hotel, but I figured if worse came to worse, I'd just call Donovan and have him let me up.

As a break in traffic opened up, I jogged across the street and made my way under the covered drop-off area and over to the doors of the lobby, where a man in a full suit-and-tie uniform opened the door.

"Good evening, sir. Welcome to the Towers."

I gave him a friendly grin and nodded. "Thanks. Um, could you point me in the direction of the reception desk?"

"Of course. Which one?"

Which one? How many were there? "Uh, the one for the condos?"

The man smiled and then gestured inside, where the marble floor reflected the bright lights hanging from the ceiling.

"Head straight inside and it'll be the last one on the right. Sofia will show you to the elevators that lead up to the residences from there."

I did my best not to look as overwhelmed as I felt, smiling in thanks before I made my way across the polished floors and inside one of the most opulent buildings I'd ever set foot in.

The Waldorf Astoria was a New York icon, one that had been splashed on magazines and billboards throughout the city and the world, inviting you to come and stay. But to actually be walking inside something so grand and knowing your date *lived* here? It was a little intimidating, to say the least.

Good thing I wasn't easily intimidated.

I spotted the reception desk as I stepped out of the hall and into the main lobby. It was as sleek as the rest of the entrance, with its geometric patterns and silver and gold trims. I headed to where a stylish woman stood, and she offered a welcoming smile much like the doorman had.

"Welcome to the Towers. How can I help you this evening?"

When Donovan had texted his condo number and address, he'd left instructions to tell reception that I was there to see him and they'd let me up.

"Thanks. This place is amazing."

Her eyes sparkled under the lights as she looked around the beautiful space she called an office. "First time?"

"Yeah." I chuckled. "It is that obvious?"

"Maybe a little, but don't worry, everyone reacts the same way."

I wasn't sure if she was being honest or just trying to make me feel better, because God only knew, if Donovan could afford to *live* here, then he'd definitely been inside hotels like this before.

"It's impressive. Anyway, I'm here to see Donovan Truitt."

"Oh yes. Kelly Sinclair?" When I nodded, her smile widened. "He told me to expect you. You're going to head down the hall over here, and the second elevator will take you where you need to go."

That sounded easy enough. "What floor is it I need?"

"Don't worry, the elevator knows where to go. All you have to do is go down and step inside. I'll take care of the rest."

What did she mean? How would it know where to stop if I didn't enter the floor number?

"Remember, elevator two. Have a good night."

I planned to, but that was kind of dependent on reaching the man waiting for me somewhere inside this building.

Trusting the woman knew what she was talking about, I walked down the hall to where several gold doors lined the wall and stopped in front of the second—as soon as I did, the door slid open.

“Holy shit.” I looked at the walls and above the door but saw no buttons, no floor numbers, just a fancy elevator car that would apparently take me where I needed to go. I stepped inside, and as the door shut, my phone started to ring.

What do you know, it was the man I was here to see.

“Hey, you.” I leaned against the back rail, feeling my heart pounding a little harder at the idea I would see Donovan in a couple of seconds. “I somehow worked out how to get into this fancy-ass elevator of yours and am on my way up.”

“You’re in the elevator?” He sounded a little panicked, but I had to be reading him wrong. He’d invited me here. Had he changed his mind?

“Is everything okay?”

I thought I heard him curse, and then he said, “So, uh, on second thought, there’s no need to hang out at my place. We can just go out.”

“Oh. Yeah, that’s fine, but I’m actually on your floor now.” The door opened, and I stepped out into the hallway.

“Don’t move,” he said quickly. “Do me a favor and just stay right where you are for, like, five minutes.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes, just trust me. Five minutes and I’ll meet you in the hall.”

I paused for a beat, not sure whether to trust that everything was all right or if this was some quirk showing itself. “If you’re being held hostage, say banana.”

“No, it’s nothing like that. Stay there, don’t knock—I’ll see you in five.”

“Got it,” I said, but Donovan had already hung up.

I shoved my cell in my pocket and glanced at the closed door of his place. What the hell was going on in there that he didn’t want me to knock? Or come inside? It couldn’t be that it was a mess. If he could afford a place like this, he wasn’t the one cleaning it.

With no clue what could be wrong, I leaned against the wall, staying close to the elevator, and crossed my arms to wait it out.

The door to Donovan’s apartment flew open suddenly, and a sharply dressed, dark-headed guy stood in the door, calling over his shoulder, “I need more vodka to deal with this. If you want something different, get it yourself.”

He walked out and the door slammed shut behind him, and the guy started in my direction, but the second his eyes landed on me, he stopped short.

Wait, I'd seen him before. The night of my party he'd been in the VIP section with Donovan—but I couldn't remember much about any of the guys that had been there outside the one I'd had my eye on.

Surprise turned into something more devious as his eyes sparkled and his lips curled up. "Well, well, well," he said, slipping his hands into the pockets of his tailored pants as he sauntered toward me. "What do we have here?"

The long once-over he gave me from head to toe was bold, I'd give him that. Especially for someone whose name I couldn't remember.

"Sin, isn't it?" he said, that smirk growing. "I'd ask what brings you here, but I have a feeling I already know the answer. The question is, what are you doing in the hall?"

His tone was goading, and though I didn't know why, I also knew I didn't really care. I kept my casual position against the wall and said, "And you are?"

"East. We met the night of your party."

"Right."

I could tell it chafed him a bit that I didn't remember him much, because he seemed like the type that expected everyone to be on a first-name basis with him. *Entitled* was the word that came to mind, from the smug look on his face to the pretentious scarf around his neck.

"Donovan's manners are downright shameful, leaving you all by yourself out here. Why don't you come inside? I'll make you a drink."

"Nah, I'm good."

"I insist," he said, walking backward and inclining his head for me to follow. "And before you refuse, I should let you know there's no loitering in the building. Management can be quite strict about that, and, well, I'd hate to have to make a call."

I narrowed my eyes as the challenge in his grew, and I almost told the guy to fuck right off.

Until my curiosity over what exactly was happening inside that room won out.

"One drink," I said, pushing off the wall and moving past him.

But what I saw once I stepped inside was not what I'd expected.

Animated voices echoed around the space, laughter and shouts of disbelief, but too many were talking all at once for me to catch what they were saying. To the right, a couple of guys poured drinks in the kitchen, and to the left, several more were spread out along couches and chairs, while on the massive TV played—

Oh fuck.

My lips parted at the scene playing out—me railing Donovan against a wall—and I realized then why he'd wanted me to wait outside.

"Look who I found out in the hall," East boomed from behind me. "The star of our show."

Other than the raw sounds of us fucking on the screen, the room went dead silent as, one by one, every guy turned in my direction, eyes widening when they saw me.

I quickly noticed Donovan wasn't among the group, but I could hear the faint sound of a shower running from somewhere in the condo. Did he know his friends were watching this? That it was him? They had to, right? It was why he'd been so cagey about my coming inside.

Nodding at the TV, I said, "Enjoying the show?"

"Not as much as you." The comment came from the flashy one on the couch wearing what looked like—eyeliner? Unless his eyes were just that dark.

"I don't know about that." I ran my eyes over him and noticed the distinct outline of his erection. "You seem to be getting your money's worth. Or at least you plan to the next time you're alone."

The guy on the couch closest to me let out a booming laugh as he looked over at his friend, who was now covering his lap with a pillow.

"Busted, Trav," the tawny-haired one said, "or should we say you need to *go* and bust one?"

The flashy one—wait, he'd said his name was Travis at the club—flipped him off. "Shut the fuck up. I don't see you standing to greet him."

"None of you assholes are in any condition to greet him," a surly-looking guy sitting away from the rest of the group said. "Unless we count Gavin. But I'm pretty sure he's tossin' his cookies in the bathroom."

"What did you expect?" East said as he sidled up beside me, a delighted gleam in his eye. "Watching his brother get pounded that way is just… *sin*ful. Wouldn't you say?"

Oh Jesus. Donovan's *brother* had seen this?

Okay, it was one thing for Donovan's friends to bear witness to my many talents. But to know Gavin's brother had seen it too? No wonder Donovan was freaking out.

"It's not like he *knew* it was his brother when he watched it."

Everyone's eyes turned from me to the strait-laced one at the far end of one of the couches. He was dressed as though he'd spent the day at the office, and for all I knew, he might have. Just because Donovan was in school didn't mean the rest of them were.

"Ah, Preston Abernathy." East chuckled. "Condoning brotherly love."

Preston's eyes narrowed on the shithead—I was pretty confident that was the best term for him—beside me.

"That's not what I said at all." He sighed, seemingly annoyed, and I noticed that *he* was able to get to his feet quite easily. "Since no one else here has bothered, I'm Preston."

He leaned over and held out his hand. Such a formal greeting, considering my naked ass was currently filling the screen.

I took the offered hand, grateful at least that one person in this group seemed somewhat normal.

"Don't worry about the rest of these guys—they're still trying to wrap their heads around the fact that the guy they've been fantasizing about for the past two weeks is standing in their friend's living room."

As my eyes traveled around the room, I became more than aware of the appreciative once-overs I was being subjected to. Not a bad boost for the ego when you considered the other source of entertainment available to them at that moment.

"That and we're trying not to cry over the fact that Van won't tell us how it felt to be impaled with—"

"*West*." The sweet-faced guy sitting beside West clamped a hand over his mouth as his cheeks turned the same color as a tomato. "I'm JT, and this is my boyfriend, West."

East's snort didn't escape me *or* JT, by the narrowed eyes he aimed in East's direction.

"Feeling the need to lay claim, Golden Boy?"

"Ignore East," JT added. "We all do."

Seemed JT and I already had something in common—our dislike of East.

“And the rest of us,” Preston said, turning back to face the others. “Travis, with the pillow. Daire in the back there, and Gavin and Donovan, well, they’ll be out soon.”

Not soon enough, I thought as the sound of Donovan shouting out his release had everyone’s attention returning to the screen.

Oh hell, I knew exactly what was about to happen next.

The room fell silent as Donovan said, “*You already got what you wanted*,” and I replied, “*Not yet I didn’t.*”

And despite the fact I was standing in a room full of strangers who were glued to what I was doing, naked, on screen, to their friend, my dick jerked as I watched myself push Donovan to his knees in the rain.

I glanced around to room to see that Travis had scooted forward to the edge of his seat, and West had his hand over JT’s where it rested on his lap, as rain pummeled my naked body and I got myself off, shooting my load all over Donovan’s masked face.

“Oh. My. God.”

Donovan’s all-too-familiar voice broke through the sound of my heavy breathing from the surround sound system. When I looked past his friends to see him there fresh-faced, damp-haired, and so fucking gorgeous I wanted to kneel at *his* feet, I didn’t care what shit his friends had just put me through.

It was worth it just to be back in his presence.

Something he didn’t feel in return, I was guessing, since he stormed into the living room and snatched the remote out of Daire’s hand.

“I told you assholes to turn this off and get the hell out. Why are you still here?”

East sauntered over to Donovan, not worried, it seemed, that his friend looked close to committing murder.

“Because we found this”—he turned and gestured to me—“waiting on your doorstep like a lost little puppy—”

“More like a ferocious lion,” Travis added. I clearly had a fan in that one.

Donovan turned apologetic eyes my way. “I’m sorry.”

“Why are you sorry? Because we brought him inside and showed him some hospitality? We couldn’t just leave him out there,” East continued, and Donovan glared at him.

“Yes, you could’ve. You brought him in here to try to humiliate him.”

“No. I brought him in here to show him how much we all…admire him.”

“Okay, well, you’ve had your fun, and now you can all fuck off.”

“Aw, is that any way to talk to your friends?”

“It’s the only way to talk to *you*.”

“It’s okay,” I said, walking over to Donovan, not about to let any of these guys—especially East—think I was bothered by him. “I’m flattered they all subscribe and watch. Sometimes that’s all a guy has, a laptop and his own hand.” Donovan’s lips twitched as I reached him and took his chin between my fingers. Then I angled his face up and brushed my lips over his. “You have me.”

Donovan hummed against my mouth as a pillow hit the side of us, and we turned to see Travis on his feet.

“Okay, you don’t have to rub it in.”

“Really?” Donovan took my hand and tossed the remote on his kitchen counter. “That’s all you’ve been doing since you found out I made a—”

“Fuck film?” Daire suggested, and Donovan shook his head.

“Whatever. But now the fun’s over. Time for you to leave. We’re going out.”

“Out?” West perked up at that, and Donovan groaned.

“No, you can’t come.”

“Aw, don’t be like that. Think of it this way. If we come with you, we won’t be at home coming *because* of you.”

Donovan pinched the bridge of his nose and groaned, but I couldn’t stop my chuckle. While these guys were a lot for *anyone* to take, I had to admit that their openness and jokes about my job made the stress of their finding out what I did for a living less of a factor.

“It’s okay,” I told the worried man beside me. “I don’t mind.”

“You say that now…”

“And I’ll say it again later. I don’t care who comes tonight, as long as by the end of it, we do.” I kissed Donovan’s temple. “Together.”

He turned that gorgeous face up to mine and whispered, “Deal.”

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NINETEEN

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donovan

TONIGHT HAD NOT ended up anything like I'd planned.

Coming home to all the guys watching our scene? Their figuring out it was me? Just… *Fuck*. I'd never planned on telling anyone. Doing the shoots was a way to get my hands and mouth on Kelly the way I wanted to from the first moment I saw him, and I definitely didn't regret that.

Did I wish this little secret of mine was still just that? Yes.

Did I mind so much with Kelly sitting beside me not concerned in the slightest that every one of my friends in the Sprinter had just watched us together?

Surprisingly…no.

Other than Gavin, who was avoiding my gaze, which I couldn't blame him for—I'd be traumatized too—the guys were curious. Maybe too curious.

My thigh pressed up against Kelly's in the back of the van on the way to God only knew where. I'd been right that there were plans for the group tonight, but it wasn't until after we'd agreed to join that I found out it was East's idea. And *that* made me nervous for whatever I was about to subject Kelly to. Although he seemed to be taking it all in stride, not fazed in the slightest about what he'd walked into, and hitting each of the questions the guys threw at him out of the park.

And don't even get me started on how sexy he looked in just jeans and a t-shirt hugging his athletic body.

"So that was Van with you in the party scene, and also the attempted break-in," West said, ticking off his fingers. "What else?"

I shook my head. "There's nothing else."

“Bullshit. You looked way too comfortable in front of those cameras, my man.”

“Did you forget what I do for a living?”

“That’s the question, isn’t it?” East said, giving me a sardonic smile. “Looks like you have a new career path. Whatever will the world say?”

“Not a goddamn thing. Unless you plan on running your mouth.”

“Would I do that?”

“Yes. You would.”

East waved a flippant hand. “I’m far too self-absorbed to call the gossip rags, if that’s what you’re concerned about.”

There was movement out of the corner of my eye, and I looked over to see Travis sending a sharp kick to East’s leg. “What happens in the group stays in the fucking group.”

East cursed, bending down to rub at his shin. “You don’t think I know that? Jesus. Save the violence for Caleb.”

Kelly moved his arm to the back of my seat and leaned in by my ear. “You good?”

The question was a loaded one, and I didn’t even know where to start.

“With?” I said.

“All of this.”

Meaning my secret being found out, my friends knowing and giving me shit, possibly others finding out. Oh, and having a group of cockblockers joining us on our date.

“I think I’m still in a state of *what the fuck*, if I’m honest,” I said.

“I get that. And I understand if it’s too much—”

“No,” I said quickly, not wanting him to think I regretted any of it. Because the time I’d spent with him so far was seared in my brain, and that wasn’t something I’d trade even for sewing East’s mouth shut for a lifetime.

Before I could tell Kelly that, the van jolted, coming to an abrupt stop.

“Sorry,” Scotty called out. “We’ve arrived.”

I glanced out the window as Daire pulled the door open, not bothering to wait for Scotty to come around. What I saw there on the corner had me shaking my damn head.

Kelly chuckled. “Well. It’s appropriate, all things considered.”

A little too on the nose, if you asked me. As we all filed out of the Sprinter, I arched a brow at East. “The Museum of Sex? Are you kidding?”

“I already had the place booked for us weeks ago. How was I supposed to know you’d give us a little foreplay?” East cut his eyes to Kelly. “Well, maybe not so little.”

“Nothing small about me,” Kelly said, and behind us, Travis groaned.

“Goddammit, we know.” He looked up at the sign that said, *Superfunland: Journey into the Erotic Carnival*, and shook his head. “I’m gonna have the worst case of blue balls after this. Thanks, assholes.”

Preston threw an arm around Travis’s shoulders and grinned. “The night is young, my friend. There’s hope for you yet.”

“Yeah? You offering?”

“Sorry to break it to you, but that one’s mine.” Serena, Preston’s girlfriend, stepped out from where she’d been waiting by the entrance and winked at Travis as she snuggled in under Preston’s other arm.

“Sharing is caring,” Travis said.

“Good thing I don’t care, then.” She poked her tongue out good-naturedly, and Travis chuckled.

“Careful where you stick that tonight. With this place, you never know where it might end up.”

She laughed as the three of them headed toward the entrance, and I looked at Kelly.

“Sure you want to spend the night with this lot? We could still run if you want.”

Kelly brushed his lips over mine. “And miss walking through an erotic carnival with you? I don’t think so.”

“Well, when you put it that way…” I inhaled the delicious scent of his cologne and wished we were somewhere private so I could show him *my* version of an erotic carnival.

Travis was right—tonight was going to give us all the worst case of blue balls ever. But at least I had the satisfaction of knowing I’d get some relief once we ditched these guys.

Kelly took my hand like it was the most natural thing in the world—and after everything we’d done together, I supposed it was—and my stomach did a little flip at the intimate gesture.

The two of us were compatible in so many ways, and the fact he was so tactile was one of my favorites. I loved to touch and be touched, and the way he just owned our connection and didn’t feel the need to hide it from anyone was the sexiest damn thing in the world.

We followed the rest of our group inside, and when the door shut, a man in a leather thong and matching chaps walked out to lock it.

I whirled around as though I'd just been kidnapped and locked in an escape room with this bunch of assholes. But before I could ask what the hell was going on, East spoke up.

"Calm down, Van," he said in a droll voice. "No need to look so panicked. We haven't kidnapped you to watch you film your *next* sex film or anything. I just thought this experience would be more fun if we had it on our own."

"On our own?" West pulled JT a little closer to his side. "No offense, but while some of you losers can't find a date, I plan to experience this *with* mine."

East rolled his eyes at his best friend. "Good Lord, you all need to relax." Then he glanced at Mr. Leather Chaps. "We'll take those shots now. Apparently these heathens only think rationally when inebriated."

As the man walked off, Travis craned his neck around Serena to watch him go and let out a low whistle. "Not that I don't appreciate him walking away, but can he stay when he comes back?"

East's lip curled. "Now you're talking. What I *meant*, for those who need it spelled out—I made a few calls and had the museum shut down for the night. So the only people who will be coming are already here."

East cocked his head in Travis's direction. "Or maybe fetching you a drink."

That made a hell of a lot more sense. When it came to getting maximum enjoyment out of a situation, my friends definitely knew how to deliver.

I had to hand it to East—the idea of being able to explore this place on our own made this a lot more appealing. Especially if I could work out a way to ditch the guys and just be with Kelly.

"We're walking through here *alone*?" Gavin looked around as though searching for an escape route, and after everything he'd seen tonight, I couldn't blame him. He was probably feeling a little traumatized, and the idea of walking through a sex museum was no doubt the last thing on his mind.

"What, you need a friend or somethin' to hold your hand?" Daire's tone was just this side of sarcastic.

"I just meant…" Gavin paused and then shook his head. "Don't worry."

“Good.” East clapped his hands together. “It’s settled. Daire, you look after the young’un tonight—if anyone can scare someone so much they don’t get an erection, it’s you.”

Gavin was about to protest until East added, “Unless you want to hang with Kelly and your broth—”

“No, no. That’s fine. I’ll just, um… I’m fine by myself. I don’t need a damn babysitter.”

“Thank fuck for that,” Daire mumbled, and wandered off, away from the group, looking at one of the plaques on the wall.

“Cumshots, anyone?” Mr. Leather Chaps chose the perfect time to reappear, holding up a tray with ten shot glasses full of creamy-white alcohol. I was almost afraid to ask what was in it.

East handed us all a glass, and when I glanced at Kelly, he waggled his brows.

Really, could fate have sent me a better man?

“All right, assholes,” East said, looking around the group and holding his glass up. When we all did the same, he grinned. “Tonight is about fun, sex, and debauchery.”

“So basically it’s any other night for us?” West laughed, and East shrugged.

“Basically. So, let’s kick it off right. Cheers to me, cheers to you, and cheers to any other fuck film Van wants to do!”

I groaned as everyone raised their glasses and downed the shot, and the rum cream mixed with some high-end whiskey warmed my throat as it slid down and pooled in my belly.

“Damn, that was delicious.” Serena winked at Preston as she ran her finger around the inside of the glass before sucking it clean.

“Now she’s just rubbing it in.” Travis shook his head and put his glass back on the empty tray before turning his attention to Mr. Leather Chaps. “So, want to take me on a private tour? Show me what this place has to offer?”

The man’s eyes drifted down Travis’s body before coming back to land on his face. “I think that could be arranged.”

“Aaaand tonight just got infinitely better.” Travis took the tray from the guy and shoved it at West. “See you, losers.”

Travis had the right idea, and before anyone could try to make us stay, I grabbed Kelly’s shot glass and threw it at West.

“We’re going to start looking around too.” I grabbed Kelly’s hand and began to lead him away from my overly nosy group of friends. “And *none* of you will follow us. Not if you want to live to have another erection. Got me?”

When my friends winced, Kelly snorted. But I knew them too well. They might love taking the piss out of me and giving me a hard time. But nothing—and I mean *nothing*—was more precious to them than their money and their cocks.

Not necessarily in that order.

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TWENTY

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kelly

“A ROOM OF sex toys,” I mused as we walked through the first gallery. “I bet you’re feeling right at home.”

Donovan lifted a brow. “Why would you say that?”

“You may have forgotten that jeweled accessory you wore for me the first shoot, but I promise you, I haven’t.”

“Oh.” His lips curved into a sensual smile as we walked past some kind of apparatus a former king had used to entertain multiple sex partners. “You think I wore that for you, huh?”

“I know you did.”

“Maybe I was just remembering you on that bed and thought my ass should be…well prepared.”

“Or maybe that was just a good excuse.”

“And why would you think that?”

“To surprise me.” I stopped at an ancient tool that had been carved and used for double penetration and turned to face Donovan. “I think you’re full of surprises.”

“Yeah?” His eyes dropped to my mouth briefly before meeting mine again. “And that’s something you like?”

“It’s something I like about *you*.”

Amusement tipped up his lips as he brushed past me and continued through the room. “Really? Even ending up in a sex museum with my friends tonight? You like that surprise?”

“I don’t see them anywhere. Do you?”

Donovan stopped moving and glanced around, but there was no one in the room besides the two of us. The guide had told us the museum consisted

of four floors, split into two sides, so the rest of Donovan's friends were ahead of us somewhere.

"You're right," he said, strolling back to where I stood, and when he reached me, he hooked his finger in the belt loop of my jeans. "I did wear that for you."

Then he tugged me forward, cupping the back of my neck as he brought my lips down on his. Just like every time we'd been together, it was like nothing else existed when his mouth was on mine. It was a strange, unfamiliar feeling, but one I couldn't seem to get enough of.

I slid my tongue alongside his, tasting him leisurely, without any constraints or pressure or time limits. The tips of his fingers swept down the length of my jaw, and I grinned at the feel of him touching me where he wanted.

"I like this," he murmured against my lips, before leaning back to look at me with glazed eyes.

I fucking loved having that effect on him. As he continued to stroke the scruff along my jaw, I turned my head and nipped at his fingertips.

"I'll have to remember that," I said, threading his fingers through mine. "For later."

He groaned as we ventured on, moving through the next couple of exhibits until a sign that read "Porno Chic" caught our attention.

Donovan stopped in front of a scandalous-for-the-1960s commercial and cocked his head. "You know, for East having no idea about what I'd been doing—"

"You mean who," I corrected him.

He grinned. "Definitely *who*. The place, the timing… It's pretty convenient."

"Maybe it's a sign. The masked man should do more porn." I winked at him, and he shook his head, laughing.

"Not sure it's my calling, but I can't say it hasn't been fun." His brow furrowed briefly. "Although I think I've damaged Gavin to the point of therapy now."

"Nah, he'll get over it. Eventually."

"Considering we live together, let's hope that's sooner rather than later."

"At least you have the space to avoid each other if you need to. I think your kitchen is the size of most people's entire apartment in the city."

“No way.” When I didn’t say anything, he frowned. “Wait, are you serious?”

Was *he*? The surprise on his face told me what I said sounded crazy, but that couldn’t be right.

Then again, considering where he lived and the rich guys he surrounded himself with, maybe he really didn’t know the reality of most apartments.

“Don’t get me wrong, your place is great,” I said. “No shame having that killer view.”

Before I could move, he put a hand on my arm, halting me. “What does that mean? How big is your place?”

“I would guess the size of your bedroom but… I haven’t seen your bedroom. Maybe the size of your closet.”

“Be serious.”

“I am being serious.” His eyes widened, and I chuckled. “But maybe you could give me a private tour after. So I can see for myself.”

Donovan licked his luscious lips, and my cock stiffened.

“Did you just invite yourself to see my bedroom?”

“No.” I grinned. “I invited myself into your closet.”

A sensual laugh bubbled out of Donovan as he smoothed a hand down over my chest. “Trust me, the last place I want to keep you is in my closet.”

“Thank fucking God for that.” I winked at him, taking his hand in mine as I led us past several other exhibits before stopping at one that grabbed my attention.

Donovan stepped in front of me, peering through the glass case at the four booklets on display and read, “How-to guides, from the 1970s. Oh, they’re illustrated.”

I wrapped my arms around his waist and pulled him back until his body was flush with mine. “I think three of those could be very handy.”

He turned to look at me, and I read off the titles.

“Masturbating with style. Penis sucking for wives, mistresses, and sweethearts. Yes, you definitely fall into the sweetheart category. And last but not least, anal and oral love.”

“All truly educational pamphlets.”

“Very. In fact, I might see if they sell copies of these at the gift shop on the way out.”

He turned in my arms, rubbing his body up against mine in a way that told me he knew exactly how to masturbate in style.

“I don’t think you need any help in those areas.”

I ran my hands down to his ass and gave it a nice squeeze, making sure he felt exactly what his body massage was doing to me.

“You don’t either, from the feel of things.”

Donovan began to kiss his way up my jaw. “I’d say that over the last couple of weeks I’ve had extensive practice in *all* those areas.”

“Jesus,” I groaned as he ground his erection over mine. “If you don’t stop what you’re doing, you’re about to get some more practice right now.”

The tongue that flicked over my earlobe showed no mercy, as the tease in my arms whispered, “Promise?”

I turned my head to see Donovan’s eyes glassy with his arousal, and I knew if I didn’t move us along that we’d wind up being part of the exhibition.

“I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again. You’re the biggest distraction in the world, you know that?”

Donovan released me and took a step back, looking to the bulge in my jeans. “Oh no, I think that prize goes to you.”

“Be careful, or that prize is going to be *in* you.”

“Fine.” Donovan began walking toward the shadowed hallway that had carnival dioramas leading the way into a theater room—but no way I was going to sit in that room with the sexy-as-sin man hellbent on trying to get in my pants.

Usually I’d be the first to disrobe and enter, but considering how this night had started, I figured Donovan might want to end it without again being the star attraction for his friends.

So with the movie out, we exited the theater and walked straight into Lucky Land, which I was going to rename Torture City, because now I was supposed to play sex games with Donovan and try not to imagine doing them naked.

Good God. I would deserve a medal by the end of tonight.

“Holy shit. How have I never been to this place before?” Donovan turned in a circle as we walked through a hallway full of mirrors and neon lights that did super-trippy things to your brain. By the time we came out the other side, we were standing in front of a set of “glory stalls.”

Donovan stopped in front of the elaborate toilet stalls decked out as different games, and I moved up beside him.

“Am I allowed to say I’m happy to be your first?”

He grinned at me, his eyes dancing with mischief. “Why? Would you be jealous?”

“Of you playing with some other guy and a glory hole? Yeah, I would be.”

“Good answer.” He turned back to the stalls and read off one of the shut doors, “Grab more, score more.”

I nodded at the other instruction closest to me. “Quickly yank that plank.”

Donovan busted out laughing. “This isn’t fair. You totally have an advantage.”

“What? How?”

“You’ve spent your whole life grabbing *more* than most.” He winked at me, and I shook my head. “Therefore, I think I should start with five bonus points.”

I scoffed as he walked up to the open stalls, tapping his lips.

“Now, which one do I want to play first?”

There were two rather interesting options, and he nudged me into one of the stalls. One wall had several holes cut out and the name of the stall written above it.

“Really?” I said, glancing over my shoulder at him. “You want me to ‘burp the worm’?”

“Yep, and do it real good.” He moved into the stall beside me and called out, “Looks like I’ll be ‘cuffing the carrot.’”

I snorted out a laugh and read over the “how to play” instructions written on the wall. “So whoever yanks the most dicks wins?”

“Like an indecent Whac-A-Mole. Hell yes.”

This would be a fun challenge, considering we both seemed to have quite a bit of experience under our belts…and for all his laidback attitude, Donovan obviously had a competitive side.

“Get ready to wank,” I said, and then pushed the start button.

Dicks of all different colors began to pop out of the holes, and I wrapped my hand around each one and gave it a firm tug before they slid back into the wall.

I couldn’t help but laugh at how ridiculous the game was, because who the hell thought this place up? It was genius, though, and I got into a groove, not even missing one. But then things started to speed up, the cocks jolting out faster and faster.

No way was I going to lose this. That wouldn’t say much for a guy in porn.

The countdown on the wall started flashing, a fake crowd chanting down from five…four…three…two…

As the timer hit one, a spray of white cream spurted out of each of the dicks, pelting me with cum that smelled like...whipped cream. I was too stunned to move, and I was still standing there with wide eyes as Donovan rounded the stall, took one look at me, and burst into laughter.

“Oh shit. So that’s what happens when you lose. You get a facial.”

I craned my neck slowly toward him as he doubled over. He hadn’t gotten the same treatment in his own stall.

Which meant Donovan yanked and wanked faster than I did. The fucker.

He swiped some of the “cum” off my lower lip, sniffed it, then sucked it off his finger.

“Mmm,” he said, smirking. “This tastes almost as good as you.”

“I bet you’re sweeter.”

Donovan stepped in closer, angling his head like he was going to kiss me, but then I felt the warmth of his tongue licking along the side of my neck. Then he moved away, walking backward as his eyes heated. “Maybe you should come and find out.”

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TWENTY-ONE

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donovan

THE TASTE OF vanilla cream lingered on my tongue as I gave Kelly one last smirk. Then I turned and made my way through the carnival-themed room, searching out any hidden area that might work for a little private playtime. The sound of laughter and muttered curses echoed down the hall, and I caught a glimpse of jumping shadows, like my friends were bouncing on…boobs? A bounce house of boobs? No, that couldn't be right.

I shook that image from my head. Whatever they were doing, it had them completely occupied and not eavesdropping in on what Kelly and I were up to. Which, at the moment, was Kelly stalking me through the maze of games that were now only serving as a distraction from getting my hands on what I really wanted.

God, what was it about Kelly that made me feel like I could never get enough? Just looking at him made me so hard I could barely breathe. Add in the drops of white that had been sprayed across his neck and chest, and I licked my lips, wanting another taste.

A quick glance behind me and I instantly knew where I wanted to get him alone. I winked at him and then disappeared into the hall of mirrors. Well, it was actually called the "Find the G-Spot Mirror Maze," but since neither of us seemed to have a problem finding that, I was more than happy to use it as something else entirely. And I didn't even care what at this point, as long as I could lick, suck, and taste whatever of Kelly I wanted.

He appeared in the door and stepped inside, and the mirrors surrounding us on all sides reflected so many versions of the gorgeous man that it was almost hard to find which was the real thing.

His eyes roamed over the many reflections before zeroing in on my face. As he stepped forward, I dropped my hands to the button of my jeans,

knowing we didn’t have much time if we wanted to do this, but a low growl echoed through the space.

I stopped moving, lifting a brow in question as he walked toward me, and then his hands were pushing mine aside.

“I don’t fucking think so,” he said, his eyes almost golden under the brilliant, intense light. It had to be, to reflect so many images of us so clearly. I’d wanted Kelly to surround me completely, and it looked like I was finally getting my wish.

Keeping his eyes on mine, he made quick work of undoing my pants, and then he slid his hand inside, along my thin briefs. The heat of his fingers as he began to stroke me had my breath hitching, and I reached for him, holding either side of his face and relishing the feel of his scruff against my palms.

I leaned in, brushing my lips across his as his large hand worked my dick into a frenzy. His touch was firm, insistent, and so damn good, I sucked on his tongue the way I would his cock.

Voices from somewhere nearby filtered into our private space, and while maybe the threat of being caught should’ve been enough to stop, it only spurred Kelly on.

He ripped his mouth from mine, and the downright sinful look he gave me then had my heart stuttering momentarily. “Guess we’d better make this quick,” he said, moving his hand from where I wanted him most to curl under my jeans and briefs. “Think you can come down my throat in the next two minutes, pretty boy?”

I was sure I could do that in the next two *seconds*. A belief that was further confirmed when Kelly moved down onto his knees.

I leaned back against the wall, jutting my hips out at him, and when he curled his fingers into the waistband of the denim and pulled it down under my ass—along with my briefs—my cock sprang free like it had just escaped a prison cell.

Kelly settled on his heels and wrapped his hand around my stiff length. “Ever since I saw you, I’ve wanted to get on my knees and worship you.”

I speared a hand into his hair, hating the fact it was tied up. What I wouldn’t give to twist my fingers through it and direct his sexy mouth.

“Such a beautiful face,” Kelly said as he blew a warm breath over my super-sensitive tip. “A stunning body.” His tongue flicked over my wet slit. “And your personality makes you even more gorgeous.”

He sucked on me in a way that had my toes curling, before he released me and gave me a devilish grin.

“Makes me want to drive you insane.” He shifted forward, rubbing the scruff of his cheek up the side of my erection until he nuzzled his nose in at the root of my dick.

I dug my fingers into his scalp as he inhaled, and I hated the fact we didn’t really have time for him *to* drive me insane.

“Kelly…” I groaned, pulling his head back. “If you want to do this without an audience, you need to do it now.”

“This?” He smirked, and I thrust my hips forward, bumping the head of my cock against his lips.

When they parted and I slowly slid inside, I groaned again. “Yes, exactly this.”

Kelly’s cheeks hollowed out as he sucked me deep inside his warm, wet mouth, and I was seriously worried my two-second prediction might actually happen.

I slammed my eyes shut as the delicious sensation of Kelly’s tongue tangling around me zinged through my nerve endings, and I tried not to whimper too loud as he began to draw off me. But then he smoothed his other hand around to my bare ass cheek to control my movements. My eyes flew open, and I took in the myriad of images dancing all around us.

There was Kelly’s broad back, trim waist, and tight ass as he moved up on his knees to take me back inside his mouth. I had one hand in his hair, the other feeling myself up because I couldn’t stop myself, and I needed to do something with that hand.

The view to the side of me, in a mirror, was downright indecent: my fingers threaded through his tied-back hair, Kelly’s erection visible behind his jeans, and the erotic sight of my slick, wet cock sliding in and out of his wide-open mouth.

Fuck yes, that was goddamn delicious.

I pinched at my nipple, pushing my hips forward, and when I saw his fingers dig into my bare ass cheek, I had to bite down on my lip to stop the shout I wanted to let free.

God knew this would be over before either of us wanted it to be. The last thing I needed was one of my moronic friends to show up and the two of us to have to go home without ending this the way we both wanted.

A raspy growl emanated up from between my legs, and I reached for Kelly with both hands. The second my fingers touched his cheeks, a deep hum, almost like a purr, came from him—and Jesus, it was like I was petting some kind of wild animal. An animal set to devour me.

I took in a breath, trying to draw this out just a little bit longer, and aimed my eyes up at the ceiling, looking for a way to calm myself, not realizing the reflection that would be staring back at me.

Fuck. Now *that* was hot.

My hands on either side of Kelly's face as his head moved back and forth off my dick. Was there anything hotter than seeing yourself being worshiped by a man as raw and uninhibited as Kelly? I didn't think so, and the sight had me shoving myself in deeper.

The groans and sucking sounds coming from him only added to the visual feast. My need for him was voracious as I watched every move and memorized every sound. Then he reached between my legs and cradled my tight balls. I began to move in time with him, using his mouth like it was made exactly for this. For me. For my pleasure. When he slipped a finger back between my cheeks to my hole, playing a little, I again cursed our time restraint.

"Kelly… Fuck. I'm so goddamn close."

He said nothing, just looked up at me, his expression telling me he was ready for whatever, whenever.

I braced my feet, running my fingers up and down his rough cheeks, and promised myself that the next time we did this—and there would be a next time—I wanted to be lying on my back, in a bed, with his scruff marking up my inner thighs.

But for now, I was more than happy to take in the moment, revel in the sights, the scents, and every sensation as I—

"*Fuck.*"

I thrust my hips forward until the head of my dick hit the back of his throat as my climax hit like a fucking geyser, sending cum shooting down his throat, just like he'd asked.

Kelly swallowed everything I gave him before licking me clean and pulling my jeans back up. When he got to his feet, a wicked smirk curved his talented lips, and he winked.

"There, now at least one of us will be decent as we walk out of this place."

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TWENTY-TWO

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kelly

THE SOFT SOUND of Donovan's breathing woke me next morning. I stretched beneath the silk sheets where our legs were tangled, remembering the way we'd rolled around on them last night.

Last night…

If I could have dreamed up the perfect first date with the perfect man, that would've been it—minus his group of friends. But even they hadn't been too bad after we ditched them for the evening, and what came after was one of the best nights of my life.

Damn. Who would've guessed?

I put a hand under my head where it rested on the pillow and tried to work out the moment Donovan had slipped inside my heart and burrowed in to stay.

If I had to guess, I'd say it was that first day. That moment in the warehouse where Anita and the rest of the crew were busy directing him to take off his clothes, and he'd looked so baffled, so mortified, but at the same time so damn adorable.

As my eyes drifted over Donovan's relaxed features, I thanked whatever stars had aligned to bring him into my life that day, because I wasn't aware of any other scenario in which the newest star of Xes Entertainment would end up naked with one of the modeling industry's most billable faces.

A face that was even more beautiful in sleep, if that were possible.

Unable to resist the urge to touch him, I reached out and swept back the strands of hair that had fallen over his forehead. He stirred and scooted in a little closer to me, rubbing his leg between mine, sprawled out on his stomach with the sheet low on his hips. I trailed my fingers down the

smooth skin of his back, drawing patterns over the perfect canvas and dreaming about staying like this forever.

Wow, okay, that was heavy.

I wasn't the kind of guy who usually went all hearts in his eyes when his dick was happy. But I was quickly finding the hearts were in my eyes even when my dick *wasn't* involved when it came to Donovan.

It was like the second I saw him, he was all I could see. Now every time I thought of him, spoke to him, or was with him—I wanted nothing else.

"Mmm, that feels nice."

The sleepy voice that filled the room had my eyes shifting from where my fingers were playing to the lazy smile curving full lips I now knew by heart.

"Does it now?"

"Yesss." Donovan's eyes opened, and when they found mine, that smile widened. "Damn, you're a nice sight to wake up to."

I propped my elbow up on the pillow and rested my hand in my palm as I ran the backs of my fingers down his cheek. "I was just thinking the same thing."

Donovan rolled to his back and shifted until his head was right by my arm. "Then how about you kiss me and prove it?"

I leaned down and brushed a soft kiss across his lips as Donovan reached up and ran a hand across my cheek and into my hair.

"God, I love your hair," he said. "It's so damn sexy."

I chuckled against his mouth, nipping at his lower lip. "Glad you think so."

"I do." He twisted his hand in the long strands and pulled it back from my face. "I love how it feels on my skin. How it looks when it's all sexed up and messy around your shoulders. That I can grab it and really hang on when you…"

"If you stop there, I might have to insist on demonstrating."

"In that case, I'm definitely stopping there."

I smoothed a hand down his side to his waist and then, quick as lightning, rolled us until I was on my back and he was stretched out on top of me. I grabbed a sweet ass cheek in each hand and gave a careful squeeze.

"Any other time, maybe. But I'm pretty sure this right here"—my fingers flirted with the warm pucker I'd spent most of the night inside of—"is probably a little tender."

Donovan sucked in a breath even as his dick jerked against mine. “I hate that you’re right.”

I pushed my hips up into his with a rueful grin. “So do I. But I don’t hate why. Last night was—”

“Perfect? Amazing? The kinkiest night you’ve ever spent with eight guys and a girl? That definitely sounds like a scene waiting to happen.”

“It was pretty amazing, and you were as close to perfect as I could’ve wished for.”

The humor in his eyes dissipated at the seriousness of my tone. Donovan planted his hands on the pillow by my head and stared down at me. “Did you just say you wished for me?”

“I—” A frown furrowed my forehead, and then I decided, fuck it. I was lying in his bed, naked—it wasn’t like I could hide much from him. “Yeah, I guess I did. Not consciously, like praying before bed or anything.”

“No?” A cheeky grin tugged at the corner of his lips. “So you weren’t down on your knees thinking of me?”

I swatted one of his delectable ass cheeks, then leaned up to gently nip at his chin.

“Smartass,” I muttered, before I lay back on the mattress and ran my fingers up his spine. “What I meant was, I always hoped I’d meet someone that was as *free* with his sexuality as I was. That was as open to trying new things, and who wasn’t afraid to be himself around me. I like holding hands, touching, kissing the person I’m with, and… I don’t know, I guess I’ve been looking for that ease of self in someone, that level of comfort, and I found it with you.”

Donovan went so quiet you could’ve heard a pin drop, and I started to worry that I’d said too much. If I’d ruined our time together by blabbing my feelings too soon, I just might take the elevator to the top floor and hurl myself off the roof.

“Look, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable by putting all my feelings—”

Donovan put a finger to my lips. “Shh…” I bit down on the inside of my cheek as he stroked my hair. “I wished for you too.”

Aw hell. Those words made my stomach flip and my heart pound. I was in so damn deep, and the crazy part was that I hadn’t even realized I’d been falling. I was just here, in it with him, and as crazy fast as it had all happened, it just felt…right.

My lips crooked to the side, as I memorized every feature of his face. “You did, huh?”

“Yeah. One of my friends, he just started dating—”

“West?” I remembered the protective arm Donovan’s friend had kept around his boyfriend all night.

“Mhmm. He started dating JT, and I’ve been a little envious about the whole thing.” He rested his cheek against my chest and a hand over the top of my heart. “I wasn’t looking for a relationship, but I was wishing for one. Then I walked onto a porn shoot and found the man of my dreams.”

A bark of laughter rumbled up out of me, and Donovan raised his head.

“I know that sounds like I’m making fun, but you’ve seen what I’m into, and you can’t tell me you aren’t the man for me.”

“I can’t?”

“No.” Donovan pressed a kiss to my chest and grinned. “Us meeting? That’s fate at work. Biggest bottom meets biggest cock? If that doesn’t lead to a happy ending, I don’t know what will.”

I tightened my grip around Donovan’s waist and rolled him to his back, then pressed a hard kiss to his lips, demanding entry.

Donovan groaned, parting his mouth, as his hands moved to my bare ass and the sheets slipped off us. He wound his legs around mine and arched up into me as we tangled tongues. He was so warm and pliant, so responsive to every touch, and when my cock hardened and threatened to take over all common sense, I raised my head and said, “So what now?”

Donovan smiled at me, and just as he was about to respond, my stomach growled.

He chuckled. “Breakfast?”

That hadn’t been what I meant, but apparently my stomach was now ruling the conversation. That was a miracle, since Donovan was naked and within touching distance.

“That sounds like a good idea.” I shifted off him, and when he climbed out of bed, I couldn’t help but take a moment to just lie there and look at him.

“You coming?”

“Give me five minutes and you standing there like that and I might be.” Yep, my cock was back to ruling the brain.

“I thought you were hungry.”

I ran my eyes down over Donovan's leanly muscled chest, his sharp, cut abs, to his semi-erect dick, and growled. "Oh I'm hungry, all right."

Donovan picked up the closest pillow and threw it at me.

"Get up." I opened my mouth, but he wagged a finger at me. "Don't even think about mentioning that monster between your legs. I *see* that he's awake. But you're taking pity on my poor behind, remember? Since I have no common sense when it comes to you."

I let out a sigh and flopped back on the bed. "You're right."

"Of course I am." Donovan headed toward his closet. "Oh, and Kelly?"

"Yeah?"

"*Now* we date, and you fall madly in love with me." He winked at me and disappeared inside the enormous walk-in attached to his room, and all I could think was: *Pretty sure I'm already halfway there.*

"WOULD YOU LIKE a hot breakfast with eggs, bacon, and sausage, or a continental one with fruit and pastries?"

I grinned at where Donovan stood across the kitchen island. "I know the difference between a hot breakfast and a continental breakfast, you know."

"Oh." He glanced up from the leather-bound folder he was flicking through. "I know. I wasn't trying to be rude. I just wanted to see what you might like on here."

"*Here* being?"

He handed over the folder, and I saw several laminated pages of menus.

"That's the amenities binder for the Towers. Has all the information we need living here, including—"

"A breakfast menu to the five-star restaurant downstairs." My brows nearly hit my hairline.

"Right, I mean, if there's nothing there you like, we also have a health bar that makes great juices."

"Nothing I like?" I chuckled, looking over the extensive list of choices, then glanced up to see a look of concern in Donovan's eyes. "I'd have to be one picky bastard not to be able to find something I like on here."

Donovan's expression relaxed. "Yeah, well, East orders out. So you never know."

"East looks like the kind of guy who wouldn't be happy with a meal unless he saw someone laboring over it from conception to when it was

finally plated in front of him—and possibly fed to him by hand."

A burst of laughter left Donovan, and the sound was so full of joy that I made a mental note to make him laugh as often as possible.

"Man, you sure have East pegged."

I scoffed. "Wasn't all that hard after witnessing the amount of pleasure he got from what he assumed would be my ultimate humiliation."

Donovan strolled around the counter, and I swiveled on the stool so he could move between my legs and wrap his arms around my neck.

"Have I mentioned how happy I am that he didn't succeed?"

"Let's be real, there was no way I was going to be ashamed about hooking up with you. If anything, they should be embarrassed about how much they enjoyed it." I ran my hands down to his ass and squeezed. "After all, they were the ones perving on their friend."

Donovan laughed. "I'm pretty sure they were perving on *you*. But anyway, thanks for not letting them run you off."

"Not a chance." I was about to lean in and take another taste of him when I caught a flash of platinum blond out of the corner of my eye—Gavin.

Not about to torture Donovan's brother any more, I loosened my grip on Donovan and smiled over his shoulder at the new arrival. If I wanted to date Donovan then I needed to make things right with Gavin.

"Hey," I said as the younger man stepped into the living room.

"Hi. I didn't realize you were staying the night."

"*Gavin,*" Donovan said, but I quickly put a hand on his arm.

"No, that's okay. It was a last-minute decision."

"Yeah." Gavin glared at his brother as he passed him and went to the fridge. "I'm sure it was."

Donovan looked back at me and mouthed, *Sorry*. But it was all good. If I had seen my brother doing what he'd caught Donovan doing, I would probably move out.

"Gavin, come on," Donovan tried, walking into the kitchen. "You need to get over this."

Gavin shut the fridge and looked at his brother. "And what part is *this*? You getting railed over a chaise longue, or Sin—"

"Kelly."

"—coming all over your ski mask?"

“Oh my God.” Donovan scrubbed his hands over his face, shaking his head. “I didn’t mean for you to watch it.”

“No shit. But you think maybe you could’ve said something when all the guys were going on about it?”

“Like what?”

“Oh, I don’t know, ‘Hey, Gavin, maybe don’t watch Sin’s—’”

“Kelly’s.”

“—fuck videos, because I’m his leading man.”

Donovan let out a loud sigh and dropped his hands. “If I’d done that, the guys never would’ve let me hear the end of it.”

“So? At least I could stand in the same room as you two and not picture…” Gavin waved his hand around erratically.

“Gavin,” I said, and when he turned his attention my way, I noticed twin spots of color on his cheeks. “I’m sorry you were put in that position and that you’re embarrassed right now. I know Donovan feels the same.”

Gavin looked back to his brother. “You know the guys won’t let me live this down now, don’t you?”

“I do, but—”

“What if you found out something embarrassing about them? I bet there’s a bunch of shit about East and Travis, at least,” I suggested, and both of the Truitt brothers turned on me. “What? That not how this works? I thought that was the kind of friendship you all had. One-upping each other.”

Both of their mouths twitched, and for the first time since finding out they were related, I saw the resemblance as they both started to laugh—hard.

“That’s exactly how it works,” Donovan said, and Gavin nodded.

“Okay, maybe you’re not so bad.”

“See? I also have a bone of my own to pick with East, so I’m definitely up for helping with that,” I said.

Gavin glanced to Donovan, who was smiling at me. “Careful, Van. You might start drooling.”

Donovan rolled his eyes but shoved his brother in the arm. “Shut up. Oh, hey, you ever hear back from Joey? Why couldn’t he make it last night?”

Gavin’s smile faltered a little before he plastered it back in place. “Yeah, um, he called. He just wasn’t in the mood, and the drive in would’ve taken a while, so I just told him not to worry.”

“Aw, man. I’m sorry.” Donovan reached out to squeeze his brother’s arm. While Gavin was putting on a brave face and defending this Joey guy, I—like his brother—could tell he wasn’t happy with how last night had gone down. “Maybe next time?”

“Yeah, maybe. Although I’m not sure a sex museum is really his thing.”

Sounded like a bore to me. Who *wouldn’t* want to spend the night in a sex museum with their boyfriend?

“Anyway…” Gavin let out a sigh. “I don’t want to intrude on your morning. I just wanted to grab an orange juice.”

He held it up and went to leave the kitchen, but then he stopped, glanced at me, and turned back to look at his brother.

“By the way, don’t forget about the charity event this week. You have to tell them if you’re bringing a plus-one.”

Gavin aimed a sneaky smile my way and nodded in what felt like approval, before heading back to his bedroom.

“Please don’t feel like you have to say yes to that,” Donovan said as he came over to the counter and leaned across it, reaching for my hand.

“Yes to what?” I said. “You didn’t ask me anything.”

Donovan shook his head. “You’re right, I didn’t. But, um, if you’re free this week, would you like to attend one of the most boring nights of your life with me?”

“I mean, that’s a very enticing offer. But I don’t want you to feel like you have to ask because your brother mentioned it.”

Donovan entwined our fingers. “That’s not why I’m asking.”

“No?”

Color bloomed on his cheeks, making his face even prettier than usual. “No.”

“Then why are you asking?”

“Because there’s no one I’d rather spend the night with,” he said. “And I can’t wait to see how handsome you look in a tux.”

How could I say no to that?

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TWENTY-THREE

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donovan

MONDAY MORNING ROLLED around, and even though I'd sat through my first class, I had no idea what the hell the professor had gone over. I didn't think I'd ever been so hyper-focused on another person, but when that person was Kelly Sinclair…how could I not be? One look at the guy and anyone would drop to their knees. But getting to know him, being so comfortable so quickly and still feeling every bit of excitement from something so new—it was a strange combination that had my stomach flipping as I waited at the pickup end of the coffee bar before heading to my next class.

"God, not you too."

The derisive tone from behind me could only belong to one person.

"What seems to be the problem, Travis? Case of the Mondays? Someone steal your hair gel?" I asked.

He crossed his arms over his dark violet shirt, the buttons left undone to his chest. "You. And that big, dumbass grin you've got goin' on."

"Oh, I see. This is jealousy talking."

"I'm not jealous."

"Trav, come on, you're not a liar. I've seen the way you've been drooling over my guy."

"That," he said, pointing at me. "You and West are fucking suckers. You're supposed to hook up, not get attached."

"Really?" I arched a brow. "You want to talk about not getting attached?"

"I'm not the one bringing guys home after a fuck."

Shaking my head, I reached for my iced matcha and popped a straw through the lid. "I wasn't talking about the museum guy, but okay, keep

telling yourself that."

Travis's eyes were practically always narrowed, but he was death-glaring me now. Even more so when I took a sip of my drink.

"What in the fresh hell is *that*?"

I smirked at the subject change, but let him have it. "An iced matcha."

"It's green."

"No shit. Matcha's green."

"Looks like you're drinking grass."

"Tastes a little better than that. Want to try?"

Travis looked between me and the drink in my hands and shook his head in disgust. "You and your fuckin' healthy shit."

"Kinda have to when you get paid to look good. I guess that's why you stick to chips and alcohol." I smiled, sweet as pie, earning me a dark look and a muttered curse.

I took another sip of my matcha and knocked my shoulder against his as we headed down the hall, our next classes not far from each other.

"What'd you decide to wear for the Elysium event tomorrow night?" I said.

"Like we have a choice."

He was right. We didn't, really. Tuxedos were the mandate, but since when had Travis played by the rules?

I shrugged. "Just figured you'd do something no one was expecting, that's all."

"And have Mom and Dick throw a shit fit? Actually, that's not a bad idea."

"There he is," I said, nudging him with my elbow.

"And you'll be in… Let me guess. Tom Ford. Or Armani."

"Brunello Cucinelli, actually. I walked his show last spring." I paused, coming to a stop in the middle of the hall. "Do you think it's weird if we match? Like maybe I should do a midnight blue instead."

"Trust me, nothing you and I wear would ever be remotely the same." Travis tugged on my elbow, pulling me to the side of the crowded hall to stop blocking traffic.

"What? No, not you."

"Then who are we talking about?"

"Me and Kelly."

Travis's eyebrows slashed forward like he didn't know who I was talking about, and then his eyes widened. "You mean Sin?"

"I told you, his name's Kelly."

A beat passed as he stared at me. "Ho-ly shit. You're tellin' me you actually invited *Sin* to an event at Elysium? Are you out of your fucking mind?"

"What's so crazy about that?"

"Are you hearing yourself? What's *not* insane about that?"

I shrugged. "I don't see the problem."

"Maybe not with all those fuckin' stars in your eyes, but trust me, bringing a porn star to meet our parents and a bunch of rich assholes? That's something *I* would do. Not you."

His comment chafed, and I didn't know why. It wasn't like I was unaware of Kelly's job, considering I'd joined him more than once. None of the Elysium would know that.

Maybe a few members wouldn't be too impressed at my date's career choice, but fuck that. I liked him, I'd invited him, and he was coming.

To and *after the event,* I thought with a smirk.

"I can see I'm getting through to you. Whatever. Do what you will." Travis rolled his eyes as he brushed by me to head to class.

"Thanks for the pep talk."

"That's your job." Before he disappeared into the room, he turned back to me. "Oh, and Van? No one gives a shit if you're matching."

Shaking my head long after he was gone, I thought over what he said, but he was right. I was going to do what I wanted, and what I wanted was Kelly beside me at the event tomorrow. He'd look so damn good in a tux, and he'd be the perfect person to rescue me from any boring conversation I got dragged into. I didn't need a reason to bring him, for God's sake. Gavin was bringing his boyfriend. West was bringing JT. Preston and Serena were joined at the hip. Why *shouldn't* I have a date, regardless of what he did for a career?

"Do you plan on dawdling in the hall, or will I have to count you absent this morning?" Professor Rice was one of the more eccentric teachers at Astor, and even without heels, she still stood eye to eye with me. And those eyes were cold and disapproving. She didn't wait for an answer before marching into the room and down the stairs, and I took that as my cue to find a seat.

I had a feeling I wouldn't be paying much attention this hour either.

I slid into a seat near the aisle, and as I dropped my bag on the floor, my eyes caught on the phone screen of the guy sitting in front of me.

He wasn't even trying to be discreet about what he was showing the guy beside him, and it wasn't something I'd expected to see staring at me in a classroom.

The volume was down low, thank fuck, but that was definitely Kelly's bare ass on the screen. He was alone on the mattress from the first day I'd met him, and even after I'd seen him come spectacularly, he must've kept going to show off that damn perfect backside.

My cock gave a sharp jerk, and I shifted in my seat to pull out my phone. I typed out a message to Kelly and hit send.

You're not going to believe what I'm looking at right now.

I wasn't sure what he was up to this morning, or if he would even respond, but a few seconds later, his text came through.

SINful KELLY:

Aren't you in class?

I am, BUTT…

I took a quick snapshot of my view and sent it his way.

Your ass is in my face.

SINful KELLY:

Oh. I have a feeling you're enjoying that.

Chuckling softly, I kept my phone in my lap so no one could see.

I am, but I'd rather have the real thing.

SINful KELLY:
You didn't get enough of me this weekend?

Apparently, I'm insatiable when it comes to you.

SINful KELLY:
I like that. A lot.
I'm yours whenever you want me. Me and my ass.

Those words were doing things to my dick that didn't need to happen right now. Not in the middle of class, where I couldn't do a thing to take care of the sudden, all-consuming ache.

Careful, I'm two seconds away from walking out of here.

Several dots popped up to show he was typing a response, but when I looked at the guy's phone screen again, my breath caught in my throat.

Fuck, they're watching the party scene now. I can't seem to escape you, can I?

Kelly’s typing stopped, then picked up again after a few seconds.

SINful KELLY:

That’s only a problem if you’re trying to escape me.

Is that what you want?

I glanced up at the screen again, watching the way Kelly, or *Sin*, followed me through the room. I remembered the way my body burned at knowing he would have his hands on me soon. And that even though I was supposed to make him work for me, I was too damn needy to remember all the instructions Rafferty had given.

The only way I plan to make a run for it is if it means you’ll chase me.

SINful KELLY:

Promises, promises.

The grin on my face had to be ridiculous, and I was glad Travis wasn’t here to call me out for it. I couldn’t hide it if I wanted to.

“Is there something you gentlemen wish to share with the class, or do you think I could have your attention for the next sixty minutes?”

I snapped my head up to see Professor Rice looking in the direction of our rows, and I didn’t think she was talking just to the guy in front of me. Not with the way I’d been grinning down at my phone and not even noticing that she’d started the lecture.

Immediately the guy in front of me shut off his phone and stammered, “Sorry, Professor Rice.” When her eyes moved past him to me, I slid my phone between my thighs and gave her a repentant smile.

As soon as her back was turned, I shot Kelly one last message.

Still on for tomorrow?

SINful KELLY:

I wouldn’t miss it for anything.

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TWENTY-FOUR

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kelly

“HAVE I MENTIONED you look good enough to eat?” Donovan’s voice was low in my ear, just loud enough for only me to hear—or so I thought.

“If we all have to ride together, the least you could do is *not* eat each other while I’m sitting right the fuck here,” Daire grumbled from where he sat on the other side of Donovan in the limo. He tugged at the neck of his all-black tuxedo, scowling like this was all nothing but an inconvenience.

“Speak for yourself. I’m here for the show if you’re offering.” East winked, the picture of elitist superiority as he stretched his arm out along the back of the seat where Gavin and Joey sat. I wondered how he managed to drink out of a martini glass in a moving vehicle without spilling anything.

Donovan met my eyes, grinning as he squeezed my thigh. God, he looked unbelievable, better than anyone had a right to, and I had no idea how I was going to get through the night if he kept staring and touching me.

Across from us, Gavin groaned. “This is the last time I’m riding with any of you.”

“Aw, don’t be like that,” West said. “You and Joey could always put on a sex show for us. Give Van a taste of his own medicine.”

More than half of the group seemed to agree, shouting out encouragement to Gavin, while the handful of others, Donovan included, looked like they wanted to jump out of the limo.

I covered Donovan’s hand on my thigh with my own, drawing it up my leg as I leaned in to kiss his neck. He looked like he could use a distraction, and I’d take any advantage to get closer.

I let my lips linger against his skin as I breathed him in. The scent of his cologne was fresh and a little mysterious, just like the man himself.

“On second thought, maybe we don’t have to go,” Donovan said, tilting his head to give me more access.

“You’d be disowned,” someone said, maybe Travis? Preston? I couldn’t tell, not with my attention solely focused on Donovan.

“Is that true?” I murmured, nipping at his ear and not giving a shit who was watching. Well, hopefully Gavin had his eyes closed or had turned his attention to his own date, but that wasn’t my problem.

Donovan hummed low in his throat. “Probably. Worth it, though.”

Someone snorted just as the limo came to a stop, and Donovan’s eyes opened. He flipped his hand under mine to lace our fingers.

“You ready for the most ostentatious display of wealth you’ve ever seen?”

I opened my mouth to respond that it couldn’t be that bad, but my eyes caught on the exterior of the building we’d stopped outside of, and I shut up real fast.

“Shit.” That was all that came out, because where in the hell were we?

All Donovan had said was the event was for charity and would be taking place at the social club that his and his friends’ parents belonged to. The mandatory tux had tipped me off that it was fancier than my usual hangouts, but what I was looking at right now blew all of what I’d expected out of the water.

The white four-story building took up at least half the block, and spotlights lit up the massive façade, but it was the wrought-iron gates punctuated by thick columns that caught and held my attention. They were at least a couple of stories tall, separating the building from the mere mortals, with a courtyard just beyond it.

It looked like something out of a gilded old New York, and suddenly I wondered what the hell I’d gotten myself into.

“Terrible, right?” Donovan said, grinning at me.

“Jesus Christ, Donovan, how rich are you?”

“Haven’t you heard what everyone calls them?” JT said as Scotty opened the door and the others began to file out. “The Park Avenue Princes.”

I blinked. “The what?”

JT smirked as West rolled his eyes. “Yeah, everyone at Astor calls them that. Because they own practically all of Manhattan. Or at least the Upper East Side.”

I raised a brow at Donovan. “Is that right?”

He shrugged, a smile playing on his lips, which told me everything I needed to know.

No wonder he’d been so adamant about wearing a damn mask. If this group found out what he was up to in his spare time, I couldn’t imagine they’d approve.

As the last of the group stepped out of the limo, Donovan started forward, but I tugged on his hand.

He looked back at me and frowned. “What is it?”

“I have no problem with any of this,” I said. “But is this a good idea? For you?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m not wearing a mask. It won’t be a secret who I am, and if even one person finds out, what does that mean for you?”

Donovan’s jaw tightened and he stepped forward, hovering over me. His fingers were firm as he took my chin in hand. “I don’t give a fuck.”

Then, to make his point, he brought his lips down on mine in a kiss that was anything but sweet. It was resolute, a fierce promise that he wanted me on his arm no matter what, and damn if that didn’t have my heart stopping and starting again.

I climbed out of the limo, and Donovan sidled in close to me, placing a palm on my chest. “You look so damn handsome.” He leaned back and gave me a thorough once-over. “Don’t even *think* about leaving my side tonight.”

I slipped my hand into his, and we made our way toward a—

Shit, was that a red carpet?

As though he sensed my moment of trepidation, Donovan tightened his fingers around mine as he flashed a beatific smile my way. Jesus, I’d do anything for that smile. He knew it, too, judging by the way he led me toward the line of photographers snapping photos of the elite turnout for tonight’s event.

Several of Donovan’s friends went ahead of us, East saluting the crowd with a half-full martini glass, no doubt living up to whatever reputation the press had bestowed upon his pompous ass. But I had to give him credit—he went all in with the rich upperclassman angle. One look at him in the classic

tux with his prim and proper bow tie and you knew that smug smile belonged to someone who knew nothing but luxury.

Travis stood in front of us, grumbling something about the sleeves of his shirt under his jacket, and Donovan leaned forward to say, “Quit fiddling. You look hot. The velvet jacket is to die for.”

Travis glanced back at us, and I nodded. “He’s right. You look like a sexy rocker.”

“Oh yeah?” Travis’s lip curled as he looked between the two of us. “Just how sexy?”

“Not *that* sexy,” Donovan said, shoving him toward the red carpet. “You’re up.”

“Well, I am now. Thanks for that. It better not show in my photos.”

“Just go.” Donovan pointed, and Travis sauntered out, stopping in front of the signage for the charity and flashing a killer smolder. Cameras clicked, lights flashed, and funnily enough, the press treated Travis like the rock star he presented.

It was amazing what money could do. These guys were all students at college, and yet the town treated them like they were celebrities…or royalty.

What was that saying? *Money talks*? Apparently it also gossiped, and who created better gossip than seven rich guys who did what—and no doubt, who—they wanted, whenever they wanted. It was insane.

Travis was all cocky confidence as he turned to walk inside the gates, but then his feet faltered and his back stiffened. For a second I wondered if I was projecting my own nerves onto him, knowing we were up next, but when Donovan whispered, “Oh shit,” I knew I wasn’t imagining it.

“What’s wrong?” I said as Travis angled his head up and walked closer to the group of photographers. I spotted a guy on the sidelines in a slouchy beanie with a camera in his hand, glaring his way.

“That’s Caleb. They don’t, um, get along. Shit.” Donovan looked around as though searching for someone to come to Travis’s aid if things got out of hand, but all of his friends were already inside.

“Do you want me to go and make sure everything’s okay?” I looked to where heated words were being exchanged, and figured I could take on this Caleb guy if need be. I was a good few inches taller than both him and Travis.

“No.” Donovan shook his head. “God no. That’ll make it worse.”

“Okay, if you’re sure.” I saw Caleb bring his camera back up, then Travis flipped him off as he turned and stormed inside the gates.

Donovan let out a breath, and I rubbed a hand along his lower back. “You ready?”

He nodded and took my hand, and anything other than him left my head as we stepped out in front of the cameras and lights flashed and questions were called.

“Donovan? Who are you wearing tonight?”

“Donovan? Who’s your date tonight?”

“Donovan? Look over here.”

It was weird that we were there for charity and yet that wasn’t once mentioned as we finished up the short step-and-repeat and then headed inside the gates, away from prying eyes.

“Sorry,” Donovan said as he led me toward the entrance of the grand old building. “I told you it would be ridiculous.”

“It’s fine, really. It’s just…a lot.”

“I know.” Donovan gave a rueful grin as the doors were pulled open for us. “And that’s only the beginning.”

“The beginning?” We stepped inside the Elysium, and as the doors shut behind us, we were left standing in an enormous hall with multicolored marble floors and walls, and a gold coffered ceiling that soared high overhead.

There were chandeliers casting a golden hue over the tables and chairs set up all around the hall, and elaborate floral centerpieces decorating each one. It was one of the most breathtaking things I’d ever seen, and I’d barely set foot in the place.

“Kelly?” Donovan’s voice snapped me out of my daze. “This way.”

I swallowed as I followed his lead, my eyes fixed on the grand double staircase north of the space. But before we even got to enter that area, it appeared we had to pass by some kind of welcome committee.

Several elegantly dressed men and women lined up greeting and shaking hands with attendees. Some even got kisses on cheeks as they said their hellos and then headed inside, and suddenly it really did feel like I was about to meet royalty.

As we waited our turn, I leaned down to whisper in Donovan’s ear, “Who are these people?”

“Oh, the head members of the club. Basically the parents of all the other guys, and the president.” He nodded toward the first guy in the line.

Wait, if these were the other guys’ parents, did that mean… “Are your parents here?”

He chuckled. “Yeah, they’re last in the lineup.”

“Holy shit, I’m meeting your *parents*?”

Donovan gave me a sheepish smile. “Did I not mention that? My bad. But don’t worry, they’re cool, I promise.

“You might be the only person to ever call his parents cool.”

“Nah, I just mean they’re not the type to look down their noses like a lot of these folks.”

I looked at the line of club members, easily picking out which parent belonged to which of the Park Avenue Princes. I couldn’t see Donovan’s parents yet, and I wondered which of them he looked more like.

“Donovan, good to see you.” The first man in the line was striking, and he couldn’t be older than his early forties. Impeccably groomed with dark blond hair, a chiseled jaw line, and a charming smile, he was attractive but somehow not at all what I expected the president of a social club like this to look like. Weren’t they supposed to be old guys with cigars and a permanent glass of bourbon in their hand?

“Thanks for having us,” Donovan said, shaking the man’s hand, and then he gestured to me. “This is my date, Kelly Sinclair. Kelly, this is the president of Elysium, Archer Carrington.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Archer’s grip was firm, but his smile was welcoming. Then again, it would have to be. Couldn’t have a grumpy ass in charge of a club like this, which meant Daire would never be up for the job.

I managed to bite back a laugh at that visual and smiled back at him. “You too.”

“Mr. Carrington is also Serena’s dad,” Donovan said.

That made sense. I couldn’t place which guy he looked like, but now that Donovan mentioned Serena, I could see a little of the resemblance between father and daughter.

We continued down the line, and it didn’t shock me one bit when East’s parents were every bit as arrogant as their son. Not rude, necessarily, just a little aloof. Meanwhile, West’s father was a delight, down to his French accent. I was hoping for a glimpse of Daire’s family, but Donovan said they traveled a lot and never showed up at these things. Maybe that was why

Daire felt he had to? Hell, if it were me, I'd use that as an excuse to skip out.

Donovan reached down to squeeze my hand briefly before letting go, and as we came to the end of the line, I tried not to let the surprise show on my face. Because fuckin' hell, he hadn't mentioned who his parents were.

"Mom, Dad, this is Kelly," he said, proudly turning toward me, and his mom's smile as she looked my way lit up the room. Of course it would—she was a supermodel. Kimberly Thompson, who had long blond hair, a face even a twentysomething would be jealous of, and the same hazel eyes as Donovan. It never would've occurred to me that they could be related, especially with different last names, but he was the spitting image of her.

She didn't shake my hand, instead putting her hands on my shoulders and kissing both cheeks in greeting.

"Wonderful to meet you, Kelly. Van couldn't wait to introduce us."

I wasn't usually fazed by anyone, but the fact that *she* was Donovan's mom had me feeling a little off-kilter. He could've warned me, but the sly look on his face told me he was enjoying this.

"Your son seems to like surprises," I said pointedly, and she and the man beside her chuckled.

"I'm guessing he hasn't told you about us in the same way." She turned to the sophisticated man beside her. "Should we be offended?"

"We should," he agreed, before winking at me and shaking my hand. "Arthur Truitt."

"Great to meet you, sir."

It wasn't until I let go of his hand that the name niggled in the back of my brain, and I realized why. Wasn't he the guy who *owned* CBS?

I put that tidbit of information in the back of my head to ask Donovan about when we were alone, and then made polite small talk with his parents. But I couldn't remember what the hell was said, only that Donovan had reached out to lace his fingers with mine when I heard them ask what I did for a living.

"He's in entertainment," Donovan said, and then squeezed my hand. "We're holding up the line. We'd better keep moving. We'll find you later."

After saying quick goodbyes, Donovan hauled our asses out of there, something I was grateful for, because meeting a lineup of parents was not my usual thing.

Once we were out of earshot, I let out a breath, and he did the same before laughing.

“Fun, right?” he said, pushing back the blond strands that had fallen over his forehead.

“You’re evil, I’ll give you that. You neglected to mention your parents are kind of famous.”

Donovan held his hands up. “I swear, it never even occurred to me you would know who they are. Besides, it’s not like I’m thinking of my family when I’m with you.”

“I would hope the fuck not,” I said. It took everything in me not to reach for him then, because the picture he made in that tux, his cheeks still tinged with pink from our interaction, was almost impossible to resist.

But this wasn’t the time or place to act on that desire.

“So,” Donovan said, one of his eyebrows kicking up. “Ready to grab a couple of drinks and join the real party?”

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TWENTY-FIVE

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donovan

I WASN'T ONE to brag, but I definitely had the hottest date here tonight.

Kelly Sinclair. Damn, my man is fine.

Whether he was fully naked or dressed to the nines in a tuxedo I was dying to peel him out of, Kelly was a man who demanded attention. He had an aura about him, a charisma that some were just born with, and after an hour or so of watching him smile, joke, and drink it up with my friends, I was totally enamored—and so were they.

This group wasn't the easiest crowd to just slide into and get along with. But Kelly had somehow managed to win them all over. Well, not somehow—I knew exactly how. They were impressed by him, which was saying something.

Kelly's give-no-fucks attitude and openness about his sexuality had made him an instant hit. Add in the fact they were probably all hoping to one day see a certain part of him in person, and he was a new friend they were all willing to embrace.

I cut my eyes to Travis, who was laughing uproariously at something Kelly had just said. Some were a little more willing than others.

Not that I could blame him. If he'd brought Kelly around, I'd be fighting for his attention too. But lucky me, I already had it.

I took a sip of my vodka soda—wishing like hell it was a margarita—then leaned in to the sexy man beside me and kissed the scruff on his cheek. "You having fun?"

Kelly turned my way, and his eyes appeared to glow under the sparkling lights of the chandelier. Or maybe that was the alcohol swirling through my system.

“I am, but if you want to do that again right here”—he tapped his lips—“I’d be having even more.”

I closed the couple of inches between us until my lips brushed over his. Kelly hummed as the sweet taste of Jack and Coke hit my taste buds, but just as I was about to deepen the kiss, something soft and round hit me on the side of the head.

Was that a bread roll?

“Excuse me. Some of us are trying to eat over here.” East plucked the swizzle stick out of his martini and bit down on the olive, sliding it free.

“Last time I checked, olives weren’t classified as a food group.”

“Last time *I* checked, Kelly wasn’t on the menu either. So unless you plan to share—”

“Nope. Not sharing.”

“—stop tasting him in public.”

I chuckled, a feeling of relaxation spreading through me as I moved back to my seat. But I kept my hand resting on Kelly’s thigh.

East had a point, I supposed. I knew how it felt to sit and watch other couples getting all kissy-face when I had no one to do the same with. But I loved being in a relationship. East was the last person I’d expect to get in a twist over a show of affection. It wasn’t like he had the time *or* patience for anyone other than himself.

My hand crept a little higher on Kelly’s thigh, and he spread his strong legs for me to go even higher. “Fine, I’ll stick to eating what’s on the menu…for now.”

Kelly’s deep laughter rumbled around the table, making my cock jerk, and for a second I was tempted to drag him off somewhere.

“Van?” Gavin leaned around Joey and pointed to the empty plate in front of me. “You might want to eat something a little more than a salad for your next course. Those vodkas will catch up with you.”

“Thanks, *Dad*.” I shook my head, but when the room shifted a little, I figured Gavin might have a point. Problem was, I had a big runway show this weekend, and I couldn’t afford to gain an ounce of anything. So liquids it was. Vodka in particular.

“Maybe you could try some of the bread.” Daire smirked and looked at the roll that had bounced off my head and landed on the table. Figured he was the one who threw it.

“Carbs?” Travis scoffed and pulled apart his own bread roll, stuffing a piece in his mouth. “He’s not gonna eat that a couple days before a big show.”

East arched a brow at Travis. “Classy.”

“What?” Travis said around his mouthful. “It’s true.”

Kelly turned my way. “Big show?”

I rolled my eyes at my friends. “Thanks, guys. I was going to tell you about it later. I have a fashion show out of town this weekend, and I was going to ask if you wanted to come with me.”

“Oh shit,” West said from across the table. “A weekend getaway—it *must* be serious.”

JT cocked his head in his boyfriend’s direction. “We’ve never been on a weekend getaway.”

“I go to poetry slam once a week, Golden Boy. Trust me.” West leaned in and nuzzled under JT’s curls. “I’m serious about you.”

“You want me to come with you to a fashion show? Where you work?” Kelly asked, his expression somewhat incredulous.

When was he going to realize that the only person concerned about his job was him?

“Yeah. They’re putting us up for two nights on this beautiful property where the show will be held, and I thought it would be a nice getaway for us.” I squeezed his leg. “Romantic.”

Kelly reached under the table and took my hand, bringing it up to kiss my palm. “I’ll come with you if you eat something more than a salad for your next course.”

My mouth fell open as he nipped at my fingertips.

“You look perfect. Your hair. Your face. Your body. And a meal tonight will not affect any of that by the weekend.”

I chewed on my lower lip, scanning my group of friends who’d suddenly fallen silent. They stared at the man who was holding my weekend love escape ransom over a meal I did in fact, want to eat.

“Okay. I’ll have the scallops.”

A pleased grin crossed Kelly’s lips.

“Don’t think that charm of yours is going to win every time.”

“No? Well, the times it doesn’t, I’ll just have to pull out my *other* weapon.” He winked at me, and the whole table let out a round of whoops and wolf whistles. Several other groups nearby looked our way.

“Unleash the python!”

“Set free the monster!”

My friends were insane, and as they started laughing their asses off, Kelly joined in. “*You* are not helping,” I said.

“I am. Now they’re focused on something other than what you’re eating.”

I chuckled, lowering my eyes to his lap. “Your python?”

Kelly opened his mouth, but a voice interrupted him from behind.

“Did someone just say you own a *python*?”

My spine automatically stiffened at the judgmental tone. The laughing around the table died down and all eyes shifted to the intruder—my ex-boyfriend, Atticus, who had come to crash the party.

What the hell was he doing here? The last I’d heard was that he’d moved to London, and it had been good riddance, as far as I was concerned. But there was no mistaking the condescension dripping from his words or the way my hair stood on end knowing he was behind me.

Kelly glanced over his shoulder, unaware of the wet blanket that had just been thrown over the table, and smiled at the newcomer.

“Hi,” he said good-naturedly. “Not a real python, no.”

I wasn’t sure why I couldn’t seem to turn around, couldn’t seem to warn Kelly that the guy he was talking to was not worth his time. But luckily for me, I had a table full of guys who had no problem speaking their mind.

East slowly got to his feet, giving Atticus a once-over dripping with disdain. “Funny you showed up, though, just as we were discussing snakes.”

“Nice to see you again too, East.”

“I wish I could say the same. However…” East brushed at a nonexistent piece of lint. “If you could slither back from wherever you came, that would be most appreciated.”

I could feel Kelly’s eyes on me, the question in them one I hadn’t been ready to answer tonight.

“That’s rich,” Atticus scoffed. “You calling me a snake.”

East’s lip curled, and he looked like he wanted to toss his drink on the guy. “At least I don’t pretend to be anything else.”

“East.” I reached for my vodka soda and drained the rest of the contents. Then I gave a slight nod, letting him know I had this.

I pushed to my feet and looked down at Kelly, an apology in my eyes, before I turned to Atticus, who was waiting for me to acknowledge him.

"Atticus."

"Van. Looking good as always." His cold, dark eyes swept over me, and while I figured I would be repulsed or horrified by running into him again, I felt nothing.

It was funny what a year apart and dating a sex god could do for one's clarity. Add in the alcohol running through my veins, and what I'd thought would be an uncomfortable moment for me turned out to be one where I pitied him.

Kelly got to his feet, a towering figure of a man, and as Atticus looked *up* at him, I took Kelly's hand.

"Kelly, this is Atticus Dumas. Atticus, this is my boyfriend, Kelly."

Kelly's eyes widened on me. Yeah, we hadn't discussed being *boyfriends*, but I wasn't stupid—I knew the way Atticus worked, and could see the way he was eyeing Kelly. So if I had to piss a circle around him, then I would.

Atticus held his hand out. "Kelly, huh?"

Kelly took his hand, and even that amount of contact was too much for me.

"Yeah, that's right."

I *loved* the surly tone from my guy, and if I'd been worried about throwing out the word *boyfriend*, Kelly didn't seem to be in the slightest.

"That's what I thought you said." Atticus nodded, his eyes flicking between the two of us, and I would've done anything for the floor of this ballroom to open up so he could fall in it.

"I thought you were in London these days," I said.

"I am, but Father asked me back for this event. He wanted the two *heads* of the family business to be seen."

"Pretty sure they could see yours from London," Gavin muttered from across the table.

"Oh look, it's Tiny Truitt. Almost missed you there. Nice to see you still haven't found any friends of your own."

I gritted my teeth, about to tell Atticus to back the fuck off, when Daire called out, "Yeah, well, everyone knows better than to be a friend of yours. Dum*ass*."

"It's *Dumas*."

“Is there a reason you came over here?” I asked, wanting Atticus to move the hell along. What I ever saw in this guy was beyond me.

“I just wanted to say hi, and meet your new”—his eyes flicked back to Kelly—“boyfriend. You look so familiar to me.” Atticus pursed his lips, lowering his gaze over the perfectly tailored tuxedo Kelly wore. “Are you sure you only go by the name Kelly? You’re so hot it’s almost…*sin*ful.”

Fuck. He knew. Of course Atticus hadn’t come over here to see me. He hadn’t even wanted to see me when we were together. Why would I think that had changed?

Kelly dropped my hand, clearly about to do or say something. But before he could, I stepped forward, leveling Atticus with a look that should have cut him off at the knees.

“Hey, asshole. I know you’ll use anything to get in the headlines. But if you say one word to anyone at this event tonight, we’ll know where it came from. Do you hear me?”

“Aw, still so sensitive, Van. But I hear you, and I’ve *seen* you.” Atticus’s lips curled as he looked past my shoulder at Kelly. “You’ve upgraded from photos to video—that’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

I whipped my hand out before I could stop myself, grabbing his lapel and hauling him in so we were toe to toe. Then I said in a menacing voice I didn’t even know I had, “You fuck with him, *I* will fuck with you? Got it?”

Atticus’s jaw bunched as someone behind me—probably Travis—added, “And we’ll help him. Get lost, snake.”

I let go, shoving him back a step, and Atticus looked past me to the rest of the group.

“*So* good to see you all again.”

“Bye-bye,” East called out, as I glared Atticus a path away from us and he turned to walk away.

I stood there for a moment trying to calm my nerves, then felt a warm hand on the small of my back and Kelly’s lips by my ear.

“That was the hottest thing anyone has *ever* done for me.”

I glanced back at him to see him smiling smugly. “Oh yeah?”

“Fuck yes. Who knew you were such a possessive thing?”

I turned and wrapped my arms around his neck. “He was coming after what’s mine.”

“Is that right?”

“Mhmm.” I pressed a quick kiss to his lips, and then my stomach rumbled. “Huh, seems like all that possessiveness made me hungry.”

Kelly chuckled as he led me back to my seat. “Then by all means, let’s get some food in you.” As we sat down and I picked up the menu, he leaned in and said, “Don’t think we’re not going to talk more about this.”

“Later?”

Kelly winked at me. “Later. For now, I’m going to drink to me and my python’s personal bodyguard.”

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TWENTY-SIX

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kelly

THE NEXT EVENING, we arrived together at my next shoot—well, *our* next shoot, because at this point I couldn't imagine doing them without Donovan.

As we walked into the locker room where the cameras were being set up, I saw Rafferty glancing down at where I held Donovan's hand and raise a dark brow. He didn't say anything, only waved us inside, where Anita was setting up the wardrobe for the start of the scene.

"Oh no." Donovan held up a pair of white football pants, complete with thick padding, and gave me a look. "This is payback for making you wear a tux last night, isn't it?"

I smirked, fingering the snug but stretchy fabric. "If it makes you feel better, I think I'll be wearing them too."

"Reeeally?" he said. "I'm not sure they make these big enough to fit what you're packin'."

Reaching down between us, he cupped my dick, giving it a squeeze and making me groan.

"Save it for the cameras," Rafferty called out as he passed by without stopping.

I sighed, pushing Donovan's hand away. "You're trouble. I don't think you know how to be anything else."

"Which is exactly why you like me." His wicked grin only grew as he leaned in to kiss me.

Then Anita stepped between us and shoved a football helmet against Donovan's chest.

"You. Masked man. Wear this," she said.

Donovan's nose wrinkled. "You want me to put a used, sweaty helmet on *this* head of hair? No way. My stylist will have a shit fit."

"Well, here, *I* am the stylist. Pretty boy wants a mask, here's a mask. And this." She held up some kind of black face paint.

Donovan's eyes collided with mine. "I take back what I said. This isn't just payback; now you owe me."

"You have something against football gear, *pretty boy*?" I grinned, enjoying this as I leaned against a locker.

"Yes. It's smelly and reminds me of an ex."

"Not Atticus, I assume." Smirking, I reached out, curling my finger into the waistband of his navy pants, and tugged him toward me. He came, willingly…just like he would later, several times over. "You think you can manage this? For me?"

Donovan groaned, and I could see his resolve weakening. "Dammit, Kelly."

"Is that a yes?" I rubbed circles along his lower abdomen with my thumb, then dipped below the waistband. "You can be my tight end."

He groaned again and stilled my hand. "It's not a *no*."

"Don't worry, baby, I'll be quick taking your pants off."

Donovan's gorgeous eyes heated, and I knew I had him.

And selfishly, I really wanted to see the way his ass would fill out that gear. He had the perfect body for a quarterback, all athletic, lean muscles and a cocky smile to match.

I widened my legs as Donovan stepped between them, pressing his hand against my chest so my back was fully against the locker. He ghosted his lips over mine, not quite touching, but just enough to drive me crazy. I jerked forward to capture his teasing mouth, but he was faster, moving his head back to keep out of my reach.

"Uh uh," he said, a shit-eating smile curving his lips. "Save it for the cameras, remember?"

"Fuck the cameras."

"How about you fuck me *for* the cameras?"

My cock practically lurched out of my damn pants.

It took everything I had in me to push Donovan away to go get ready, but I couldn't resist swatting his firm ass as he went.

I changed into the gear, with Anita assisting us both with the padding situation, which made the pants even more snug than I'd expected.

Donovan had been right about one thing—my dick was already being choked to death in these suckers. Fuck me, I wouldn't have any circulation left if we didn't start this soon.

"Sin, we need to talk." Rafferty swept his ass-length braids aside to sit in the director's chair behind me as I stood in front of the mirror smearing thick black lines under my eyes.

"Here to set the scene?" I asked.

"Not really. Other than provide you the location and gear, you and your partner have free rein today."

My eyes met his in the mirror. "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Come on, Raff, you love a storyboard. Whatcha got planned for us tonight? Rival players? Some hate fucking?"

He waved me off. "Any of that is fine. Your choice."

That had me narrowing my eyes in suspicion, because *bullshit*. "My choice?"

"Yes."

"So if I wanted to ram the whole football team, that'd be fine by you?"

"Might be a longer shoot than our schedule allows, but I don't see a problem with it."

All right, now I knew something was up.

I turned, crossing my arms. "I get all this freedom why? I'm new. I haven't paid my dues or whatever shit Anita said I needed to do."

"No, but you *have* provided Xes with its highest-rated scenes in years. Their subscription rate is through the roof thanks to you…" He gestured toward my hips. "And your sex hammer."

My brows shot up as surprise filtered through me. Holy shit, that was… unexpected.

"That's also what I need to talk to you about," he said, and something about his tone told me I wasn't gonna like whatever was coming next.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Donovan a few feet away pretending not to eavesdrop as Anita painted his face.

"You've been getting a lot of interest," Rafferty continued. "Some of the biggest names in the industry have reached out, and it's time to take advantage of your momentum. Expand your horizons."

"Meaning?"

“As of next week, you’ll be shooting three times a week, rotating partners that Xes will be in charge of scheduling. Not to say they haven’t enjoyed the masked man aspect—obviously the numbers on the site would agree—but their other performers get a little demanding when new talent shows up and they don’t get a piece of the action.”

I nodded slowly as a handful of different thoughts and emotions rolled through me. Obviously this was going to happen. I’d gotten into this business for a reason, and not one performer out there kept a monogamous partner for shoots. That wasn’t anything I’d expected either, but…

That was before I’d met Donovan.

I tried not to notice the way he’d gone so still that I wasn’t even sure he was breathing. I wondered what was going through his mind, whether it bothered him at all or if he was cool with it.

Donovan was open about a lot of things, but I couldn’t imagine he’d be quick to share, not after the possessive way he’d thrown down last night. That had been super hot, and so had hearing the word *boyfriend* fall from those kissable lips.

Would he still feel the same way having a boyfriend who fucked other guys for a living?

Hell, would *I*?

Rafferty watched me intently as I swallowed and gave him a nod.

“That’s the job, right?” I said, trying to sound more lighthearted than I felt. Because what I felt was a boulder dropping onto my chest. Which was stupid, because this was what I’d signed up for. Even Donovan knew that when he met me.

That didn’t do much to lessen the conflict warring inside me, though.

“Pretty boy over there can be welcomed back as an occasional special guest if you’d like,” Rafferty said, rising from the chair, and before he turned to leave, his hand found my shoulder. “Whatever’s going on with you two will need to stay outside of work. But for tonight, have fun and go wild.”

Then he gave me a squeeze and wandered off, calling out for his assistant and snapping his fingers.

I let out a breath I didn’t realize I’d been holding and schooled my face into nonchalance as I turned to face Donovan. The last thing I wanted him to see was how affected I was about the news.

“Everyone’s dying for a piece of Sin,” he said, trying for a smile. He was shirtless except for the shoulder pads—his rock-hard abs were on full display, and those tight pants rode low on his hips.

Damn. I had to remember to thank whoever came up with this concept, because I never would’ve guessed Donovan in football gear would make my dick rise to the occasion.

“Don’t move.” Anita dabbed her finger in the black eye paint, and when Donovan’s smile faded, she went back to painting. I noticed he was getting thicker lines than I’d swiped on, most likely to help cover his gorgeous face.

Always such a shame.

“Can’t say I blame them,” Donovan continued, keeping his face straight for Anita. “I was the same. Eager for a chance to get my hands on you.”

“No.” I shook my head and moved toward him, ready for Anita to get out of the way. “There’s not one part of you that’s the same as anyone else. Not even close.”

A faint grin tried to appear, but a huff from Anita had it dropping quickly. “Watch it, or your nickname will change to ‘Sin the sweetheart’ instead of ‘Sin and his sex hammer.’”

That made me bust out a laugh, which made the rock of unease in my stomach break apart for the moment.

“All right, all done,” Anita said, her voice laced with irritation. “Careful with the jersey.”

As she stomped off, I made a motion for him to spin around. He rolled his eyes, but did as requested, and I let out a low whistle.

“Can I just say how damn sexy you are, even in sweaty football gear?”

“If you think this is hot, you need to get your eyes checked.”

“Oh? You don’t think I rock this?” I teased, turning around so he could get the full view as well. Unlike him, I had the jersey on already, and I almost laughed when I faced him again and saw his expression.

“You look hot in anything, but I prefer you with nothing on.”

“Then I guess we should come up with a scene that’ll have you stripping me out of this pretty quick, huh?”

“We should.” His mouth quirked as he nodded, and I reached out to hold his hands. “Kelly—” he started, but I cut him off.

“We should talk about this.”

Donovan was silent for a long moment, staring at our hands. “Yeah.”

“What Rafferty said…how do you feel about it?”

“Proud of you, first of all.”

My eyes widened. That was not where I thought he was about to go with this. “*Proud*?” I repeated.

“Yeah. Highest-rated scenes? Getting so many people to join a site just to see you? That’s amazing.”

“Not like I had a whole lot to do with a God-given appendage.”

“Oh my God, that’s not it,” he said, rolling his eyes. “You have a presence about you that the camera picks up on. That’s you, not your glorious dick, though that’s a definite perk.”

“One you don’t mind sharing?”

Donovan’s mouth snapped shut, and he seemed to weigh his words carefully. If it’d been the other way around, I was sure a “fuck no” would’ve rolled off my tongue.

“Honestly?” he said after a long moment. “This is uncharted territory for me. I’m not sure what is right for me to feel.”

“*Right* for you to feel? Why don’t you just tell me *how* you feel?”

“Because it’s selfish,” he said, dropping my hands and taking a step back. “Because I knew what I was getting myself into with you, and I did it anyway. This is your job.”

“And?”

His brow furrowed, and his hazel eyes searched mine. “And what?”

“And how does it make you feel, Donovan?”

“It…” He took in a deep inhale then let it out slowly. “It doesn’t matter. It’s not right to tell you to quit your job because I don’t want you with anyone else.”

“And that’s what you want?” I said, taking a step toward him. “To be the only one who touches me?”

When Donovan’s back hit the locker, I took his chin firmly between my fingers so he couldn’t look away. I knew the conflict he was feeling, knew which side he wanted to win out, because that was exactly what was happening inside me.

“What do *you* want?” His voice was practically a whisper.

I wanted to answer, to have some magic solution for us both, but just like Donovan, I didn’t know how to navigate these new waters.

“Talent, you’re needed on set—scene starts in five,” Rafferty’s assistant called over the megaphone.

“Shit.” There was no time to work through all this right now, not when we needed to get excited for a shoot we hadn’t even plotted out the basics of.

I dropped my hold on Donovan and backed away as I ran a hand through my hair. “We’ll, um. Talk about this later.”

He nodded. “Yeah. Looks like we’re going to have a lot to talk about this weekend.”

I helped him into his jersey, making sure it didn’t get stuck in the shoulder pads, and tried to shake off the gnawing feeling that was taking over.

Sex. Donovan naked. His cock hard in my hand; his cum dripping down my fingers.

That was what I needed to focus on. For the next few hours, all I had to do was enjoy the man I craved with every part of me.

And whatever came after, we’d deal with it. Later.

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TWENTY-SEVEN

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donovan

WE HADN'T GOTTEN around to talking later, at least not last night. It would have to come soon, though, and I had no clue how to handle this situation.

I stared out the window of the Sprinter, absently twirling my hair around my finger as Scotty drove us to Astor the next morning. I wasn't even sure why I'd bothered, since it wasn't like I'd be able to focus on anything other than my current dilemma, but I'd forced myself to get dressed and join the rest of the guys for our Thursday classes.

Fingers snapped somewhere near my ear, and then I heard someone say, "I think he's broken. Does he take batteries or a charger?"

"Knock it off. Something's obviously wrong." Gavin plopped down on the seat in front of me and waved a hand in front of my face. "Van? Hello?"

Sighing at the interruption in my thoughts, I slid my gaze over to concerned pale eyes. There were questions written all over my brother's face, but I wouldn't even know where to start.

"Is everything okay?" he asked. "Because you—"

"Look like a fuckin' zombie."

Gavin looked past me, shooting Daire a dirty look. "Can you not?"

"Just bein' honest."

West rolled his eyes and moved to the seat on the other side of me. "When it comes from you, Daire, sometimes it's better just to not say anything." Then he took one look at my face and cocked his head. "On second thought, he *does* remind me of something from *The Walking Dead*."

"Seriously, guys?" I said, my annoyance overriding my thoughts. "I'm right here."

“See, that worked.” West’s smile grew, and he leaned back, resting his ankle over his knee. “Just tell a model they look undead and it horrifies them to the point of coming back to life.”

Normally I’d have a response to that, but I couldn’t find it in me to care. Not when I had more important things to deal with.

“Kelly has to fuck other guys starting next week,” I blurted out, just as Scotty pulled the door of the van open wide. I hadn’t even realized we’d arrived at Astor, much less that our poor driver would have to hear all that, but he’d definitely heard worse from us.

Silence filled the van for a long moment before Preston turned his head toward Scotty.

“I think we’re gonna need a minute,” he said.

To Scotty’s credit, he didn’t react, just gently shut the door as my friends all turned my way.

East was the first to speak, which was never a good sign. “And this is a problem why?”

Preston glared him down. “Did you not hear him?”

“Yeah, I heard him. A porn star has to fuck other guys? Shocking.”

“East is right,” Travis said, but held his hands up. “No offense, Van, but what did you think would happen?”

My stomach was doing all sorts of dips and dives I wasn’t at all familiar with, and the frustration of what I was feeling had me snapping, “I sure as hell didn’t think I’d catch feelings for him.”

The silence that followed was deafening, shades of surprise on all my friends’ faces.

“Oh shit,” Travis muttered, running his hand through his dark hair, locking eyes with Preston, and inclining his head.

Preston nodded and opened the sliding door. “Hey, Scotty, we have a situation. Take us on a drive, please. A long one.”

Relief flowed through me as the Sprinter pulled away from the curb and the buildings once again became a blur. I didn’t mind skipping class, and I was grateful that no matter how mouthy and unhinged my friends were, they were willing to do the same for me.

We’d figure this out. They’d know what to do.

“Okay, since I was the last one to be on the receiving end of a Van Talk, and I have a sexy-as-fuck boyfriend as a result, I think it’s only right I lead this one,” West announced, causing the rest of the guys to groan.

I wasn’t sure how “Van Talks” had started, or why any of the guys came to me for advice, but it had become a thing in the last couple of years. Van Talks in the van. Maybe it was that I had experience with relationships, unlike the one-night-stands most of the guys embarked on. Or maybe it was that I wasn’t quite as hotheaded and sarcastic as a couple of the others and could actually give decent advice.

Whatever it was, I’d always been the one they came to, not the one who needed a talk.

That’s how I knew I was fucked.

“So let me get this straight… Ha! Now there’s a laugh—”

“West…” I groaned, and he cocked a brow at me.

“Were you or were you not the one who took great joy out of the video of JT handing me my ass? I think that’s earned you a few jokes here and there.”

“A *few*? I’ve been on the butt end of all your jokes for the past week.”

“There is an obvious joke there,” East pointed out, but then swiped his hand through the air. “But I don’t want to be obvious.”

“Stop it,” Preston said, glaring at everyone. “Can’t you see how upset he is? How would you like it if JT had to go and have sex with a bunch of different men next week?”

“I’d fucking kill all of them,” West said without a second’s hesitation.

“But again,” Travis said, “JT’s not a porn star. Kelly is. It’s not surprising he’s in demand. The guy is hot.”

I narrowed my eyes on him, just about done with the fact he had a boner for my guy. “So if you were dating him, you wouldn’t mind if I fucked him for the night?”

A thoughtful expression crossed his face. “I feel like that’s a trick question.”

Daire gave him a swift uppercut to the back of the head. “Because it is, moron. Try not to be so obtuse, would you?”

“*Sorry*, okay. But don’t act like you all aren’t thinking it too.”

West eyed Travis. “Difference is, we backed off when we found out he was Van’s.”

“You have a boyfriend, dickwad.”

“And you could too if you’d get the fuck over—”

“Shut. Up,” Travis grit out and I’d just about had enough.

“How about you all shut up? I thought this Van Talk was for me, not you assholes. God, no wonder I’m the only one giving out advice.”

Travis slumped back in his seat, arms crossed, as West opened his mouth to keep talking. But I quickly put my hand up.

“Here’s my problem,” I said, when it was clear if I wanted to have any kind of pep talk, it was going to have to come from myself. “I like Kelly, a lot. I didn’t expect it, or go looking for it. It just kind of…happened.”

Gavin’s eyes took on a sympathetic look, and I wondered why in the hell he continued to hang around us. He was such a sweet soul usually and would probably have a much better outlook on life if he didn’t have us as his influences. But at least I could keep an eye on him this way.

“That’s great, Van.” He reached for my hand and squeezed. “Did you tell him how you feel? That you don’t want him to…you know?”

I scanned the rest of the group: East’s arched brow, West’s curious expression, Preston’s slight wince, and Travis’s expectant stare. Daire, on the other hand, was looking out the window, no doubt wishing he was anywhere but here.

For once in our lives, that was something we could agree on.

“I…”

“Yeees?”

I shook my head at West’s ridiculous grin.

“No. I didn’t tell him, okay?” I let out a sigh and ran a hand through my hair. Jesus, was it too early for a drink? “What could I possibly say? ‘I know you’re a porn star, but now that I like you, could you maybe *stop* being one’? That’s hardly fair. Like you said, I went into this knowing what he does for a living. This is how he pays his rent. I can’t just ask him to stop.”

“Why not?”

“Because he needs to eat—”

“Again, there’s an obvious pun, but…” East waved his hand in the air.

“*Food,*” I stressed. “He needs to eat and live. I can’t just expect him to give that up because I fell for him.”

“Maybe he wouldn’t see it as giving something up if he knew how you felt,” Gavin replied.

“He did say he wasn’t exactly thrilled by the idea.”

“See?” Preston pointed at me. “That tells you he’s feeling a bit uncomfortable too. It sounds like he—”

“Doesn’t wanna fuck anyone but you.” Daire gave me an exasperated look. “This isn’t rocket science, for fuck’s sake. Tell him how you feel and that you only want him putting his pole in your hole. End of story.”

Well, that was to the point. “You don’t think he’ll resent me?”

“Why?” Daire’s lip curled. “’Cause you want him to fuck only you?”

“Well, more that I’m asking him to change careers.”

“You aren’t gonna ask him shit. You’re gonna tell him how you feel and what you want. What he does with it after that is on him. You can only control you.”

Damn. It was a rare day when Daire handed out the best advice in the van, but he was spot-on. Maybe a little blunter than everyone else, but he was saying exactly what I was thinking, and that was what I’d needed to hear.

West scanned the vehicle, a flabbergasted look on his face. “Is anyone else still trying to work out when Daire learned to string more than three words together?”

Daire flipped him off and went back to looking out the window.

“Maybe you should be more concerned with the fact he has more brain cells than any one of you,” I pointed out. “I thought you were supposed to take point on this Van Talk, since you had a hot boyfriend and all.”

“Seriously?” East snorted. “He only *got* that boyfriend because you told him how. If you’re counting on him to secure a man, you, my friend, might as well sign up for a lifetime membership with Xes, because that’s the only way you’ll ever see Sin again.”

Like hell it would be.

“Hey, aren’t you two going away this weekend?”

I looked at West eyeing me with a mischievous grin. “We are.”

“Well, don’t you think that would be the perfect time to talk about all of this?”

“Yeah, I mean, we already said we had to talk—”

“And you told *me* that grand gestures are what wins over hearts.” He pointed at himself. “I listened, and I got the guy. So what grand gesture can you do at this place you’re going that will wow his socks off?”

“Pretty sure Van’s already worked out how to wow his socks off,” Travis chimed in. “But that’s not a bad idea. Can you do something, I don’t know, special?”

Now they were talking. Where we were going was pretty impressive on its own, but I had a feeling if I called up, I'd be able to swing something more special than the usual stay.

"Maybe I could plan a romantic dinner or picnic or something?"

East rolled his eyes. "I suppose you could do that. Personally, I think you should pick him up in that fancy car you polish once a week down in the garages."

"Oh yeah." Preston nodded. "I bet he'd die over that, and the weather's meant to be good."

I tapped my fingers on the arm of my seat, thinking it over. I could pick Kelly up after my last class, drive us out of the city, and have a romantic picnic set up for the two of us. That way we'd be alone, we could talk, and maybe, just maybe, we could come to some kind of decision on where we went from here.

I liked that idea. No, I *loved* that idea. Hard to believe, considering it had come from this cynical lot.

"That's perfect. That's exactly what I'm going to do." I chuckled as I looked around at my friends, never more grateful to have them in my life than I was right now. "I can't believe I'm going to say this, but this was actually a really helpful talk."

"Gee, thanks," Travis grumbled.

"See, we do have brains." West puffed out his chest.

"Yeah, five of yours managed to equal one." Daire snorted. "That's impressive."

"You have one cohesive thought and we're all supposed to be impressed?"

"I don't care what you are, unless it's out of this van in the next five minutes."

Gavin shook his head. "D…"

"Seriously, though," I said, letting out a relieved sigh. "This really did help. I think this was exactly what I needed."

"Of course it was," Preston agreed. "Now you just have to decide if you can handle what he does enough to keep him or if this is it and you need to cut ties."

Just the thought of ending things with Kelly made my stomach turn, but at the same time, I needed to work out a way to be okay with what he did if I wanted to keep him.

Fate had led me to him once before, but maybe this time I would give fate a helping hand, because there was no way I was going to let go of Kelly Sinclair without a fight.

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TWENTY-EIGHT

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kelly

DONOVAN:
Be there in ten.

I TOSSED A second pair of jeans into my overnight bag and smiled at the message that had just popped up on my phone.

As much as I didn't want to admit it, I'd been waiting for it all day. It was Friday afternoon, and the two of us were headed out of town for the weekend. Donovan had his big runway show, and I was happy to go along with him and spend a couple of days with him outside of the city, away from distractions—and from his friends.

Not that I didn't enjoy hanging out with them, but we'd had a pretty full-on week where every time we turned around we seemed to run into someone. So it was going to be nice to get away and just *be*.

Can't wait.

I rushed around my tiny apartment grabbing the final few things I needed. Donovan had told me to pack light, which made me laugh, because I could only imagine the kind of luggage his friends usually brought for a trip out

of town. But he had no need to worry with me—packing light was the only way I knew how to travel.

I zipped up my bag and slung it over my shoulder, and after a final look around the small space, I pulled my door shut and headed downstairs.

The glare of the sun streamed through the door to my apartment building, so I flipped my sunglasses into place and stepped outside as the throaty purr of an expensive car filled my ears.

I looked up the street to see a sleek black roadster pulling up to the curb, and sitting behind the wheel was the man I was running away with for the next two days.

I didn't think Donovan could be any sexier than he already was. But put him in what I could now see was a Jaguar convertible, in a pair of Aviators, with his windswept blond hair all over the place, and the guy was every fantasy I'd ever had—and more.

The car drew to a stop, and Donovan slung an arm over the back of the red leather passenger seat and looked up at me, that million-dollar smile full of charm and confidence.

"Hey there, handsome. Wanna go for a ride?"

I stepped up to the passenger door, aware I wasn't the only one checking out the car or the man inside it.

"*This* is what you're picking me up in?" I ran a hand over the door. "I thought the van."

Donovan drew off his sunglasses. "What? You don't like my car?"

"Your car?" I figured he'd rented it for the weekend—or leased it. I'd never seen him drive anywhere, and I was surprised he knew how. A lot of New Yorkers didn't.

"I got it a few years ago. For my sixteenth birthday."

My brain exploded at the notion that anyone would own something so expensive so young, let alone at sixteen. "Are you serious?"

"Yep. Pretty *sweet*, huh? It's a 1962 Jaguar E-Type."

"Jesus. Who are you?"

Donovan got out to open the trunk and winked. "A prince, baby."

I shook my head in disbelief and stored my bag, then climbed into the passenger seat. Donovan got back in, reached for the back of my neck, and pulled me in for a kiss. Greedy for a taste of that sweet-talking mouth, I swept my tongue along his lower lip.

Donovan hummed as he pushed away from me. “You look good in my car.”

I chuckled, resting my arm on the open window frame. “I’m pretty sure anyone would look good in this car.”

“Maybe, but I’m only looking at you.”

My heart thumped a little harder, because I knew exactly how he felt. Ever since he’d walked into my life, it was like no one else existed, and I was okay with that. He was the only one I wanted.

“So, are you going to tell me where we’re going now?”

Donovan shook his head and put the car into gear. “Nope, it’s a surprise.”

“I’m not sure I can handle any more surprises. I’m still getting over this one.” I smoothed my hand over the impeccable leather upholstery on the doors, the same cherry red as the seats. “Donovan, this car is—”

“Gorgeous?”

“Fuck yes.” I laughed. “Sorry. I don’t think I’ve ever seen anything like it.”

“Don’t be sorry. Just promise to pet *me* like that later.” Donovan pulled into traffic and maneuvered the car like a dream through the Friday afternoon congestion, and I wasn’t sure why, but the fact he could drive so well was a complete and utter shock.

That’d teach me not to stereotype.

Once we got through the city and exited the tunnel, Donovan looked at me, a grin on his handsome face.

“Good thing you went with hair up today,” he shouted as he weaved between several cars to get in the lane he needed, then finally we broke free of the major congestion and hit the parkways.

The sun was shining, but with fall here to stay, the temperature was as close to perfect as it could get.

I sang along to the music blaring from the speakers, happy to watch Donovan as he drove, and that was when I realized I didn’t care where we were going or staying this weekend—as long as it was with him.

About an hour or so later, the scenery around us began to change from the city and parkways to lush greenery that went on for miles. Donovan drove us down roads canopied by gorgeous maples turning every shade of red, brown, and yellow. When he slowed the car to a crawl and turned off the main road, my jaw hit the floor of his Jag.

“Holy shit.” I sat forward, staring up the gravel entryway lined with high-clipped hedges and screened what I was assuming was a massive property from prying eyes. “What is this place?”

“Avalon Castle.”

I glanced over to see Donovan grinning.

“*This* is where your show is?”

“Yep. It’s also where we’re staying this weekend.”

I could see some kind of gated entrance up ahead. As we drove up to it, a man in a suit and tie stepped out to greet us.

“Welcome to Avalon Castle.”

“Thank you,” Donovan said as though nothing about this was unusual to him at all. Hell, for all I knew, his family owned a place like this.

“We’re here for the Lemaire Fashion Show,” he added. “We’re staying in one of your suites for the weekend.”

“Wonderful, and what’s your name?”

“Donovan Truitt.”

The man stepped back into his checkpoint, and a few seconds later came out with a key card.

“Here you go, Mr. Truitt. This is your access for the gate here, and once you check in, they’ll give you your key for the room.”

“We appreciate it, thank you.”

“Of course. Enjoy your stay at Avalon Castle.”

He stepped away from the car, and a second later the wrought-iron gates yawned open. When Donovan pulled inside the large courtyard, the magnificent mansion finally came into full view.

Wow.

It was like something out of a movie towered over us. It looked like some kind of French chateau. Avalon Castle was completely and utterly breathtaking.

“What do you think?” Donovan asked as he parked.

“I… I don’t think I’ve ever been to a place like this in my life.”

Donovan placed a hand on my leg. “Good, then I’ll be your first.”

I turned and brushed a soft kiss over his smiling lips. “It’s beautiful, and so are you.”

“Thank you.” Donovan closed his eyes and took a deep inhale. “I love it out here. It’s quiet, and the air is fresh. The perfect getaway.”

“Checking in, sir?” the valet said as he opened Donovan’s door while another opened mine. They quickly took care of our bags, and after Donovan handed off his keys, he laced his fingers through mine and we headed inside the massive building to check in.

The lobby was just as ornate as the outside, with a double staircase cascading down to the marbled floor. “Will the show be in here?” I asked.

“Actually, no,” came a voice from behind us. The man smiled and gestured toward the other side of the room, where a wall of windows showcased an expansive, perfectly manicured lawn. “Lemaire has chosen the garden for tomorrow’s events.”

Garden? What I was looking at was nothing short of grand, with hedges, fountains, and flowers that went on for acres.

“You must be Donovan Truitt,” the man said. “I’m Paul Bradley, and I’ll be your concierge for the weekend. Would you like to be shown to your suite, or may I take you directly to your request?”

His request? What did that mean?

“The request, please.” Donovan winked at me and squeezed my fingers. As we followed Paul to the garden, I wondered what my guy had planned. Already this weekend was unreal, but I would’ve been happy holed up in a dodgy room somewhere, as long as it was with him.

But this would do juuust fine.

Paul led us past the crew of workers putting together the runway for tomorrow and toward a hill that overlooked a sparkling blue pond. A large blanket had been laid out on the grass, adorned with pastel pillows of all colors, and a couple of cozy blankets. Wine chilled in an engraved silver-plated bucket of ice, and there were several baskets and platters of delicious-looking food waiting for us.

“You planned this?” I tore my eyes away from the gorgeous setup to see Donovan smiling back at me.

“I thought we might be hungry when we arrived.”

No, he’d wanted to do something nice, something romantic, and that had me feeling a certain way, even as all the reasons this could be a bad idea roamed in the back of my mind.

“I love it,” I said, bringing Donovan’s hand up to my lips to press a kiss to his knuckles.

“I’ll leave you to it, then. Please call the number I gave you if there’s anything at all you need.” Paul bowed before heading back to the mansion,

and I found myself staring after him.

“Did he just…bow?” I said.

Donovan laughed, an easy, relaxed sound, as he tugged me toward the blanket. “I think he’s used to working with royals. Must be a habit.”

“Unless the Park Avenue Prince name has a different meaning than the one you told me.”

“Nah, I’m not royalty. But it’s nice to be treated as such.”

I couldn’t argue that. We both kicked off our shoes and sat along the fluffed-up pillows, but the grass was surprisingly thick and soft under the blanket, rendering them unnecessary.

He handed me a glass and poured us both some wine. “I know we’re both liquor drinkers, but there’s a winery on the estate that’s supposed to be excellent. I also think it would’ve hurt their feelings if I’d said no.”

I chuckled and tapped my glass to his. “It’s perfect. This whole weekend is already perfect.”

“Yeah?” A shy smile I’d never seen on Donovan before had me curious what he was thinking. I knew we still had a lot we needed to talk about, and the deadline of my next shoot hovered over us like a dark cloud.

But it was hard to think of anything other than how right it felt every time I was near him. It’d been that way from the day we met. So easy to talk to, to touch, to just *be* with. Even though we hadn’t known each other long, I couldn’t imagine giving him up. It just didn’t feel like an option.

I took a long sip of the wine, and it went down smooth, with hints of blackberry and plum trailing down my throat. If all wine tasted this good, maybe I’d drink more of it.

Donovan set his glass on the small table beside us and fixed us both a plate of food. There were fruits and cheeses, but also a selection of finger foods like sliders, sushi cups, and empanadas. Every bit of it was exquisite, and I was impressed that Donovan indulged a little, though I was the only one going back for seconds.

Belly full, I stretched out along the pillows beside him, leaning back on my hands as I joined him in looking out over the water. He’d gone quiet since we’d gotten here, and I could tell something was on his mind, something he needed to get out.

I nudged my arm against his gently. “Talk to me. Where’s that gorgeous head at?”

“That obvious, huh?” Donovan’s lips pulled tight, and he didn’t look at me as he stared out at the pond. After a long moment, he swallowed and then said, “I like you, Kelly. A lot.”

I nodded but stayed silent, knowing that wasn’t all he needed to say. But when nothing came out, I prompted, “But…?”

He let out a loud exhale and shook his head. “I want to be with you.”

I couldn’t help my wide grin, or the way my pulse kicked up a few notches. “That doesn’t sound like a problem to me.”

“It is when I don’t think I can share you,” he said, finally meeting my eyes. “I know it’s not fair, and I know what I got myself into when I met you, but I also know I’ll regret it if I don’t tell you I want you to be mine. Only mine.”

God, my heart was tripping all over itself. Wasn’t this what every person alive wanted to hear?

I was reaching for Donovan and taking his lips with mine before I could stop myself. His mouth was soft, pliant, and tasted like rich, sweet wine. Every time our lips met, it was electric. Every time I touched him, I couldn’t *stop* touching him. He was an itch I could never scratch, a hunger I couldn’t seemed to sate. I kissed him until we were both breathless, until I’d tasted every inch of his delicious mouth.

I rested my forehead against his, waiting until my breathing evened out and I could speak again. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“Being honest. Telling me what you want.”

“I don’t think that makes it any easier.”

“No,” I agreed, smiling a little. “It makes this complicated as hell.”

I leaned back so I could look at him, at that unbelievably beautiful face. It almost hurt to look at someone so gorgeous. I forced myself to hold his hand so I didn’t reach for him again, because there were things that needed to be said, whether or not we wanted to talk about them.

“Since you’ve been honest with me, it’s only fair I do the same,” I said, running my thumb along his knuckles. “You’re incredible, Donovan. I’m lucky you even looked my way.”

He started to protest, but I put a finger up to his lips.

“Of course I want to be with you too. That’s not even a question. It’s like since I met you, everything’s just fallen into place. We haven’t had to put a label on it because I think we both know we’re in it.”

Donovan nodded, and I caught the way he bit down on the corner of his lip.

“I hate even talking about this, but the truth about my situation is that it’s been a rough few months. The city doesn’t make it easy to stay there. Jobs are hard to get; everything’s expensive as hell. Living paycheck to paycheck doing jobs I hated just to make ends meet… I was fuckin’ over it. Once Sven moved out, I had some hard decisions to make. Did I move back to Oregon? Should I stick it out here? What kind of life did I want?”

I took in a deep breath as Donovan waited patiently for me to continue.

“The opportunity to work with Xes fell into my lap, and I’ll be honest, my first reaction was that it was crazy. But the more I thought about it, the more it started to make sense. I’m not shy about my body. I work hard for it, and I got lucky in the size department.”

Donovan smirked in agreement.

“I guess I’ve always wanted…to be somebody. Does that make sense? I kind of assumed when I was younger that meant something entirely different, like modeling or acting. But this gig…” I shrugged. “It has its perks. It’s a way to put myself out there. People know who I am. And the pay is so good I don’t have to worry about money. It’s just a weight off my shoulders. You know?”

“I know,” Donovan said softly. I knew this wasn’t what he wanted to hear, and I sure as hell didn’t want to actually say it. But I wouldn’t lie to him.

“Do you?”

“Yes. And I want to… Please don’t take this the wrong way, okay? But…if money is an issue, I have—”

“No.” I knew my voice came out firmer than I’d meant it to, but I wasn’t going to budge on this. “I didn’t tell you all that for your money.”

“I know, but—”

“But nothing. I won’t take it. I don’t want it. I know you’d only offer it to help, and I appreciate that, but I’ve got to make my own way, Donovan. It’s important to me. You understand that, right?”

He wet his lips, looking away. “I understand. I’m not going to hold you back from doing something you want to do.”

“Want and need are two different things.”

“Okay, then I won’t hold you back from something you *need* to do. I just…”

When his words broke off, I cupped his face, forcing him to look at me. When his eyes met mine again, they glistened.

“You just what?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

“I just don’t know that I can...”

“That you can what?”

Donovan shook his head as though erasing the thought. “I just don’t think I can let you go yet.”

I knew that wasn’t what he’d been about to say, but selfishly, it was what I needed to hear. I didn’t want to lose him, but at the same time, I had to be able to provide for myself. What I needed and what I wanted were in direct conflict with each other. But maybe they wouldn’t always be.

My lips ghosted over his, giving him the softest brush of a kiss. “Then don’t.”

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TWENTY-NINE

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donovan

I TURNED OFF the shower and stepped out onto the plush mat covering the tiled floor of the luxurious en suite.

After our picnic, Kelly and I had walked off some of the food and wine around the immaculate grounds of the estate before heading up to the main house, where we were taken on a tour of the hall.

It was the perfect way to see the grounds and learn a little history about the place, but as the sun had started to set and a couple of hours passed by, I decided I was done with the sightseeing and ready to take Kelly up to our room.

Just like the picnic, I'd called ahead to make sure we'd been upgraded from a standard room to a suite, and from Kelly's stunned reaction when we'd stepped inside our romantic hideaway for the next two days, my planning had paid off.

Every time his handsome face lit up with a smile, or his eyes sparkled with pleasure, my stomach flipped and my heart thumped a little harder than normal. I was so head over heels, I wasn't sure how I was actually able to stand around him.

I swiped the condensation from the mirror and stared at the reflection looking back at me, wondering how in the hell I was supposed to come to terms with sharing the amazing man waiting for me in the adjoining bedroom.

The talk earlier had at least given me a chance to put my feelings out there, so he knew where I stood. But it had also left us with a lot of decisions to make. One big one in particular.

But I wasn't going to think about that tonight. Tonight was about us, and I was going to enjoy every second of it.

I wrapped the towel around my waist, slicked my damp hair back from my face, then headed for the door. I'd made Kelly shower separately so I could take my time and get ready for him—but I'd really done it to ramp up the anticipation. I wanted him thinking about me naked in the shower, getting my body primed for his.

With that thought in mind, I opened the door to find our room now awash in candlelight.

While I'd left Kelly standing at the foot of our bed with a teasing kiss under a bright chandelier, he now stood in nothing but a pair of black silk pajama pants, his hair falling all around that sexy face, the flickering light of the candles illuminating his golden skin.

The bed was covered in rose petals, a bottle of champagne sat in a bucket on the bureau in the corner, and my breath caught somewhere in the back of my throat.

When had he…? How had he…?

"Hey there, you." Kelly walked around the end of the enormous four-poster bed and held out his hand. "I was wondering when you were finally going to join me."

Stunned speechless, for maybe the first time in my life, I slipped my hand into his and let him draw me away from the door.

"I…" I looked around the room again and shook my head.

"You didn't think you were the only one who could pull off something romantic, did you?"

If I had, I was sorely mistaken, because this was breathtaking—and so was the man standing in front of me.

"When?"

Kelly let go of my hand and reached for my face, trailing his fingers down my cheek and along my jaw. "I asked about it during the tour when __"

"I excused myself after all that wine."

"And when you told me I was going to shower separately, I knew it was the perfect moment." Kelly put a finger under my chin and lowered his head to brush his lips over mine. "You little tease."

"What would've happened if I'd asked you to come and shower with me?"

"Then I would've made an excuse and joined you after I called and told them to set this up." Kelly kissed his way up to my ear and whispered, "I

wanted tonight to be special for you too.”

A shiver raced through me as I turned to face him. “It’s already special. It’s with you.”

He took my face in both hands, his eyes alight with desire and… something more.

“That’s the perfect answer.” He teased his tongue along my lower lip. “Let me in, Donovan. I want all of you tonight.”

I was in so much trouble with this guy.

I braced my hands on Kelly’s warm, naked chest and opened for him, and he slipped his tongue inside to take a long, leisurely taste, sampling every inch of my mouth.

My cock throbbed at the delicious sensations coursing through me, and I smoothed my hands over his shoulders and moved up onto my tiptoes in an attempt to get closer. Kelly’s other hand disappeared between us and pulled my towel free. As the cool air hit my warm skin, I groaned.

His silk pajama pants felt amazing against my stiff dick.

Kelly chuckled, well aware that the soft material would drive my sensitive skin crazy. Something that was obvious when he grabbed my ass and thrust a leg between mine.

“You like that?”

I rocked my hips forward, rubbing my erection up against his, hidden beneath the silk.

“So much,” I panted, and did it again, sliding my fingers into the back of his hair to bring his lips down to mine. “But if you let me keep doing it, I’m going to come all over you in about five seconds.”

Kelly nipped at my lower lip. “Can’t have that now, can we? How about you get this sweet ass up on that bed.”

He gave said sweet ass a gentle swat then released me, and I felt the loss of his arms and warmth immediately. I backed up a step until the backs of my thighs hit the end of the bed, and my eyes drifted down Kelly’s phenomenal body to the silk beautifully outlining his erect cock.

“Wow…” I reached down to fist the root of my shaft in an attempt to hold back the orgasm I could have just by looking at him.

“I’m gonna take that as a compliment.” Kelly’s mouth crooked to the side as he reached for the drawstring and pulled.

I swallowed in anticipation as he hooked his thumbs into the sides of the pants, and when he shoved them to the floor, my gasp echoed around the

room.

Kelly stepped out of them and walked over, and by some miracle of God, I managed to stay upright. Not that my dick was having *any* trouble doing the same.

Kelly's eyes were fierce now, his desire having taken over the softer, gentler feelings as he took hold of his cock and looked past me to the mattress.

"I'm going to need you to get on that bed, if you don't want to be bent over it in the next five seconds."

I bit into my lower lip. "I'm gonna take that as a compliment."

I winked and turned to climb up on the bed. Feeling somewhat flirtatious, I glanced over my shoulder and wriggled my ass at him.

Kelly's eyes flared as they zeroed in on what I was offering. "On your back, Donovan. I told you, I want *all* of you tonight."

I haphazardly tossed aside the pillows I didn't need and then turned to lounge back against them. Sweet Jesus, the sight of Kelly naked with that long hair messed up from my hands… I opened my legs in invitation.

A wicked smile curled his lips as he turned to the bureau, grabbed a bottle of lube he'd clearly left there, then put a knee on the end of the mattress. As he began to prowl his way up the bed toward me, that image of a lion sprang back to mind, and never had I wanted to be prey more.

I began to stroke myself a little faster, the pre-cum leaking from my cock enough to get things going, as Kelly moved up between my legs.

"Bend your legs," he said in a voice rough as gravel, and the things that did to my body should be illegal.

I did exactly what he said, no questions asked, which put my cock, balls, and eager hole on display right in front of his face. A feral sound rumbled out of him.

"Fuck, you're something to look at."

And so was he, kneeling between my thighs as he uncapped the lube and poured some into his hand.

"I've thought about taking you like this ever since that first time we were together."

Kelly eyed my hand, and I immediately let go of myself. When his warm, slick palm took over, I jackknifed off the bed.

"You on your back," he continued, his eyes locked with mine. "These legs wrapped around my waist." He worked his fist up and down my length,

brushing his thumb over my plump, flushed tip. “As I bury myself so deep inside you, you’ll never feel free of me again.”

“Oh God…” I slammed my eyes shut. His words and hands were causing chaos to my mind and body, as I anticipated exactly what he was saying. “I don’t want to be free.”

“No?”

“No,” I groaned, opening my eyes and looking deep into his. “I want to be yours, always.”

“Always,” he promised, and let go of me, reaching for one of the pillows that hadn’t quite made it to the floor. “Lift your hips for me.”

I raised my body off the mattress, and Kelly placed the pillow under my hips.

“Knees to chest.”

I reached for my knees, pulling them back to my chest, opening myself to him in a way that put me at my most vulnerable. But with Kelly there was no unease, no fear or worry of what he would do with my body.

“Damn, baby.” Kelly’s reverent tone had my cock lurching as he trailed his slippery fingers over my balls and down the sensitive strip of skin to my waiting hole. “As much as I love that pretty little diamond toy of yours, this”—he rubbed the pad of his finger over my eager entrance—“has to be the prettiest fucking sight I’ve ever seen.”

I looked down to see Kelly watching what he was doing with an intensity that should’ve scared me, but it just made me even hotter as he slowly pushed his finger inside me.

I moaned loudly, curling my toes into the soft duvet.

“That’s it, moan for me,” Kelly said as he added a second finger. “I could watch you like this for hours.”

My lips parted on a cry as he twisted his hand, and his fingers found my prostate. He licked his lips, picked up the bottle of lube, and poured some over my cock and balls, and the cool liquid dripped down to my hot hole. The erotic feeling of being stretched open for him had me going a little crazy.

I pressed my head back into the pillow, digging my fingers into my knees as Kelly added a third, then a fourth finger. Zeroing in and knocking up against that bundle of nerves again.

“Ah, *fuck*.”

“Yeah, there it is. Again, let me hear you.”

I moaned, clenching my ass around the wide intruder, knowing what was about to come was even bigger.

Kelly reached for my dick with his free hand and began to stroke me in time with his dexterous fingers. My eyes began to glaze over.

“Kelly…” I said, not even caring how desperate I sounded. “Kelly, I need you.”

He pulled his hand free and released me, then lined the head of his cock up with my body. “You’ve got me.”

As he pressed the thick head of his shaft up against my entrance, I took in a breath. He slowly breached the first ring of muscle and when the sweet burn of being taken spread through me, I blew it out.

Kelly grunted, guiding his cock into me one delicious inch at a time, making sure to take it slow, and when I let go of my knees a look of awe flashed in his eyes. “The way your body takes me…”

He leaned down, placing his hands on the pillow on either side of my head.

“It’s as if you were made just for me.”

I cradled his face, running my fingers over the scruff on his cheeks. “Because I was.”

Kelly swallowed, his eyes darkening as he captured my mouth in a blistering kiss. His tongue pushed between my lips, dancing over mine, as I wrapped my legs around his waist and took him in as deep as he could go.

“Sweet *fuck*…” Kelly tore his mouth free, squeezing his eyes shut. But I was done waiting, and I needed him to move now.

I slid my hands into his hair, pushing it back from his face. Then I gripped it at the back of his head and pleaded, “Take me.”

Kelly’s cock throbbed in my ass as I clenched around him, then he pulled his hips back oh so slowly, dragging his long shaft out of me.

A moan of undiluted pleasure echoed off the walls when it bumped up against my prostate, and when he reversed course and powered home, I let go of his hair and grabbed on to his arms.

Kelly’s biceps flexed as I gripped the smooth skin, and when I crossed my ankles and arched up onto him, a feral growl filled the air.

“Kelly,” I panted, reaching for his face, but he took my wrist and drew it down to the mattress. He did the same with the other, pinning them to the bed. Then he laced our fingers together and began to rock over the top of me.

Pre-cum leaked all over my stomach as he moved inside of me, my arousal beginning to take control of my every thought, as I stared up at the glorious man consuming my mind, body, and soul.

Kelly's hair cascaded all around us, the ends softly teasing my cheek and shoulders as it enveloped us in this private moment, and the rest of the world disappeared.

"Oh God," I somehow managed, my breathing much faster now. "You feel… We feel…"

"Perfect together," he finished, lowering his forehead to mine. I tightened my fingers around his, never wanting to let go, as he thrust forward, claiming me and marking me *his*.

"Give me your tongue," I whispered, knowing we were both close now. Knowing this was about to be over. "I want all of you in me."

Kelly's body vibrated as he landed a bruising kiss to my lips, completing our connection. Then he drove us to the edge of the cliff, and right the fuck over.

I tensed, clinging to the one I knew I would never be free of, and as we soared into the great abyss, all I could do was look into Kelly's eyes and think, *I will never let you go.*

Kelly Sinclair was mine, and I was his. And no matter what happened tonight, tomorrow, or the day after that, the one thing I knew with absolute certainty was that nothing but *everything* was ever going to be enough with him.

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THIRTY

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donovan

“WHAT DO YOU think?” I opened one eye to look at Kelly in the mirror as the makeup artist swept richly pigmented navy eye shadow across the other and over the bridge of my nose in a line. “Totally me, right?”

Kelly grinned as he stood behind my chair watching me get ready among the dozens of other models crowded into the tent. “You look hot, but I don’t know. I’m thinking maybe someone should do this to East.”

“Ooh, you and your brain. I love it.” I’d have to remember to do that the next time we got East piss drunk. With the way he gave everyone so much shit, the guy was practically begging for all kinds of payback.

“Close for me,” the makeup artist said, and I shut both eyes, relaxed into the chair, and let him continue to paint my face the way the designer wanted.

The hustle and bustle of people in the tent was something that never failed to get me excited. Nothing ever went a hundred percent smoothly behind the scenes, and I could hear frantic voices every now and again, as well as the excited chatter of the other models. Somehow, it all came together on the runway, and having those eyes on me and getting to wear fabulous clothes was something I relished.

“You can open again.”

I looked up at the man staring down at me with intense concentration, and then he grabbed a tube of clear gloss and dabbed a bit on the center of my lips.

“All good.” He snapped his fingers at Kelly. “You. Sit.”

Kelly’s brows shot up when he realized the guy was talking to him. “Uh, no, I’m not in the show.”

“No?” The makeup artist’s gaze traveled over Kelly in a way I would’ve been jealous about if it wasn’t done with such an assessing eye. “Why are you here?”

“He’s with me,” I interjected. “Are we done here?”

“No. Marco will do hair.” Without another word, he moved down to the next model as another guy—apparently Marco—came to stand behind me. He didn’t waste time with pleasantries before getting started on my hair, but abruptness never bothered me. Everything needed to be done quickly, and I could still see a handful of models that needed to be made up.

“Is it always this rushed?” Kelly said, moving out of the way of those bustling around behind him. It was easy to understand why he’d been mistaken for a model—the guy was undeniably good looking. And tall. Built. Someone you couldn’t take your eyes off. I didn’t understand how it was possible he hadn’t made it in this industry when he was literal perfection, and that wasn’t me being biased.

“It is,” I told him as Marco ran a handful of mousse through my hair. “Wouldn’t be a show without the stress level up to a hundred. Fun, right?”

Kelly smirked as he met my eyes in the mirror. “I like watching you in your element.”

“Yeah? Well, I just like watching you.” My gaze traveled over the loose-fitting sienna button-up he’d paired with jeans that hugged him in all the right places, and even as hot as he looked, I couldn’t wait to strip him out of those clothes later. It didn’t matter that my ass could still feel the fullness of him from last night. He could stay inside me forever, break me in half, and I had a feeling I’d still be begging him for more.

I didn’t let the small pang of jealousy in the back of my mind, the knowledge that he wouldn’t be only mine for much longer, take root. I wasn’t thinking about that now. I was in full-on denial mode.

A tiny figure scurried into my line of vision, and it took me a second to realize it was my agent, Mira. I knew she’d be there today, since I wasn’t the only one of her clients walking the show, but I hadn’t seen her until now. “Donovan, daaahling,” she said before greeting me with a double air kiss.

I arched one of my heavily penciled brows. “Oh, I’m darling today? That’s suspicious.” I tapped my fingers along the armrest of the chair. “What do you want?”

“Just to make sure my favorite client is happy and healthy, of course.” Her voice was much higher than usual, and when she gave me a smile too big for her face, I snorted. Mira was a terrible liar, and she never buttered me up without a reason.

“All right, out with it, woman. What is it you need me to do?”

She shook her head, looking everywhere but at me. “Me? Need something? Absolutely not. I’m just here to check on— Oh, hello there. Who are you?” The surprise she faked at pretending to just notice Kelly behind me had me chuckling.

“You could just ask for an introduction, Mira,” I said. “Acting is not your forte.”

“Oh hush.” She waved me off as she moved over to Kelly, a mix of amusement and slight confusion marring his brow. “I’m Mira, this one’s agent.”

“Now I’m ‘this one.’ I can see myself dropping down the rungs of the ladder as we speak.” I let out an exaggerated sigh, not at all bothered that she’d taken notice of Kelly. Who wouldn’t? “Mira, this is my boyfriend, Kelly Sinclair. Kelly, meet ‘this one’s’ agent, Mira Coventry.”

“Boyfriend?” Surprise lit her features, but only for a moment. “Van neglected to mention he has a boyfriend. A very attractive one at that.”

Uh oh, she wants something…

“He likes to keep me all to himself.” Kelly shot me a wink before shaking Mira’s hand. He wasn’t lying about that, not after what I’d confessed last night.

“Understandable.” Mira nodded, and in the mirror I could see the way her eyes narrowed as she looked Kelly over. “Tell me, do you model?”

That question seemed to throw Kelly off guard, because he looked at me with uncertainty before answering Mira, “I used to.”

“So you’re comfortable in front of a camera?”

Kelly bit back a smirk. “I think I can handle it.”

No shit he could handle it. He could also handle *me* in front of a camera. But I wasn’t about to offer that info up to Mira.

“So you don’t already have an agent?” she asked. “No fashion conflicts of interest I should know about?”

“Uh, no. And no.”

“Perfect. Let me see you walk.”

Again, Kelly looked at me, and this time I gave him an encouraging nod and mouthed, *Do it.*

There was an urgency to Mira's line of questioning that made me think someone hadn't shown up and there was an empty spot in the lineup that needed filling.

Holy shit, and that could be Kelly.

My heart began to hammer in my chest as something that felt a lot like hope began to stir, but I tamped it down as Kelly walked down the length of the crowded room for Mira. I didn't get to watch, since Marco chose that exact moment to spritz my hair with what felt like an entire bottle of hairspray, but when I opened my eyes again, Mira was nodding in an approving way that made my stomach flip.

"Would you feel comfortable walking the show today?"

Kelly's jaw fell to the floor. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, and I'll need a decision quickly. One of my guys twisted his ankle coming down those blasted stairs, and he can't walk the show."

"Are you sure?" Kelly said, doubt creeping into his voice, flicking his eyes to mine. It was almost like he was asking for permission, like he didn't want to encroach on "my" thing. But that couldn't be further from what I wanted. As Marco finished up my hair, I twisted around in the chair to face Kelly.

"You should absolutely do it," I said. "If *you* want to."

Kelly stared at me, still obviously stunned at the turn of events. "Will I even fit the clothes?"

"It might be tight," Mira admitted, tapping a finger against her chin. "You're roughly the same size, but your chest is a bit more filled out. No worries—we can always lose a few buttons at the top. Is that a yes?"

"I—" He glanced at me again, and when I smiled, he blew out a breath. "Yes. Sure. What the hell, right?"

"Love to hear it," Mira said, patting his arm. "Let me grab the designer and we'll get you started." She darted off through the tent, and her small frame was swallowed by the towering height of the models all around her.

"Holy shit, Kelly." I was out of the chair and grabbing his arms before he could blink. I didn't get close the way I wanted to, not with the amount of work that had gone into getting me ready, but I squeezed his biceps. "This is amazing."

He looked a little dazed. "It is, but…"

“But what? There are no buts. I mean, I get being nervous, but you’re gonna kill it. I promise.”

“No, I mean, yes, it’s amazing, but did you put her up to this?”

I frowned. “Mira?”

“Yeah. Was this your idea?”

Shit, I wished it was. “No. I had nothing to do with this. I didn’t even know someone got injured.”

“You swear?”

“I swear.” Though now I was more than a little annoyed with myself that I hadn’t thought about introducing the two of them first. But knowing Kelly and the way he wanted to do things his way without my interference, it hadn’t crossed my mind.

“Fuck.” Kelly ran his hand through his hair, suddenly looking a little green. It was so opposite to the confidence he’d shown before his first Xes scene that I almost had to laugh.

“You okay?” I asked.

“Did I really just agree to do this?”

“Hey.” I reached up and cupped his jaw. An irrational thought hit me, that they better not fucking *touch* that scruff or I’d kill them. “You’re gonna do great. You’ve done a hell of a lot more than just walk down a catwalk in front of a bunch of cameras and people before. This is nothing.”

He covered the hand I had on his face and kissed my palm. “Is it weird that I’m less nervous when I’m naked?”

“By all means, strip on the catwalk. I won’t complain.”

“The designer might.” He grinned, and just like that, the teasing, self-assured man I’d fallen for was back. I hated I wasn’t going to get to watch that sexy swagger the way the rest of the lucky audience was.

Mira sprinted toward us, the designer hot on her heels, and behind her, a flurry of assistants carrying Kelly’s wardrobe.

“All right, we’re back,” she said, breathing like she’d run a marathon in her four-inch heels. She quickly made introductions, and then she gestured toward Kelly and said, “Now take off your clothes.”

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THIRTY-ONE

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kelly

IT WAS LIKE déjà vu, someone telling me to take my clothes off.

Now *that* I knew how to do.

After I stripped down, the designer flapped about, tucking and pinning each item of clothing to mold it to my larger frame. There were three outfits total that I'd be wearing, and the other two were already pinned and in the hands of assistants to finish up.

It didn't matter to me what the hell they put me in, but I actually really liked the champagne-colored, wide-legged trousers I currently wore. They were comfortable and didn't need a bit of tweaking, unlike the open jacket I wore over my bare chest. It hit above the waist of the pants, and though it wasn't anything I'd normally put on, as I looked myself over in the full-length mirror, I thought I looked a hell of a lot like an actual model.

"Okay, take this off, but keep the pants on. I'll be right back," the designer said, running off before I could do just that.

I shrugged out of the jacket and handed it off to their assistant, and as I was ushered into a hair and makeup chair, I took in the flurry of activity inside the tent.

Donovan had disappeared somewhere to put on his first outfit, and there were still models in the row of styling setups getting their finishing touches put on. I wasn't even sure what time it was or how long we had until the show—hell, I didn't even know what the catwalk looked like. I'd only seen it being pieced it together when we arrived yesterday.

Jesus, how had I ended up here? I'd come to support Donovan, to watch him get ready and then see his sexy ass strut the catwalk, and now, somehow, I'd become a part of this.

“We need to make this quick.” Marco was back, along with a different makeup artist, and they both went to work on me. Even with my eyes shut, I could feel the brush strokes across my skin and the way Marco untied my hair and slicked it back from my face, leaving the ends free. Each model was given the same look to make the collection appear more uniform. I took the opportunity while my eyes were closed to take a few solid breaths, steadying the nerves creeping in.

Ridiculous that I’d be nervous over this when the first day of shooting porn I’d given no fucks whatsoever. Maybe that was the key. I thought I’d had nothing to lose doing a sex scene, but something more high profile like this, and with Donovan attached, and the event took on more importance.

The opportunity here was different. Or maybe it was that I weighed them differently in my mind. If I fucked this up, there was no way I’d even have a remote chance of doing it again.

And with porn… Well, fucking was exactly what I was there to do. It was easy. Natural. At least, it had been for the handful of scenes I’d done so far, all of them either alone or with Donovan. Maybe it would’ve been different if he wasn’t the one who’d walked in that day. Maybe being with someone else in front of cameras and crew would’ve had me feeling nerves the way I did now.

I took in another slow, deep breath in an attempt to clear my mind, and that was when I heard Donovan’s voice filtering through the busy tent from somewhere behind me.

“You touch the hair on his face, I may have to commit murder.”

It wasn’t easy to keep my face still and not laugh at Donovan’s threat, because I knew he wasn’t joking. He liked the way my scruff felt between his thighs way too much to let it go.

When the makeup brush was lifted from my face, I opened my eyes and grinned at the sexy man who’d come to watch me in the mirror.

“Threatening lives now,” I said, arching a brow. “You do know it grows back.”

“Uh uh, don’t even think about it.”

The makeup artist smirked, stepping back to look over his handiwork. “Don’t worry, you’ll get this handsome face back in exactly the condition it arrived in.”

“Finally, someone speaking some sense.” Donovan threw his hands up as he stood off to the side watching me. How the tables had turned so

quickly.

The artists didn't waste any time getting me ready, and once they'd moved on, Donovan came to stand in front of me between my thighs.

"You know, I think this is the only time I've ever seen you nervous," he said.

I rolled my eyes, and he grinned.

"No, that's not a bad thing. Kinda cute, actually."

"Doesn't feel cute. If I'd known this would happen, I wouldn't have eaten all of my breakfast and half of yours."

Donovan reached for my hands, holding them on my thighs. "If you feel it coming back up, there are buckets on each side of the stage."

"You serious?"

He shrugged, as if it was something normal that happened at these things. "Better to do it there than all over the audience."

"That's really helpful, thanks."

"Speaking of helpful, I wanted to show you something."

Before I could ask what, he squeezed my hands, pulled me out of the chair, and navigated us through the tent before stopping at the side of a whole lot of…nothing.

"You getting me alone so you can have your way with me?" I teased.

"If I knew we wouldn't be ripped new assholes by Mira and the designer, I'd be tempted to. No, I wanted you to see this." He lifted a small flap, and though there was a mesh screen, I could still clearly see the catwalk.

And all the rows of people around it.

"I'm not showing you this to stress you out," he said, as if he could feel my pulse get faster. "You aren't familiar with this design like the rest of us. We were able to walk it earlier."

Donovan went through which wing I'd come out from, which side of the catwalk I'd walk first, since it forked in the middle, and where to stop and pose. Then he showed me a couple of ways to move so the photographers could get their shots before walking with me to show me the pace I'd need to go.

Fuck, what would I have done without him? He'd known what I needed before I'd even voiced it, and already I felt calmer.

He made me walk alone down a narrow strip of the tent out of the way of everyone else rushing around, and when I turned to head back in his

direction, there was heat in his eyes.

“Daaamn,” he said, shaking his head as his gaze traveled over every inch of me. “If you don’t have people trying to storm the catwalk to get to you, I might die of shock.”

I scoffed, but then grinned. “You’re good for my ego.”

“I’m good for a lot of other, more interesting things. Want me to show you?”

“Yeah, I fuckin’ do. Think you can stop looking at me like that so I don’t get fired from my first show for indecent behavior?”

Donovan gave an exaggerated groan, closing the space between us. “I can’t promise I’ll stop looking, *but* I promise I won’t touch you. Yet.”

That promise had my cock way too interested, given where we were standing, and I cursed as I willed the damn thing to chill out. It didn’t seem to matter whether Donovan was touching me, kissing me, or even looking my way—my body took notice.

I wasn’t complaining, though. Not a bit.

“So you feel good?” he asked. “You feel ready?”

“As ready as I can be now, thanks to you.” I automatically leaned in to kiss him, but thank fuck he had the sense to move away at the last second, or it’d be back in the makeup chair for us. “Oh shit, sorry.”

“Save that for later.” A smirk crossed those sexy, shiny lips. “And not just for my mouth.”

There he went again, and that…*that* was evil. He knew just what to say to rile me up, but even more, to take my mind off what was about to happen.

The designer hurried toward me, throwing the jacket my way, and once I put it on, they did a quick circle around me, tugging and checking the fit. Once satisfied, they were off again, and I gave myself one last look in a mirror.

Assistants came through then, calling for places, and one of them led me to where I’d be in the first lineup, as well as where I’d go to change as soon as I finished the first walk. As luck would have it, Donovan was on the same wing as me, but he was several people ahead of me, since he’d be opening the show alongside a popular female model I probably should’ve known the name of.

As the music began to blare and lights flashed, Donovan glanced over his shoulder at me and blew a kiss. I grinned and winked back as adrenaline

began to course through me. There was an almost tangible buzz backstage among the models that I could feel radiating off each one, and I soaked it in, letting that and the music hype me up.

And then Donovan was off, walking out to open the show to shouts and applause that made me jealous I wasn't out there watching him. It felt like he was gone only seconds before he was back, running off to change, but shooting me a smile as he passed.

Damn, this was gonna go quick. *Just enjoy it. It may never happen again.*

One by one, the others in front of me made their turns as someone from the designer's team did a final fit check and brushed my hair back over my shoulders.

This was it. It was time.

The show director nodded and gave me the go-ahead, and I took in a deep breath and walked out. Instantly I noticed the blazing heat from the lights overhead as I came to stand at the center for a moment like Donovan had shown me. It was almost blinding, the combination of daylight, the strobes, and the flashes of cameras going off as I waited briefly for a model to come off the catwalk before heading down the left side of the fork.

The change I felt was immediate. Something about stepping out in front of a crowd erased any anxiety I'd felt, and in its place was the confident attitude I usually possessed.

My shoulders relaxed as I kept my eyes on a fixed point ahead, kept my expression neutral, and let my body do the talking. At least *that* I felt good about. I was proud of the way I looked, that I spent so much time working it as close to peak physical perfection as I could get.

I stopped at the end of the catwalk to let the photographers get their shots, and just before I walked off, I looked directly at one of the cameras and winked.

I wasn't sure what made me do it other than I was starting to feel good with all the eyes of the crowd on me. I wanted to give them a show, even in subtle ways.

It wasn't like I had anything to lose. If this was going to be my only show, I may as well have fun doing it and leave an impression.

As soon as I set foot backstage, I was rushed off, and someone tore the jacket off me from behind while I unbuttoned my pants. I didn't see

Donovan anywhere, but things were moving so fast that I probably would've missed him even if he'd been beside me.

I'd barely gotten into the next outfit—another short jacket, with some kind of a kilt—before I was thrust back out onto the catwalk for round two. It felt even easier this time, and maybe there was a little more swagger to my walk as I loosened up and got into it. By the time I was back out for the third and final look, I wasn't ready for the show to end. It was an adrenaline rush in the best way, and I could only hope it wouldn't be the last time I got to do something like this.

"Wait, where you going?" An assistant grabbed me as I made my way backstage and thrust me back in line.

Oh, right. The finale walkout. I knew that.

Everyone in the crowd was on their feet and clapping as we walked out in a line, with Donovan and the female model leading the way. I could see him out of the corner of my eye and was dying to look, but I restrained myself. Barely. It wasn't something I did often, so someone needed to give me a damn medal for it.

The designer came out, waved at everyone, then quickly disappeared backstage, and all of us single-filed it after him.

"Incredible collection…"

"Absolutely exquisite work…"

The reviews were already coming in as I passed the flurry of people gathering to speak to the designer. The same team that had helped me quick-change helped me out of the final outfit, and it wasn't until I was standing there in just a pair of tight boxer briefs that I remembered where my own clothes were.

Hell, I could've been naked and I probably would've felt even more comfortable in that moment, now that the stress over tripping and falling on my face was done. But it would've been awkward when I reached the station I'd gotten ready at and a small woman came flying in my direction.

"You are a lifesaver," Mira said, not fazed in the least by how much skin I was showing. Her face was more animated than it had been before the show, like she'd seen something she liked and was excited about it.

"No problem. It was a lot of fun. If you ever need me to fill in again—"

"Oh, darling, no," she said, chuckling, and I couldn't stop my face from falling.

I hadn't done that terribly, had I? To the point she was *laughing*?

She gave my arm a reassuring squeeze. “I mean, I would never use you as just a fill-in. You’re a natural.”

“Really?” Wow, that was damn nice to hear.

She reached into the small clutch she carried and pulled out a business card. “Call me when you get back to the city. I’d love to set up a meeting with you if you’re interested.”

If I was interested? Fuck yeah I was interested.

But my mouth wouldn’t move the way I wanted it to, so I found myself nodding and finally forcing out, “Sure.”

If Mira minded, she didn’t show it, giving me a pat on the arm before turning around and almost running smack into Donovan. I hadn’t even seen him standing there, but the massive grin on his face told me he’d heard the entire thing.

“Van, brilliant as always,” she told him, giving him air kisses before hurrying off. Over her shoulder she called out, “Tell your boyfriend to call me.”

The proud yet amused expression on Donovan’s face spoke volumes as he wrapped his arms around my waist. He’d already thrown his clothes on, but still wore a face full of makeup, and this time I didn’t care about messing him up as I leaned down to greet him with a soft kiss.

“Well,” he said, eyes shining as he looked up at me. “Looks like I’m not the only one you’ve made quite an impression on in this town.”

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THIRTY-TWO

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donovan

“PLEASE TELL ME that was breakfast I just heard being delivered,” I called out as I tossed my toiletry bag on the end of the bed.

“It was, so get your sweet ass out here so I can eat.”

I strolled out of the bedroom to see Kelly freshly showered, his hair pulled up in that haphazard way I loved on him, and wearing a pair of faded jeans with a tight black t-shirt and tan jacket lined with wool. He looked rugged, sexy, and all man, even as he pushed a service cart full of food toward the balcony doors.

“And here I thought you wanted bacon and eggs for breakfast.”

Kelly glanced over at me, a smirk curling his lips. “Don’t tempt me.”

“Fine.” I shrugged into my lightweight sweater. The fall air was crisp in the mornings out here. “But only because we have to be out in the next hour or so.”

He chuckled as he opened the French doors, and I moved in to greet him with a kiss. “You’re right—this is the perfect spot to eat breakfast,” Kelly said.

“We were too busy yesterday morning, but I thought it was a good way to say goodbye to the place.”

“But I don’t want to say goodbye.” I put a hand to his chest and leaned in to steal a kiss. “I’m not ready for it to end.”

“Me either.” Kelly took hold of my face and deepened the embrace. “But it’s only a place. *This*, you and me—we’re just beginning.”

Fucking. Swoon.

What this man made me feel was unlike anything I’d ever felt before. My heart was tripping all over itself.

“What’s that smile for?” Kelly brushed his thumb over the corner of my lip, and I nipped at it.

“I was just thinking how happy I am.”

“Oh yeah? And how happy is that?”

I pretended to think about that for a second then winked. “Happier than anything money could buy.”

“Coming from you, that’s pretty high praise.”

“Sure is, and you know what would make me even happier?”

“What’s that?”

I glanced over his shoulder to the covered food. “Breakfast. Someone wore me out last night.”

“Fair enough.” He gestured to the table out on the balcony. “Go sit, and I’ll bring it out.”

“I can make my own plate.”

“I know.” Kelly swatted my ass. “But I want to do it. So go sit.”

I wasn’t about to argue with that, and minutes later, Kelly placed two plates full of eggs, bacon, and pastries on the table, with the carafe of orange juice.

“This place really is something else,” he said as he sat down and looked out over the grounds of the estate. “Thank you for bringing me.”

“Thank *you* for coming.” He turned a cocky smile my way, and I chuckled, adding, “In all the ways.”

“Troublemaker.”

“Would you want me any other way?”

Kelly picked up his fork and speared a piece of bacon with it. “I want you any way I can have you. So yeah, I think I might keep you, troublemaker.”

I picked up a croissant and tore it in half. “Good.”

We fell quiet for a moment, the small talk having filled the space of what I really wanted to talk about with him, but for the moment I was content to enjoy the beautiful fall morning as we filled our bellies.

Ever since Mira had handed Kelly her card and told him to call her, my mind had been in overdrive with the possibilities of what that might mean. For him, for us, for our future together. But I was trying to be patient, trying to give him the opportunity to bring it up first, and so far, he hadn’t.

Kelly had had fun yesterday on the catwalk once he got past his nerves. I could see it in his eyes. Mira was right—he was a natural. My only worry

was that he would remember how hard this industry had once been on him and think this was a fluke, a one-time thing. But that wasn't the case. I could see the way the crowd, the photographers, and everyone who met him reacted to Kelly.

What he was missing was the right connection, and Mira was that connection.

"You're being very quiet over there." Kelly's voice cut through my thoughts.

I held up my fork and tried for my most convincing smile. "I'm eating, that's all."

Kelly narrowed his eyes on me. "Nope. I don't think so."

"What do you mean?"

"I think there's something else going on in that pretty head of yours."

I shrugged and swallowed my mouthful of eggs, as Kelly hooked his foot behind one of my ankles.

"*What* is going on with you?"

"I—" I paused and put my fork down, letting out a sigh. "I was trying to be patient and wait for you to bring it up, but fuck it. How are you feeling about what Mira said to you yesterday?"

A frown pulled between Kelly's brows, and then he let out a soft laugh. "*That's* it? That's what you've been sitting over there all stressed about?"

"I'm not stressed."

"You've barely said two words to me since we sat down."

My mouth fell open. "I…I was enjoying the morning."

Kelly shook his head, rubbing a hand over his bearded cheeks. "It's not like you to tiptoe around an issue."

"I *know*. That's what's been killing me." I leaned forward and reached out for his hand. "So… What are you going to do when we get back to the city?"

"I'm going to call your agent."

I cocked my head. "Really? That's it?"

"What else is there? She told me to call her, so I'm going to call her."

I let go of his hand and sat back in my chair, letting out a huff. "Are you trying to drive me insane?"

"No."

"Then tell me how you *feel* about what's happened. Are you interested? Not interested? Excited? Eh? I'll take anything at this point."

Kelly took in a deep breath and then slowly let it out. “I don’t know how to feel. That’s the honest-to-God truth. Yesterday was… It was amazing. Walking a catwalk, modeling for a high-end fashion line. Are you kidding me? It was exactly what I dreamed about when I first moved to the city.”

I could feel a *but* coming as Kelly scratched his head and shrugged.

“But I don’t know, Donovan. I don’t want to get too excited and then just…” He sighed and reached for his juice. “I just don’t want to get too excited, that’s all.”

I could understand where he was coming from, especially knowing what a struggle he’d had over the last few years. But if ever there was a time to be excited, it was now. He needed to understand what a monumental opportunity this was, that Mira’s agency had the power to put him on the map in ways he never could’ve dreamed of.

“So, you’re excited about the opportunity? You’re just worried you’re going to be let down again?”

“Right.”

“Because it’s something you want?”

“Well, yeah. I’m not stupid. I know how rare it is to be seen by an agent and offered a chance to be represented by them. But I also know how quickly it can all go to shit.”

I got to my feet then took a seat on his lap and wrapped my arms around his neck. “Can I tell you something?”

“Could I really stop you?”

Nope. I was on a roll now. “You were an absolute natural on that catwalk yesterday. You have a way about you that just demands attention.”

Kelly wound his arms around my waist. “Yeah, well, you’re my boyfriend. You kind of have to feel that way.”

“I felt that way before I even knew your name. Trust me, you have that *it* factor, Kelly. I’m not sure what agency you were with before, but Mira knows her shit. She sees dozens of model portfolios daily, whether it be in person or online. I’ve never once seen her offer up a card minutes after meeting someone.”

That confident smile I knew so well crossed Kelly’s lips. “No?”

“Nope. She was mesmerized. Your presence seems to do that to people.” I ran my fingers over the back of his neck. “I know it’s scary to want something so bad, but you should be pumped about this.”

“I am.” He started to laugh. “On the inside, I’m doing fucking backflips about it.”

“Good. So you *are* interested?”

“Of course I am.”

“Then this is perfect. This industry is all about networking, connections, right place, right time. And that all happened for you *this* weekend.”

“You’re right.” Kelly nodded, pulling me into his arms. “I just want it so fucking *bad*.”

“And there’s nothing wrong with that. The possibilities are awesome.”

“I can’t even begin to imagine. But I want to.” He kissed the top of my head, and I shifted so I could brush my lips against the side of his neck.

“Sooo... What would that mean for your other job?”

“As in…?”

I sat back in his arms. “As in Xes? If you could make a living this way, modeling. Would you continue with that? Would you want to?”

“That’s really the question, isn’t it? Xes has invested a lot of time and money into me, and the money is good. Can I just give that up in the hope that your agent finds me a job?”

I could see where he was coming from, but I also knew Mira. She wasn’t going to take on a client if she didn’t think there was something in it for her—and that something was a big, fat commission check.

“I don’t think you have anything to worry about. Plus, the check you’re going to get from yesterday will likely take care of your rent for the next three months.”

“Wait? What? I’m getting paid for that?”

“Um, yeah, and pretty well, I might add.”

The incredulous look on Kelly’s face had a laugh bubbling up out of me.

“Trust me, Mira wouldn’t take you on if she didn’t have something in mind for you to make *her* some cash. But I can understand why you’re hesitant.”

“I just don’t want to put all my eggs in one basket.”

I bit back the first thing that popped into my head and then, weirdly enough, Daire’s *tell him what you’re thinking* advice sprang to mind.

“What about this?” I wriggled my ass over his lap. “You still only want to put *this* in one place, right?”

Kelly stroked a hand over my hair. “Right, and this talk has helped make my decision a little easier.”

“It did?”

“Yeah.” He leaned in and gave me a soft kiss. “So thank you for not holding back.”

“You’re welcome.” I laughed and hugged him in tight, hoping with every fiber of my being that Kelly could see what the rest of us did. Then maybe, just maybe, I wouldn’t have to worry about sharing the man I’d fallen for with anyone else.

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THIRTY-THREE

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kelly

DONOVAN DROPPED ME off at my apartment Sunday afternoon, and even though I hated saying goodbye to him—and that sweet-ass car—I had some decisions to make, ones I'd only keep putting off if he were anywhere near me.

Truth be told, in the back of my mind, I already knew where I was leaning. Thinking of all the what-ifs was scary as hell, though, especially when I had no guarantee that anything would come of my meeting with Mira.

But…I didn't have an exclusivity contract, and was only working on a case-by-case basis, so if I decided to stop filming with Xes, at least I wouldn't be sued.

I unlocked my apartment door, thankful that, for once, Corey wasn't there raiding my fridge. There would be no quiet with him around either, not to mention I could use some serious gym time after not lifting any over the weekend, though missing cardio was never an issue with Donovan around.

I tossed my bag on the bed and began to unpack, knowing if I didn't do it now, there was no telling when I'd actually get around to it.

I hated that there was a small part of me that would miss the attention I would get from being Sin. I had just as much of an ego as anyone else did, and it felt good for once to *be* somebody. Someone who wasn't struggling or hoping for their big break. It wasn't like I'd ever be a household name doing porn, but how many people could say they had a party thrown in their honor at one of Manhattan's hottest nightclubs?

Then again, there was a chance at living my dream right there just dangling in front of me, waiting for me to snatch it. The possibility of *more*

was what had kept me going for years with nothing much to show for it, and was I really ready to get back on that merry-go-round?

The door slamming shut snapped me out of my thoughts, followed by Corey calling out, “Yo, Kelly, you back?”

I tried not to groan. I’d say hello, then kick him out. And if he refused to leave, I could always bench-press him as a workout.

Leaving the bedroom, where he didn’t ever need to be, I headed out to the living room to see him standing there in a shirt that said, *I paused my game to be here*. He carried a box of cookies under one arm, and I narrowed my eyes.

“I didn’t buy those.”

“Duh,” Corey said, giving me a lopsided grin. “I brought them.”

“*You* brought food into my house? Have you been body-snatched? Are you ill?”

“Hey, I contribute. I brought over pizza rolls once.”

“Yeah, when Sven and I moved in.”

Corey scratched the back of his neck with his phone. “No, it hasn’t been that long.”

“It has. And thanks for bringing the dessert, but I overindulged this weekend as it is.”

“More for me.” Flopping into the sling chair, Corey busted open the package of cookies and took a huge bite of one. He didn’t bother to swallow before he asked, “So where’d you end up going?”

I sat on the couch and pulled out my phone to show him a few photos I’d taken of Avalon Castle, but I accidentally scrolled too far and came across a bare-chested photo of Donovan. He’d been reaching into his bag for something and glanced over at me just in time for the shot. Even with bedhead, he was the most gorgeous man I’d ever seen.

And he wanted to be with me.

“Daaamn. He looks just as good without clothes as he does with them, huh?”

That too-big grin on Corey’s face had me jerking my phone back from view. “Keep your drool off my furniture.”

“Hey, you’re the one who called him the hottest guy you’d ever seen. I’m just agreeing with you.”

It took me longer than it should have to realize all of what Corey had said in the last few seconds.

I'd told him that the guy I'd had a scene with was the hottest guy I'd ever seen, but…how did he know Donovan was the same guy? He'd been masked the entire time in all of our scenes, and I knew I hadn't slipped with his name.

Maybe Corey was just assuming it was the same guy…

I decided to play dense on the off chance he was just trying to figure things out. "Not sure what you mean."

"Look at you being cagey, even though the secret's out." Corey dug into the sleeve for another cookie. "You must like him a lot."

"Hold on a second," I said, scooting to the edge of the couch as a knot began to form in my stomach. "What do you mean by 'the secret's out'?"

"The article." He wiped the crumbs from the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand. "I didn't know you'd scrub up so nice. I was kinda impressed."

"Corey, *what* article? Show me."

The seriousness in my tone must've tipped him off that something was up, because he fumbled for his phone and handed it to me.

And suddenly, I felt like I was going to be sick.

There was a photo of me and Donovan in our tuxedos posing together at the Elysium event, but it wasn't seeing us together that made my stomach roil. It was the implication spelled out in the article underneath.

DONOVAN TRUITT AND KELLY "SIN" SINCLAIR
STEP OUT TOGETHER FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

Donovan Truitt, son of supermodel Kimberly Thompson, was spotted last week with Kelly Sinclair, the latest "big" thing to come *from Xes Entertainment.*
The two attended a charity event at Elysium, but seemed to only have eyes for each other as they were photographed entering the event.
Kelly, who has risen *to fame with soaring online success, has stolen that spotlight with a masked mystery man. But after this public outing as a couple, many are now speculating over whether we just got a glimpse of the beautiful face that might be hiding behind that mask.*

Beautiful face behind the mask…meaning Donovan.

Oh shit. I dropped my head onto my hand as I read through the rest. “Oh my fucking God.”

The room went dead silent. After a beat, Corey said, “Wait, you didn’t know about this?”

“Does it look like I got a heads-up?”

Corey cursed and shoved the box of cookies aside. “Shit, man, I’m sorry. I just thought—”

“That someone who didn’t want his identity known in the videos with me would just blast that information at an event his parents were at? Fuck no.”

“Oh. Yeah. He’s got a pretty famous family, huh?”

“No shit.” I scrubbed a hand over my face. “And Donovan’s not exactly unknown either.”

“That’s…not good.”

I lifted my head, glaring, and Corey recoiled.

“You know what?” he said, getting to his feet and hugging the cookies to his chest. “I think I’m gonna go. You look like you, uh, need some space.”

I wasn’t even in the mood to argue that because, shit, this was just another layer to an already complicated situation, and I didn’t need to take anything out on Corey.

“Um.” He shuffled his feet, standing out of arm’s reach of me. “Can I have my phone back?”

I didn’t even realize I was still holding it, but I handed it over, and he hightailed it to the door. But then he turned back and said, “Hey, Kelly? If you need anything or maybe wanna talk, you can always stop by.”

I nodded. “Appreciate the offer, man.”

“Anytime.”

He slipped out without another word, and I let out a long sigh.

Had Donovan seen this yet? He’d only dropped me off a little while ago, so he probably wasn’t even home yet.

I checked the time on my phone and decided to wait until I knew he wasn’t driving to share the news.

Motherfucker.

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THIRTY-FOUR

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donovan

“HAVE YOU SEEN this?”

I’d barely stepped off the elevator after arriving home when Preston shoved a newspaper so close to my face, my eyes crossed.

“No, and I can barely see it now,” I said, pushing it aside. “Jesus, what’s your deal, man?”

“*My* deal?”

“Yeah.” I stepped around him and unlocked my door. “I’m barely home a second and you’re all up in my face. Can I have a minute to settle in?”

I walked inside and dropped my bag on the floor, and when I turned around, Preston was still standing there with an expectant look on his face.

“Well, have you had your minute?”

What the hell was going on here? Preston was generally the even-keeled one in our group of friends. He had ambition, direction, and for the most part was the most sensible of the bunch. But right now he looked exasperated—with me.

“I *have*…” I tossed my keys and wallet on the entry table, eyeing the paper in his hand. “So, what’s going on?”

“Wow, you really haven’t seen it.”

“Seen what? I’ve been out of town this weekend, remember?”

“I know, but I figured you— Oh, forget it. Here.” Preston held out the paper again, and I scoffed.

“Seriously? Who reads the paper anymore?”

“Serena’s *dad*, that’s who, and this was on his kitchen counter this morning.”

I rolled my eyes and took the paper from him.

There, splashed across the number one gossip column in New York, was a photograph of me and Kelly outside of the Elysium the night of the charity event.

That alone wouldn't cause any worry, but as I skimmed over the article under it, one line jumped out and slapped me across the face.

…many are now speculating over whether we just got a glimpse of the beautiful face that might be hiding behind that mask.

Shit. I'd known this was a possibility, that they might find out who Kelly was and what he did for a living—and that was fine because it was his life, not mine. But I hadn't expected them to speculate over the masked guy he was with.

Who cared about the masked guy? *Kelly* was the star. But it seemed my little secret was coming back to bite me in the ass—and not in a good way.

"*Hellooo*. Van?" Preston said.

"Did Serena's dad see this?"

"I don't think so. I was looking through it before he got up, so…I just took it."

"Okay." I let out a breath, trying to think of what the hell to do next. There were strict rules for members of Elysium, and one of those was not to bring scandal to its doors. If the board members—a.k.a. all of my friends' parents—caught wind of this, I would be in a world of trouble. My parents might actually disown me. Not for the porn itself, but the fact I was discovered.

My eye began to twitch, and I pressed my fingers to my brow in an effort to make it stop. But it was no use—it was as insistent as the vein now throbbing at my temple.

"We have to make this go away. I *need* to make this go away."

"No shit," Preston said as he followed me into the kitchen. "Why do you think I'm here?"

"I wonder why no one else has texted or called. I figured with something like this the guys would be blowing up my phone, giving me shit."

“They went to Church last night—most of them are probably still sleeping off the hangover.”

That made sense. I grabbed a bottled juice from the fridge and offered one to Preston.

“Nah, I’m good. Thanks.”

I took a long swig of the drink and then put it on the counter and braced my hands there. How had such a perfect weekend turned to shit in a matter of minutes? I let out a sigh, trying to think of the best way to fix this mess.

“Okay, I need someone who can scrub a story from the internet.” I nodded and started to pace the kitchen. “Someone who can hack into the newspaper and delete a file. I might not be able to get it out of the actual *paper*, but if I could get it offline, that’s where most people look and read these days.”

“That’s true,” Preston agreed, then clicked his fingers. “West.”

I screwed my nose up. “West? Uh, I don’t think that’s in his skill set.”

Preston chuckled and shook his head. “No, that’s not what I meant. He has a guy, um, Harry, I think his name is? He helped him when that video of JT handing him his ass went viral.”

“Oh, that’s right,” I pulled my phone from my pocket. “Harry scrubbed it.”

“He sure did.”

“That’s perfect. Okay, let me text him.”

SOS. My condo.

While I waited for a response, I turned my attention back to Preston sending off a text of his own.

“Serena?”

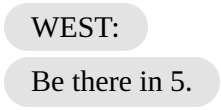
Preston looked up at me with a crooked smile on his handsome, all-American face. “Yes. I was supposed to have dinner tonight with her and her father, but, um, I’m making my excuses instead.”

I chuckled, feeling his dilemma. “What? Don’t want to face the wrath of Mr. Carrington once he finds out your friend is a porn star?”

Preston grimaced. “Not just him. All of the board are going to have a fit when they find out.”

He wasn’t wrong. But I figured if I could wipe it from the internet then the only thing they had to worry about would be how quickly the next scandal would hit—and in this city, you didn’t have to wait long.

Mine and Kelly’s story would be old news lining garbage cans by the end of the day. At least, that’s what I told myself.



Oh thank God. The one thing I had to give my friends credit for—if an SOS came through from any of us, we dropped whatever we were doing and were there within minutes. Something I was very thankful for when West ran inside my condo four minutes later, in nothing but a pair of grey sweats and with mussed-up hair.

“Where’s the emergency?”

Preston grabbed the paper and slapped it against West’s chest. “Read.”

West looked down at the small print and then back to Preston. “You serious? I just woke up.”

“Okay,” I interrupted, not having the patience to listen to them argue. “Don’t *read*, just look at the picture and listen.” West glanced back at the paper in his hand as I said, “They know who Kelly is—”

“And?” He shrugged. “Who cares?”

“*That’s* not the problem. The problem is, they know who he is and that he works with a ‘masked man.’ A masked man who they are heavily insinuating is—”

“*You*.” West’s mouth fell open. “Mother. Fucker.”

“Exactly.”

“That’s… Mother*fucker*.”

“Yeah.” I ran my hands over my face and let out a sigh. “A shitshow, I know. But Preston said you know someone who might be able to help?”

“Uh, this is already out there. Not sure what I can do.”

“Well, if we can get it offline then it won’t go crazy,” Preston explained. “We can contain it a little.”

“Oh, right.” West nodded and scratched at his bare chest. “I could call Harry. Get him over here. He’s really good at this shit.”

I chewed on my lip, looking at the time. “You think he’s free on a Sunday?”

West scoffed. “With what I pay him, he’ll be here before I can put a shirt on.”

“Thank God. Call him.”

West gave a clipped nod and turned away to do just that, as I grabbed my phone and looked to Preston.

“I’ve got to call Kelly and give him a heads-up about this.”

“Definitely. We’ll get the ball rolling while you do that.” Preston waved me off, and I hurried into my room, where I hit Kelly’s number.

A few seconds later it connected, and when Kelly said, “You’ve seen it, haven’t you?” I winced.

“Yeah, Preston was here with the paper when I got home. What about you? How’d you find out?”

“Neighbor. He showed me online. Shit, Donovan. I’m sorry.”

“*You’re* sorry? Why? You didn’t do anything.”

“Um, they basically outed you as the guy in the videos with me.”

“Yeah, but that’s not your fault.”

Kelly grunted. “I told you it was a bad idea for you to take me as your date that night.”

“It was a great idea, and I had a fantastic night because of you. These gossip reporters are just sniffing around, *trying* to find a story. But don’t worry, I’m on it.”

There was a pause. “What do you mean, you’re on it?”

“West has someone who can help make this…disappear.”

Kelly laughed, and I could imagine him shaking his head. “Of course he does.”

“Of course. Listen,” I said, leaning back against my door and staring at my big, empty bed. “What are you doing right now?”

“Uh, well, I just got rid of my neighbor and was about to throw something in the oven for dinner. Then I was going to sit on my couch and reminisce about the most amazing weekend I’ve ever had.”

“Hmm, that doesn’t sound half bad. But you know what would be better?”

“What’s that?”

“If you did all of that but over here, on my couch.”

“You aren’t sick of me? We just spent the weekend together.”

I knew I should probably want some space, and that it was somewhat reckless to have him come over when we were doing everything we could to wipe speculation over our relationship from the internet. But it wasn’t *us* I was trying to erase, and the one thing I knew above all else was that I missed him.

“Kelly?”

“Hmm?”

“Please come and spend the night with me.”

He hummed in my ear, and I swear it felt as though he were right there next to me. “How am I ever supposed to say no to you again?”

“You’re not, which is why you’re going to say yes to this too. I’m going to have Scotty pick you up and bring you here. He’ll drop you at the private entrance and they’ll let you up.”

Kelly said nothing for a moment, then, “Are you sure?”

“About what?”

“My coming there? Maybe I should give you some—”

“If you say space, things are going to get ugly real fucking fast.”

“I don’t think that’s physically possible for you. But okay, send Scotty. I’ll be waiting.”

A LITTLE OVER half an hour had passed since I’d called Kelly, and my condo now felt as though it had a revolving door. One by one my friends had come and gone, some of them sympathizing over my situation, some offering a new identity and a one-way trip out of town—thanks, East—but luckily, the other person who had shown up was West’s miracle guy, Harry.

He was awkward and somewhat disheveled. I had no idea where West had found this kid. All I knew was that he had a shiny new backpack with reflectors on the zippers where he kept his laptop, and really, that was all I needed to know.

I showed him through to my kitchen island and offered him a drink, and after those very few words were spoken, he pulled up a seat and got to

work.

“Where’d you find this guy again?” Preston asked as West kicked up his feet on my coffee table.

Sporting a shirt and socks now, West looked more awake than he had when I first called, and the charming smile he aimed Preston’s way said his brain was now fully functioning too.

“I tracked him down to help get intel on Golden Boy.”

I tossed a pillow at him. “You did not.”

“Did too. I mean, I wasn’t gonna go in unarmed so JT could shoot me down. So Harry got me some info, and, well, the rest is history.”

“I thought he just helped you get rid of your video of shame.”

West eyed me, his blue ones sparking with mischief. “*My* video of shame? You’re one to talk, ‘mystery man.’”

“You know what I mean.”

“Yeah, yeah, well, he got rid of that too. Smart guy, that Harry. Gotta keep him close.”

“Uh huh.” Preston chuckled. “Because you knew you’d need him to get you out of trouble again at some point.”

“Careful, Mr. Perfect.” West wagged a finger. “You never know when you might need a little cleaning up yourself. Especially if you’re going into politics.”

I was about to agree when my front door opened again. But this time the person walking in had me on my feet and all but running over to greet him.

Looking as good as when I’d left him earlier, Kelly still wore his jeans, shirt, and jacket, and I couldn’t wait to get my hands on him again.

“Hi.” I wound my arms around his neck, and Kelly dropped his overnight bag to pull me into his embrace.

“Hi right back,” he said, then lowered his head and took my lips in a kiss I felt all the way to my toes. The touch of his mouth against mine felt like home.

“I missed you.”

Kelly smoothed his hand down my back as he nipped at my lower lip. “Good, ’cause I missed you too.”

My stomach flipped as I reached for his hand and led him into the living room.

“I swear, every time I come to your place there’s people everywhere,” he said.

I laughed and looked around the room to where West and Preston sat on the couch and Harry tapped away on his computer in the kitchen. “Oh, you missed most of them. They came and I threw them out. *This* is the cleanup crew.”

Not wanting to bother Harry, I led Kelly over to the couch opposite my friends.

“Hey, guys,” he said, smiling at the two of them as though he’d known them for years instead of weeks.

“Hi.” Preston waved as West looked between the two of us, his eyes landing on our hands where they were laced together.

“Hey,” he finally said, a smug grin stretching his lips. “You two have a good weekend away?”

“Yeah, we did,” Kelly said, turning in my direction, and I didn’t know why but my cheeks suddenly felt…hot. “It was perfect.”

“Aw, isn’t that sweet.”

“It is.” I reached out to trail my fingers down Kelly’s cheek. “And it was.”

West pulled a sappy expression and put a hand to his heart. “Look, Preston, Dad and Dad love each other.”

The comment was said offhand and in jest, but the way the room fell silent, you could’ve heard a pin drop—or the monotonous sound of Harry’s keyboard echoing off the walls.

In *love*? Me and Kelly? That was crazy, right? It was too fast, too soon. But I couldn’t deny the way I’d been feeling since I’d met him. The way I’d felt this weekend. And I couldn’t deny the way my heart had stumbled over itself when he walked through the door just now and kissed me like he was home.

When Kelly said nothing, I tried to think of something funny to say, something to break the tension, but a loud *pinging* sound did it for me.

“Your phone.” Harry spoke for the first time since he’d arrived, and I quickly grabbed it off the coffee table and opened it. “I set it to go off if any articles with your name or Kelly’s hit.”

I quickly opened it up, and West said, “Read it out loud.”

A *SIN*FUL SECRET REVEALED

A close source has come forward to confirm that the heart-shaped birthmark on the masked man's most billable asset *in Kelly "Sin" Sinclair's videos with Xes Entertainment does belong to Donovan Truitt.*
The two were recently spotted at a charity event for Elysium, and were said to be unable to keep their hands off one another once inside.

"Oh my God. I'm going to fucking kill him."

Kelly got to his feet, taking the phone from me and reading the rest of the article. "Atticus?" he said, as the blood drained from my face. "It's him, right? Has to be. The way they talk about us sitting together and—"

"He's seen Van's birthmark up close and in person?" West chimed in, and I cut a glare in his direction.

"So helpful, asshole."

"What? It's true. Kelly's not stupid."

"He's also right here," Preston said under his breath. "Jesus, West."

West shrugged. I could feel the tension rolling off Kelly in waves, and couldn't help but wonder if it was about the article or what West had said before.

I turned to Harry and held up my phone. "Can you get rid of this?"

He nodded. "On it."

"Good," I said, then turned back to Kelly and grabbed his hand. "You come with me."

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THIRTY-FIVE

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kelly

I COULD FEEL my annoyance bubbling under the surface and tried like hell to bank it as I followed Donovan into his bedroom. The last thing I wanted was to end this weekend on a bad note, but West's comment about that asshole Atticus seeing Donovan's birthmark up close and personal was on a loop in my head.

It was ridiculous, I knew that, to be jealous of a guy that Donovan clearly hated. But no matter how much I tried to tell myself not to care, the idea that someone like that snake had been anywhere near Donovan when he was naked really pissed me off.

When the door shut behind me, I turned to see Donovan leaning up against it, an apologetic look in his eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said, and pushed off the door. "Atticus is such a dick, always looking for a way to feel good about himself. Even if he has to use someone else to do it."

The comment was so specific that it was obvious this wasn't the first time Atticus had used Donovan in particular, and that turned my rage homicidal.

"What do you mean?"

Donovan reached for one of the hands I had balled into a fist and gently released my fingers. "About?"

"What do you mean this isn't the *first* time he's used someone? I'm guessing he's pulled some shady shit with you before?"

"I mean, yeah, but it was a long time ago." Donovan let out a sigh. "I just hate that he's trying to fuck with this, us."

So did I. I hated even more that it was working. I wanted to be cool about it, pretend it didn't bother me. But the fact that he'd run his mouth

about *Donovan* being in those scenes with me really got my blood boiling. I didn't care what happened to me. I'd signed up for that job. Donovan, however, had signed up for me.

"Tell me what he did."

Donovan frowned. "You already read what he—"

"Not today. Back then. What did he do to you?"

Donovan shook his head, scrunching his nose up in that way he did when he was nervous or trying to think of a way out of something.

"It was nothing, really."

"Donovan."

"Okay." He put a hand on my chest, giving me an imploring look. "But you have to remember, this was a long time ago."

"Define 'long.'"

"About a year."

I grunted. One month. One year. Hell, one decade wouldn't be long enough for me. But I also knew how unreasonable that was and decided to move on.

"So, what happened?"

"Well, we'd been seeing each other for about three months. Our parents set it up, actually. They knew each other through Elysium and— Anyway, um, it was good at first. He went to a different school, so it was exciting when we got to see each other, and then he met my friends."

I could see where this was going. It'd been crystal clear how well Atticus got along with Donovan's friends the night of the event, but I'd just figured it was due to a bad breakup.

"He hated them. He hated them and didn't hide it. Every time I wanted to go out with them, he'd give me a hard time. He'd go on about how much better I could do. How much more mature and classier his crowd was."

I arched a brow. "You mean there are classier people out there than a twenty-something-year-old guy who wears an ascot to school and drinks martinis for breakfast?"

Donovan grinned but shrugged. "I guess so. All I'll say is that while my friends might've been immature to him, they were a hell of lot more fun than *his* friends. They used to sit around in a billiards room every afternoon smoking cigars and discussing the latest trends on Wall Street, and what their money was doing."

"Sounds, ah, boring as hell."

“Yeah, it was. So naturally, things started to run its course. He didn’t come around anymore, and I lost interest. That’s when I told him I wanted to end it.” Donovan looked away from me. “He didn’t like that.”

I hooked a finger under his chin and turned his face back to mine. “What did he do to you?”

Donovan let out a sigh. “He tried to sell photos of me to a website.”

“Photos? As in naked photos?”

Donovan nodded. “Ones he’d taken of me while we were...together.”

Suddenly Atticus’s comment the night of the event made sense. From the very beginning, Donovan had never been shy about his body. In or out of the bedroom. The idea of being filmed with me hadn’t seemed to bother him, except for one small factor—his face. Something that piece of shit Atticus had tried to cash in on before, by the sounds of it.

“I wish I’d known that when I met him the other night.”

Donovan chuckled. “Something tells me it’s probably best that you didn’t.”

No shit. If I’d known that Atticus had tried to exploit Donovan that way, I would’ve knocked his goddamn head off, to hell with the consequences. Maybe then he wouldn’t have been so quick to mess with Donovan again.

“What a piece of shit.”

“Yeah, he’s not exactly my favorite person.”

“Better fucking not be.”

Donovan rubbed a hand over my chest as though trying to soothe a wild animal, and that’s exactly how I felt—wild, fiercely protective, and ready to fight for my man. “Nope. My favorite person is standing right here.”

Donovan continued to smooth his hand back and forth over my chest, and as my irritation started to fade, I lowered my forehead to rest against his.

“I hate that he did that to you. That he took something so personal and threatened to expose it.”

“I know, and it hurt at the time, but it just showed me the kind of person he was—is.”

“How did you get them down? *Did* you get them down?”

Donovan wrapped his hands around the back of my neck and gently kissed my lips. “They never went up. I found out that he’d taken the camera

the photos were on, so we stole it back and I went to my mom and asked her what I should do."

"You went to your *mom*?"

"Yeah. I was just starting out in the industry, and I knew she'd know what to do, and she did. She got the lawyers involved, and after my friends got a hold of him, I never heard from Atticus again, until—"

"The other night."

"Right." Donovan smiled. "She was amazing about the whole thing. The only lecture I got was about being more careful next time—hence the mask."

I wrapped my arms around his waist and drew him in. "I'm sorry this is happening to you again."

"Don't be. I knew I should've gotten that damn birthmark removed."

"You better not." I kissed his ear, and Donovan shivered. "I like tracing it with my tongue too much."

Donovan pulled my head down and took my lips in a kiss full of heat that made me wish we were the only two here right now. But just as his tongue began to flirt with mine, loud voices started up in the living room, and we pulled apart and looked toward the door.

"What the—?" Donovan let go of me and headed for the door, and I followed him out of the bedroom.

"Get out of my way." The furious female voice boomed up the hallway right before Donovan's agent shoved West out of her way and locked eyes on whom she was clearly looking for.

"You." She pointed a finger at Donovan, who took a step back, making me stumble. Not that I blamed him. That homicidal feeling I'd had earlier? Yeah, it was now flashing in her eyes as she stormed down the hall toward us. "Do you want explain to me why I was privy to a photo of your *ass* while I was pouring a glass of wine tonight and settling in to read about what gossip was spread through the city while I was out of town this weekend?"

"I…uh…"

"Yes?" She glared up at him, her eyes turning—I swear—blood red. "I'm *waiting*."

"An, um, ex of mine found out I was dating Kelly—"

"Oh yes." She aimed those lasers my way, and my dick shriveled up inside me. "*Kelly*—what a convenient way to keep your secrets. Hiding

behind a stage name."

"He wasn't hiding," Donovan said.

"No, *you* were hiding him. Kelly 'Sin' Sinclair." She rolled her eyes. "I'd be impressed if you *weren't* a porn star."

"*Mira*." Donovan took a step forward, and I reached for his arm, sensing that same protective urge I'd had earlier from him.

"Donovan, it's okay."

"Like hell it is," he said, his eyes locked with Mira's. "Look, I know you're upset right now, and you have every right to be."

"You think?" She cocked her head, and her eyes darted between the two of us. "If it was just him, I wouldn't give a shit. But you didn't think to maybe mention that you've been moonlighting as a porn star for the last however many months?"

"I did *three* movies, all with Kelly."

"Oh, well, that makes it okay, then."

"I didn't think it would matter. I wore a mask each time, and no one would've known if—"

"You'd kept your pants on in the first place," she pointed out.

"Aw, it's not his fault he was born with the symbol of love on his ass," West called out from the couch. "Don't ask him to deny who he is."

Mira's jaw bunched as she did her level best not to turn around and rip West a new one. Donovan gently squeezed my hand, and I let go of him so he could approach her.

"I'm sorry, okay? I know this isn't ideal, but I've got Harry working on __"

"Not *ideal*?" Mira scrubbed her hands over her face. "I don't think you understand the gravity of what you've done here, Van. Of what something like this could do to your career."

"Come on, Mira. Don't you think you're being a little dramatic?"

"No, I don't. You work with some of the top luxury brands and fashion labels in the world. It is an honor and a privilege. The last thing they want is a scandal surrounding their name."

"Whatever happened to 'any press is good press'?"

"It doesn't exist when it comes to you *coming*."

"Whatever." Donovan's shoulders stiffened, and I couldn't stop myself from moving in behind him and squeezing one of them, letting him know I

was there. “I don’t care what happens. I fell for a guy—so fucking sue me. It’s your fault for giving me dodgy directions to that watch shoot anyway.”

“So now I’m to blame for you—”

“Meeting the sexiest, most amazing man I’ve ever known? Yes. Yours and fate’s. And I’ll be damned if you’re going to stand here and make me feel bad about myself.”

“Van—”

“No. There’s more to life than looking good and drinking green juice. There’s finding someone who makes you laugh and smile, and your heart skip when he walks in a room. I won’t let my asshole ex-boyfriend ruin that, and I don’t care if that means I never walk another catwalk in my life.”

The room went dead silent, and I wasn’t sure how to feel in that moment. On one hand, I wanted to pick Donovan up and haul him back to the bedroom after everything he’d just said. But on the other, I could feel that twisted, gnawing feeling of guilt taking over. I’d known that if word got out about my job that there might be ramifications for Donovan. But I didn’t think it would be this bad.

The brands might drop him? It might ruin his career? I couldn’t let him do that for me.

“You know…” Donovan let out a sigh. “I think you should leave now.”

“But we—”

“Mira, I know. We need to clean it up. What do you think Harry is doing?” He gestured to the kitchen, where Harry was working over his laptop.

“Main articles are offline,” he said, not bothering to look up. “Just sourcing the original files to delete from the mainframe and we’ll be good.”

Damn. I still couldn’t believe they had a guy who could scrub the internet on call.

“Fine, I’m going.” Mira turned and stormed back up the hall, muttering, “Gonna have to smooth this over with the agency, anyone who saw this…” She stopped when she reached the foyer and looked back to us. “And you two—keep your asses covered from here on out.”

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THIRTY-SIX

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donovan

IF I'D THOUGHT Mira leaving would give me a chance to settle things back down with Kelly, I was dead wrong.

Even though I'd already kicked them out earlier, East and Travis somehow managed to slip inside my apartment before the door shut after Mira. The mischievous looks on their faces told me double trouble was back in action.

God help us all.

"I knew it was Atticus fuckface," East said, his words at odds with the way he strolled into the room like he owned it.

Travis followed, his phone firmly clasped in hand, the glowing screen displaying the second post that had come through. "That shitbag needs to learn his lesson, since he obviously didn't get the hint last time."

"And let me guess. You've got a plan," I said.

East arched a brow at Travis, smirks on both their faces. "Travis and I came up with a few ideas we'd get immense pleasure from."

"I can't wait to hear this," West said, way too excited about the prospect of fucking over my ex, unlike Preston, who sat nearby running a hand over his face. Not that he wouldn't be up for a little retaliation, but whenever the ideas came from Travis and East, shit was going to get ugly. And messy.

"Count me in for whatever you're doing," Kelly said.

East's answering grin was downright sinister. "Abso-fuckin-lutely."

I knew I had to look horrified, but there was no way I was letting Kelly get involved in whatever revenge plot my friends would concoct. He had enough going on.

"No," I said, shaking my head. "No way. Leave Kelly out of this. He doesn't know what he'd be getting himself into."

Kelly crossed his arms, his tall, built body looking like a veritable fortress guarding the room. The muscle in his jaw clenched as he met my eyes. “Doesn’t fuckin’ matter.”

“You don’t think your man is going to defend your honor?” Travis scoffed. “Grow a pair, Van.”

“I’ve got a pair, or did you somehow miss that when you were ogling all the hell over our scene?” I replied.

“Do I need to remove those too?” Harry’s voice was small compared to the rest of the loudmouths in the room, and I’d almost forgotten he was even there. When we all turned our attention his way, he swallowed and pushed his glasses up his nose. “The, uh, masked ones. Did you want those down too?”

Shit, the fact that he could even do that hadn’t crossed my mind, but they were up legally, and Kelly and I had both signed approvals for them. It wasn’t like I was ashamed of the scenes. Not to mention they were hot as hell, and it would be doing not only Kelly but the whole fanbase of viewers a disservice by taking them down.

“No,” I said. “Those are legit. Just make sure my name isn’t attached to them in any way.”

Harry nodded and went back to typing. “Sure thing.”

I looked back at Kelly, and he was radiating all kinds of palpable tension with his unflinching stance. It wasn’t just a mix of anger at my ex and determination to fuck him over, but also a shadow of something like guilt.

And that wasn’t going to work for me.

“All right, everybody out,” I shouted.

All talking ceased, and East blinked at me like he couldn’t have heard me right. “Perhaps we weren’t clear. Our plans for your disgusting ex are being done in your honor.”

“And when I take care of a few things, I’ll listen all day, how’s that?”

“It’s a little ungrateful.” East sniffed, lifting his chin. “But I’ll allow it.”

I battled the urge to roll my eyes, since in his own way, he was trying to help. Preston gave my shoulder a reassuring squeeze and quietly slipped into the hall, while West made a big show of hoisting himself up off the couch and grumbling, “You’re the one who told me to come over and help you.”

“Which I appreciate, really, but now I just need you to get the fuck out.” I paused. “Please.”

“What about Harry? He’s not done yet,” West said, gesturing toward our hacker on speed dial, who was wisely packing up his stuff at the counter.

“You have internet and a desk at your place, right?”

West’s mouth fell open, and as he started to protest instead of moving, I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed him toward the door. It wasn’t my fault Travis was still standing there instead of leaving, and they collided with loud grunts and curses.

“Rude much?” Travis said as Harry hurried out the door, tightly gripping the straps of his backpack.

“Harry, thanks, man. Keep up the good work,” I called out, and then shoved Travis and West out the door too. “Why don’t you all go work on whatever wicked plans you have for dipshit and we’ll talk tomorrow?” I went to close the door, but then added, “And do me a favor and keep Gavin busy tonight.”

West made an indecent gesture with his hips. “Yesss, get it, Van—”

I shut the door in his grinning face, and as the locks automatically engaged, I let out a long sigh and turned back to Kelly. The silence in the room was a welcome reprieve, but the taut muscles in his neck and arms spoke volumes.

“I am so, so sorry about all that,” I said.

“Don’t apologize for having people who care about you enough to want to inflict damage on someone who hurt you.”

I shook my head, stepping closer to him, aching to touch him. “I don’t mean them. I don’t think it’s what they said that’s bothering you.”

Kelly remained still as a statue, his eyes tracking my every move, as I closed the distance between us.

“Talk to me,” I said when I was close enough to touch, reaching out to hold his waist. “Tell me what’s going on in your head.”

He swallowed hard, shifting his gaze away, but I refused to let him retreat into silence. Not now. I hooked my finger under his chin, forcing him to meet my eyes.

After a long moment, he finally said, “I’ve fucked things up for you.”

“No.”

“Donovan, come on. You heard Mira. No brand wants a scandal anywhere near them. You might lose all your jobs because of me.”

I knew I'd sensed the guilt pouring off him, but the fact that he was blaming himself for my decisions… I wouldn't let him take that on.

"Did you not hear anything I said? Or were you too focused on Mira giving me a mouthful of her opinion?"

"Yes, I heard. I heard all of it—"

"Then you know I'm past giving a shit what happens, whether anyone wants to fire me or punish me for it… Whatever. I enjoy what I do, but if it ended today, I'd do something else. It's not my whole life, Kelly. You—" I stopped myself, realizing I'd been about to say, "You are."

Judging by the way Kelly widened his eyes, he knew exactly where my thoughts had been going.

Holy shit, that wasn't what I'd expected to come flying out of my mouth, but if I thought that would scare him off, I was dead wrong. He stepped in closer, reaching up to cradle my face.

"I'm *what*?" he teased with a half-smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Care to finish that sentence?"

I curled my fingers into his shirt. "You said you heard everything I said to Mira, which included my spilling my guts out about you."

"Oh, that's right," he said, his eyes dancing with mischief. "I think there was something about you falling for me…"

"And? 'Cause there was more."

Kelly scratched his jaw, pretending to think it over. "That you think I'm the sexiest, most amazing man you've ever met. And by far the best fuck you've had."

Laughter bubbled up from my chest. "It's all the truth. Though I'm pretty sure I left out that last detail. You know, to spare Mira any more trauma."

"Then I probably shouldn't mention the part about you worshiping my cock."

Fuuuck, the man's mouth made me want to drop to my knees and do just that. But that was nothing new. I'd wanted nothing more than to taste and kiss and touch him from the second I laid eyes on him.

"What else did you hear?" My words came out breathy, but I was beyond the point of caring.

Kelly lowered his head, and his lips traced a searing path along my jaw that ignited shivers down my spine. "That I make you smile. Laugh. That your heart skips when I walk into the room."

“You *were* listening.”

“What about right now?” he said, shifting back to look at my face. “Any skipping I should know about?”

I guided his hand to my chest. “What do you think?”

“It’s fast. I *think* it means you kinda like me.”

“No,” I said, sucking in a deep inhale that did nothing to steady my racing heart. “It means I love you.”

Kelly’s mouth parted, a mix of surprise and emotion lighting up his handsome features.

“And just so you know, all of this, every choice I’ve made, it’s been mine,” I said, my voice unwavering. “And if I had to do it all over again, I would, the same way, every time. Because this, you and me? We’re worth it.”

This time, I could feel the way his pulse seemed to stop and then quicken beneath where my thumb rested along his wrist. When his obvious shock passed, he slowly smiled. “And you love me.”

“I do.” I linked my fingers through his and brought his wrist up to my lips to press a kiss there. “So much I don’t care if the world burns, as long as I can have you.”

“Donovan…” For the first time since I’d met him, Kelly’s voice shook, and he closed his eyes briefly. When he opened them again, those golden depths glistened. “I don’t know that I deserve you. But I want to.”

“Don’t say that. You’re the most incredible, worthiest man I’ve ever met. You, Kelly Sinclair, deserve the entire goddamn universe. And I just want to be a part of it.”

Kelly shook his head, like he couldn’t believe the words coming out of my mouth, even though I’d never lie to him. There was nothing I wouldn’t do for this man, nothing I wouldn’t give up—and if that included my career, then good fucking riddance. It would never compare to the way I felt when Kelly looked at me the way he was now, like I was the most precious thing in the world.

He threaded his fingers into my hair, bringing our faces in close so that his breath was a warm whisper on my lips. “I love you, Donovan Truitt. I think I’ve loved you from the first minute I saw you—”

I didn’t let him finish. He’d already said everything I needed to hear with those three words, and I closed the final inch between us, taking his mouth in a kiss that sealed everything we’d just confessed to each other.

The intensity of the moment had me feeling weightless, like I was tethered to earth only by Kelly’s lips moving urgently against mine. Our tongues and teeth clashed as we consumed each other, hands roaming, dicks rubbing through our jeans in sweet, tortured friction.

While we had always been fans of putting on a show, I didn’t want this moment to happen where anyone could watch us. The floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room were high enough that there wasn’t a building directly in front of us, but I knew anyone with a wandering eye *could* watch, and we’d let everyone see enough already.

Ripping my mouth away, my voice was a throaty growl as I said, “My bedroom. Now.”

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THIRTY-SEVEN

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kelly

MY HEART FELT like it was about to burst. Donovan backed me up into his room, and our kisses were wild and untamed, our hands roaming everywhere. His words had set me on fire, and all I wanted—no, *needed*—now was to brand him, claim him so he always knew whom he belonged to.

He kicked the door shut behind us then shoved me up against it, and damn, this possessive alpha side of him was so fucking hot. I didn't have time to react before he captured my mouth again and rolled his hips over mine. His dick was a rough tease through too many layers of clothes, and I thrust against him, cursing when Donovan suddenly jerked his head back.

Chest heaving, and with kiss-swollen lips and glazed eyes, Donovan was the picture of lust, and just looking at him had my stomach doing somersaults.

"I want to show you something." He leaned in, catching my lower lip between his teeth and then sucking it inside his mouth. When he let it go with a *pop* and stepped back, I groaned.

"Fuck, now? Where you goin', cock-tease?" Still leaning against the door, I stroked my straining erection, but when that did nothing to relieve the ache, I reluctantly straightened and followed Donovan through the door he'd disappeared through.

"You won't be calling me that when you see what's in here."

I stepped into a huge walk-in closet, bigger than my bedroom, and my jaw hit the floor. Rows of shirts, pants, jackets, and suits were evenly spaced along the racks, but it was the gorgeous man in the back corner, and what he stood next to, that had my attention.

Jesus, I couldn’t believe anyone in New York even *had* a walk-in closet, let alone one big enough for the massive black leather trunk that came up to my chest.

“Not really in the mood to see your shoe collection,” I said, letting him see the way I ran my hand over where I’d rather him focus his attention.

“You’ll enjoy *this*.” Donovan began to spin numbers on a combination lock. When I lifted a brow, he explained, “My friends are too nosy.”

When the latches clicked, he pulled the trunk open, and a display of several different cuffs, blindfolds, and other restraints hanging along the red velvet lining on one side came into view.

Now *that* had my attention. I could imagine using them on Donovan. Or him using them on me.

My cock throbbed as he began to open drawers lined in the red velvet, and when I looked inside, my eyes widened at the impressive collection of toys.

Holy shit. My guy was a kinky fucker, and nothing could’ve pleased me more.

Inside the drawers, there were gleaming silver cock rings nestled in satin, with butt plugs and vibrators laid out beside them from smallest to largest. Glass anal beads, docking sleeves. Double-penetration dildos. Prostate massagers. Several items I wasn’t familiar with but definitely curious about. And one drawer full of different varieties of lube.

It was stimulation overload in the best way, and I wasn’t sure where to look first.

“Aren’t *you* a delicious surprise?” I said, wrapping my arm around his waist. I ground against Donovan’s ass as I admired the toys on display. “The Museum of Sex gift shop has nothing on your stash.”

He chuckled, tilting his head in an invitation to suck on all that sweet, smooth skin below his ear, and I took full advantage, lowering my mouth to plant searing kisses along his neck. “I take it you want to play?”

An unrestrained growl rumbled through my chest as I nipped his skin. “Fuck yes, I do.”

A glint of something sparkling caught my eye, and I reached into the drawer and pulled out the diamond butt plug he had worn for our first scene.

“Look familiar?”

“God, I already wanted you so much.” I tightened my hold on his waist. “And then you bent over that chaise and I saw this deep in your ass, a surprise you’d worn just for me. I almost lost it right then.”

Donovan turned his head to look up at me, an impish look in his eyes. “I figured if I was going to get one night with you, I would make you remember me.”

“*Remember* you? That just sealed the deal that I had to *have* you.”

He lifted the plug out of my hand and placed it back in the drawer. “If you don’t hurry up and choose something, I’m afraid we might not make it out of this closet. And I really”—he kissed my lips—“really”—another kiss—“want to take my time with you tonight. *All* night.”

The promise of hours of uninterrupted time with a very naked Donovan had me grabbing the first thing I could reach and hightailing it out of his closet and into the bedroom.

His answering laugh echoed as he followed me out, carrying one of the many bottles of lube he had on hand.

“That particular toy will get us started,” he said, tossing the lube onto the bed before stripping out of his shirt. “We can always go back for more as the night goes on if you’d like.”

It didn’t matter how many times I saw the sheer perfection of his body, of all those lean, sculpted muscles, it was a shock to my system every time. He was so beautiful it almost hurt to look at him, but now I knew the person he was inside was somehow even more extraordinary.

And this man…he was mine.

With his jeans riding low on his hips and a very prominent bulge just dying to be released, Donovan lit a couple of candles on his dresser before striding over to the windows. He pulled the curtains shut, blocking out the breathtaking view of the city and pitching the room into a warm, low light.

Who the hell needed to look at Manhattan when Donovan Truitt was standing in front of me teasing the button of his jeans?

“While I’m all for a little exhibitionism,” he said, slowly lowering his zipper, “you’re all mine tonight. No cameras. No one watching. Just you and me.”

I licked my lips as the blood crashed loudly in my ears. Donovan pushed his jeans off his hips and kicked them off to the side.

“Looks like someone still wants a show.” A smirk crossed his pouty lips, his thumbs teasing the inside band of his boxer briefs. He nodded

toward the bed. “Sit. No touching.”

Without taking my eyes off him—because that would be a goddamn crime—I backed up until the backs of my knees hit the edge of the mattress. I dropped down onto the plush bedspread and leaned back on my hands so I wouldn’t have the urge to ignore his request and reach for him *or* my strangled erection.

Turning away from me, Donovan slowly lowered his boxer briefs down his body, bending over once they were down his legs so that I had a full view of his plump, delectable ass.

My curses filled the room as he looked over his shoulder at me, knowing just how sexy he was and how hard it was for me to sit here without my hands or mouth on him.

As he faced me again, I couldn’t decide which view I preferred—his ass or that mouthwatering, rock-solid cock. It pointed straight at me, knowing whom it belonged to.

“You’re a fucking gift, you know that?” I curled my fingers into the bedspread, gripping them tight. “Even if you didn’t let me unwrap you tonight.”

“Aw, feeling a little deprived?” As he walked toward me, my body began to hum, and I shifted my hips, feeling antsy. “Maybe I just wanted to watch you looking at me. Do you know how hot that is? To have your eyes on me? God, nothing gets me harder.”

Wrapping his hand around the base of his gorgeous dick, he moved to stand between my thighs, leaving his teasing, glistening crown only inches from my mouth. It begged me to close the distance, to taste him, but I didn’t move, following his orders.

Donovan knew exactly what I wanted, though, and my exercise in patience paid off when he speared his fingers through my hair and guided his cock to my mouth. After he warned me not to open wide, I felt the warmth of his cum on my lips as he painted them with his arousal.

“You look downright sinful like this,” he said as he stared down at me. “Is it so bad I want to mark you everywhere?”

I shook my head, willing to let him mark me anywhere and with anything he wanted, but the smell of his arousal was proving too much to resist. The second my tongue dipped out for a taste, I knew I was in trouble. The little patience I’d possessed went to shit, and in one quick move I hauled him down on the bed and under me.

Keeping him pinned to the mattress, I licked every drop of him from my lips.

“Nothing tastes better than you.” I dove in to the heat of Donovan’s mouth, letting him sample his flavor on my tongue. Salty and sweet, and so uniquely him. His answering moan only made me desperate for more of him. It was a hunger that wouldn’t go away until I was deep inside him, and that wasn’t happening with all these fucking clothes on.

Tearing my mouth away, I made quick work of getting rid of everything I had on before settling back over Donovan. Our cocks rubbed up against each other, providing that friction I’d been so eager for.

“Your body…” He shook his head. “I’ll never get enough.”

I grazed my teeth down the length of his jaw as I reached between us, taking us both in my hand. “I sure as fuck hope not. Because you’re stuck with me. Now. Always.”

I began to stroke us, and our pre-cum gave us a sticky slide that made me lose my mind. Donovan closed his eyes and sucked in a breath. “I’m going to hold you to that.”

“Yeah? Anything else you wanna hold?” I nipped at his chin. “Maybe something you want to hold against me?”

“Yes,” he breathed as I continued my slow slide. “But I can’t think when you’re doing that.”

I let out a low chuckle, and even though my cock would riot at what I was about to do, I let go of us both.

Donovan’s eyes flew open. “I didn’t mean stop.”

“Oh, baby, I’m just getting started.” I reached for the toy I’d brought over and held it up between us. It was a sleek black silicone vibrator with a ring at the top, and as I ran my thumb over the ribbed black handle, I lifted a brow. “Care to show me how you like this?”

“Have you ever used one before?”

The ring at the end was a decent size, but… “Not sure I’d fit.”

“Ah yes.” Donovan grabbed my dick with both hands, holding firmly as he began to rub and tug. “You and your massive dick. We’ll have to special-order a collection of toys for you.”

Grasping the lube he’d tossed on the bed, I flipped open the lid and poured a generous amount over where he was stroking us, getting us both good and slick. “I want you just like this,” I said. “So I can see your

handsome face when I'm so deep inside you you're begging me to never leave."

"Damn, that mouth…" He shifted beneath me, impatiently lining my cock up to his entrance. "Get inside me, and I'll let you drive me crazy with *that*."

He didn't have to tell me twice. I set the toy on his chest so I could spread his cheeks wide for me and teased his hole with the head of my dick, rubbing the mix of cum and lube all around, getting him nice and ready for me. He groaned with frustration, and I chuckled softly and pushed inside him.

My amusement cut off real fast, because he was so damn tight. He always was, but the way he opened for me, letting me fill him completely, never ceased to amaze. Being inside him like this left me breathless.

I dropped my head onto his chest, giving myself a minute to relax enough that I wouldn't explode before I got a chance to see how wild I could make him with the vibrator.

"You feel so good," he said, the words coming out strangled as he breathed through it. "So perfect."

No, perfection was the man beneath me, filled to bursting with my cock and still wanting more.

And that, I could do.

I rose, taking the vibrator with me, and when I hit the power button, it buzzed to life. It was a powerful thing, with a dial that could speed things up or slow them down. The vibration ran through the entire thing, not just the rounded tip, but the entire handle—and I knew exactly how to make this good for my guy.

I slid the loop over the head of his cock, and Donovan jerked and uttered a string of curses as he arched against the mattress. That reaction alone had me loving this new addition. Rocking my hips in shallow thrusts, I dragged the vibrating loop down the length of his cock, keeping the handle along his underside.

"Holy shit, I can't…" Donovan swallowed. "This is unreal."

"I can feel it. I feel you everywhere," I said, drawing out of him slowly and then easing back inside, where the faint pulses echoed through his body. The sensation was like nothing I'd ever experienced, and now I understood why he locked away a trunk of sex toys. It amped things up to a thousand.

I increased my speed, driving into the hot tunnel of his ass so deep and hard that I knew he'd feel me for a week. Then I upped the power on the vibrator, working it up and down Donovan's flushed cock.

"Fuck, don't stop." He dug his fingers into my waist, urging me to keep going, even as he trembled violently beneath me.

Watching him fall apart was so damn erotic I didn't know how I was supposed to keep this going, not with the way I could feel my balls tightening in warning. But if I was feeling it, he was feeling it times ten.

"Kelly," he said in a strangled rasp, and that was all he needed to say. He couldn't hold back anymore, and thank fuck for that.

"I've got you." I leaned down, pressing a wet kiss to his mouth, and then drove home. The headboard hit the wall in rapid bangs as I pounded into him and jerked his dick through the vibrator. As I felt my orgasm barrel down my spine, Donovan shattered beneath me, his shouts reverberating off the walls and his cum coating the both of us.

I lost it then, my movements becoming a blur of uneven thrusts, as I came with an intensity that shocked even me. It was always mind-blowing between us, but whether it was the vibration or the three little words we'd shared, I almost blacked out.

I didn't even remember Donovan taking the vibrator from me to turn it off as I tried to catch my breath, slowing my hips, but not pulling out of him.

As I came to, the smile he gave me lit up the whole goddamn room.

If I thought a blissed-out Donovan was the hottest thing I'd ever seen, it had nothing on the way he looked up at me now, his heart in his eyes and his ass clenching around my cock in a way that told me how perfect he was for me.

And then he whispered, "I love you," and my chest squeezed. Nothing had ever felt so right in my entire life than being with this man right here, right now, joined together like we'd been made to fit this way.

I captured his mouth again, kissing him with everything I had inside me, letting it all pour out into him so that he knew—I was his, and he was mine.

As I continued rocking inside him and the high of release simmered, I moved by his ear, telling him over and over how much I loved him, how he was a part of me now and always.

And when we were boneless and spent, I wrapped him up in my arms and breathed him in until we both fell into a deep, peaceful sleep.

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THIRTY-EIGHT

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donovan

I GRABBED MY laptop and slid it into my bag as my final class for the day ended. It'd been a long week, and it was only Tuesday, but the best part of my day was still to come—because I was now free to head to Kelly's place.

Things had finally settled down after our whirlwind of a weekend, and even with the chaotic way it had ended, I wouldn't have changed it for the world. Not when Kelly's *I love you* and the way we'd fallen asleep in each other's arms still made my heart skip every time I thought of it.

Sunday night had changed everything for me, and when he'd called this morning to ask me over for dinner to talk, it'd been a struggle to make myself go to school. I knew what he wanted to talk about—at least, I thought I did—and having to sit through class all day and think about it had just about driven me insane.

Kelly must've come to a decision about Xes, that was all I could think. He'd come to a decision and wanted to tell me, and I wasn't quite sure I was prepared for his answer.

I'd gone into this past weekend wanting to be open and honest with how I felt about his being with other people for his job, but that was before I realized how much I loved him. Now it was impossible to take, his letting someone else kiss him, touch him, and be with him the way I'd been with him.

I knew it was selfish of me to ask him to quit, but I would get down on my hands and knees and beg him, if it came down it. To hell with pride.

I hurried through Astor's courtyard to where Scotty was waiting for me. It hadn't been easy to get him all to myself, but after some heavy bribery—

and promises of drinks on me the next night we all went out—my friends had agreed to make their own way home today.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Truitt."

"Scotty, how many times do I have to tell you, it's Van."

"Yes, Mr. Truitt." The small smirk at the corner of his lips had me clapping him on the shoulder as I climbed inside the Sprinter.

He shut the door behind me, and as I settled in, my phone buzzed in the pocket of my jeans. I pulled it out, hoping it was Kelly, thinking that maybe I could tell by the tone of his voice which way tonight was going to go. But instead, my agent's name flashed across the screen.

Ugh, Mira was the last person I wanted to speak to right now. I hadn't heard from her since her brain exploded at my condo on Sunday, and even though Harry had managed to delete all trace of the articles online, I had a feeling Mira wasn't calling to tell me what a great job I did at Avalon Castle.

I stared at the screen, knowing that if I didn't deal with Mira now, she'd be blowing up my phone all night. So I hit accept and waited for my ass chewing.

"My office," she barked. "Thirty minutes."

"No, I—"

"Bring Kelly."

What? "We've got plans tonight."

"Then break them. Thirty minutes, Van. Don't make me wait."

I didn't get a chance to say anything else before she ended the call. I leaned forward and tapped Scotty on the shoulder.

"If you could risk a ticket or two, there's been a slight change of plans."

He glanced at me in the rearview and nodded. "You got it, Mr. Truitt."

I opened up Kelly's thread then and shot off a text.

> Hey, I'm on my way but Mira called and wants to see me—us—in thirty minutes. Is that going to ruin everything?

I looked out the window as Scotty weaved in and out of the traffic like he was driving my Jag and not the Sprinter. Good man, he'd have me at

Kelly’s in no time at all.

SINful KELLY:

Hey. She wants both of us?

Yeah, she was pretty adamant. Probably wants to yell at us some more. Sorry about that.

SINful KELLY:

No need. And it won’t ruin things food-wise. Was going to order in. Not sure about our moods though, lol.

I had to agree. God knew what Mira wanted to talk to us about, but given her no-nonsense tone, I was dreading it.

Okay. I’m almost there, so see you in five?

SINful KELLY:

I’ll be ready, and Donovan?

Yeah?

SINful KELLY:

I love you.

I love you too.

I was glad I was by myself then, because I knew my smile was probably the sappiest thing any of my friends would ever see. But I couldn’t help it. My heart felt close to bursting, and if that made me a lovesick fool, then that’s what I was.

As the van pulled up to the curb, Kelly strolled out of his building. He had his hair up today, his sunglasses on, and in a pair of boots, jeans, and a casual burgundy button-up, he looked relaxed—and so damn sexy that my breath caught in the back of my throat.

Scotty went to climb out and open the door, but I told him I had it, and pulled it open myself.

"Damn, you look good. You got a hot date tonight or something?"

A smug smile curved Kelly's mouth as he looked me over, and he nodded. "I sure do."

I grinned as he stepped up into the van and slid the door shut, then I leaned over and kissed him. "Mmm, I've waited all day to do that."

Kelly hummed and brought a hand up to cup my face. "Me too. I thought you were texting to cancel dinner, and I started coming up with all these ridiculous reasons why you couldn't."

"Oh yeah?" I moved back to my seat and took his hand in mine, craving that connection. "Like what?"

"Like I accidentally packed your toothbrush and needed to give it back? Or I started making a green juice and I wasn't sure it was supposed to taste that disgusting?"

I snorted at his ridiculousness as he brought my hand up to his lips.

"*Or*… I'd been away from you for over twenty-four hours and if I didn't see you again soon, I just might go crazy."

I smiled as Scotty pulled away from the curb. "That one doesn't sound ridiculous at all."

We sat like that, hand in hand, the entire way to Mira's. The only time Kelly let me go was when he opened the door to the agency's building.

"What floor is she on?" he asked as we stepped into the elevator.

"The fifteenth."

He hit the button, and seconds later we stepped out on my agency's floor, where Sadie—the receptionist—smiled and gestured to the double doors behind her.

"Hey, Van. You can go right in. She's waiting for you."

Kelly's eyes widened, and I knew what he was thinking. Not only did Sadie know who I was by sight, but there was also no waiting around. That was pretty normal, though, considering I was one of Mira's top clients.

"Thanks," I said as I pushed through the double doors and led Kelly down a hallway full of glass offices with marble floors. They kind of

reminded me of fishbowls.

“This place isn’t intimidating at all,” Kelly whispered by my ear.

“Don’t be. Right now”—I looked around at each desk we walked by and saw everyone staring at the gorgeous man towering behind me—“everyone in here is trying to work out who you are and how they can be the ones to sign you.”

Kelly scoffed. “Yeah, until they find out what I do for a living.”

“Not necessarily.” Half of these agents wouldn’t care. Unlike Mira, they wouldn’t be so worried about that little factor, and might even use it to their advantage. But before I had a chance to tell him that, Mira stepped out of her fishbowl and eyed the two of us like she was a disappointed mother.

“In here, now.”

She didn’t bother waiting for us, merely turned and headed back to her desk. I pulled open the door for Kelly and followed after him.

We sat in the chairs facing her and the iconic view of the Empire State Building, and seemed to come to the unanimous decision that she should speak first.

Mira looked between us, a frown pulling between her perfectly shaped brows, as she took in a deep breath and let it out.

“I see you’ve both managed to keep your clothes on today, and for that, I thank you.”

“Really, Mira?”

She cut her eyes in my direction, and my mouth clicked shut. “You can give me that one.”

I supposed I *had* put her through the wringer the past few days, but what she said next would determine whether I owed her even more of an apology.

“However, I didn’t bring you down here to bust your balls.”

“Thank God for that. They’re still recovering from Sunday.”

Kelly snorted and held up a hand. “Sorry. But he’s not wrong.”

“No?” She arched a brow. “You’re saying that with all the extracurricular activities you two have engaged in that *I’m* the one who broke you?” Her red lips curved. “I’m rather proud of that.”

My eyes narrowed as a spark of mischief twinkled in Mira’s eyes.

“Okay, what’s going on?” I finally asked, and that serious expression she’d been wearing since Sunday reappeared. “Why’d you call us down here?”

“Do I need a reason?”

“No, but I figured you wouldn’t want to see my face again until you had a reason to.”

“And you would be right,” she said and sat forward in her chair, clasping her hands on the desk.

Oh shit, here it comes. She was about to tell me I’d been fired from one, or maybe all, of my current bookings. Hell, I wouldn’t be surprised if she dropped me from the agency altogether. But like I’d told her the other night, I didn’t feel ashamed for what I’d done with Kelly. Or the fact that I’d fallen for him. I’d gone in knowing full well people would be watching, and that didn’t bother me. But the idea that I’d let her and my clients down definitely didn’t sit right.

“As much as it pains me to admit it, it seems that your prediction came true.”

“Excuse me?”

Mira looked between me and Kelly, shaking her head. “The one where any press is good press.”

I still wasn’t following, and neither was Kelly, judging by the confused expression on his face.

“It would appear that your little sideline gig as Kelly’s co-star came at the exact right time. Euphoria is looking for a new face for their upcoming underwear campaign and are looking for something sexy and a little scandalous.”

Ho-ly shit. She wasn’t dropping me. She wasn’t breaking the news that I’d been let go from any of my current contracts. She was presenting a job offer. As my brain tried to catch up, Kelly turned in his seat and reached for my hand.

“Donovan, that’s amazing.”

“Not only Van,” Mira said, and when we looked across the desk at her, she sat back in her seat, a wide smile now playing on her lips. “They want you too, Kelly.”

That got my brain cells firing again. “For the same campaign?”

“That’s right. They saw the article this weekend, checked out your, um…body of work together, then called me to find out if I knew Kelly.” She held her hands out, like, *surprise*. “Fate? Isn’t that what you called it, Van?”

Fate, luck—I wasn't sure what to call it, but it had just come knocking on my door for the second time in a matter of weeks.

I turned to see Kelly with his jaw on the floor as he stared at Mira.

"You okay?" I asked, reaching for his hand.

"Yeah," he said, his eyes never leaving the woman who had just offered him something I knew he wanted more than anything in this world. Well, maybe except for me. "I just… I'm still trying to process what just happened."

"You got offered a job," Mira said, getting to her feet. "A really damn good one."

Kelly looked at me, a mixture of hope and excitement swirling in his eyes as Mira came around the desk.

"I'm not going to lie, Kelly. When Donovan first introduced us, I knew I wanted to sign you. With your face, that body, and your charisma, designers and brands would jump at the chance to work with you. But when I found out what you did for a living, I was furious. I thought, there goes a wasted opportunity because I didn't get to you in time."

Kelly nodded, and I rubbed my thumb over the back of his hand, hoping it helped with his nerves.

"Turns out I was wrong." Mira shook her head. "And those videos of you, *and* the ones with Van, had the team over at Euphoria drooling at the idea of working with you together."

"Together?" I asked, my heart thumping at the thought of—

"Yes. The Sinful Allure campaign would feature you and Kelly in the shots together, modeling their latest underwear line."

"Shut the hell up."

Mira chuckled and braced her hands on the desk. "Oh, I don't think you want me to do that. Not yet. Don't you want to know the ballpark offer they threw out? You know, to see if you're interested."

"Yes, we do," I said without a second thought.

"Van, half a mil. Kelly? They want to offer you a quarter."

Damn. I hadn't been thinking anything close to that number. One look at the bewildered expression on Kelly's face and I knew he was still trying to make sense of what he'd just heard.

"I'm sorry." He blinked a couple of times, and Mira puffed up her chest like a proud peacock. She knew she'd just knocked him on his ass. "Did you just say—"

“That Euphoria wants to pay you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to pose with your boyfriend in their underwear? Yes, that’s exactly what I said. So, you interested?”

A shocked kind of laugh rose up out of Kelly as he looked at me, then a bright smile full of joy and wonder crossed his lips as we both turned back to Mira and said, “Where do we sign?”

A LITTLE WHILE later, Kelly and I walked out of the agency in a blissful haze, and for once it had nothing to do with taking our clothes off. Well, not yet, anyway.

“Did that really just happen?” Kelly said as he pulled me into his arms and kissed me right there on the bustling New York sidewalk.

“It did. You, Kelly Sinclair, are about to be a working model for Euphoria. How does that feel?”

He tipped his head back, laughing into the late afternoon sun. “Un-fucking-believable. That’s how it feels.”

I kissed along his jaw until he looked back down at me, his eyes shining with pleasure as he recaptured my mouth and took a nice long taste of my lips.

“Seriously. I feel like I’ve won the damn lottery. I have ever since the moment you walked into my life.”

I swallowed, trying not to let my emotions get the better of me, not when Kelly was looking at me like I’d hung the moon.

“Donovan,” he whispered, and traced my lower lip with his thumb. “I don’t want to be with anyone else anymore.”

The words were so unexpected that I almost forgot I’d been waiting to hear them. But as he stared into my eyes, I realized they were the final words I needed to make this moment perfect.

“I was going to tell you tonight. That’s why I invited you over for dinner. But then this happened, and I…I couldn’t go another minute with you thinking I was conflicted over leaving my job with Xes.”

“Are you sure?”

He brushed his nose against mine. “I’ve never been more sure about anything.”

I threw my arms around his neck and pressed smacking kisses up his cheek to his ear. “I promise you won’t regret it.”

“Oh? And how you gonna to do that?

“Well, how about I promise that we can make a video for ourselves… once a month?”

Kelly let out a booming laugh as he took my hand and guided me over to where Scotty had just pulled up in the van.

“I think I could get on board with that. I’ll go see Rafferty tomorrow and let him know he’s going to have to find a new hot couple to take our place.”

“Aw, poor Rafferty. I almost feel sorry for him. But maybe we could offer our assistance if he ever needs help in coming up with story ideas.”

“I’ll be sure to mention it.”

“You do that.”

“I will, but later. Right now, all I want to do is take you out and celebrate.”

“Out? I thought we were eating at your place?”

“Haven’t you heard? I’m rich, baby.” Kelly winked at me and slid the door of the van shut. “Now, where do you want to go?”

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THIRTY-NINE

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kelly

THE NEXT EVENING, I'd just finished setting up dinner and lighting a few candles when my apartment buzzer alerted me that my visitor had arrived.

I hit the talk button. "Yesss?"

"Your sexual favors have arrived. Can I come…up?"

Grinning at Donovan's cheeky request, I hit the door release button to let him in and then waited in my doorway, leaning against the frame. When he hit the top of the stairs, I saw the bottles in his hands and the overnight bag slung over his shoulder and moved in to relieve him of the load.

"Stairs, what are those?" he said, looking back at the four flights he'd trudged up.

"Sorry, no magic elevators here." Leaning in, I captured his lips in a kiss I'd been hungry for all day. He opened to me immediately, his mouth just as eager, and I moaned at the taste of him.

"Now that's a greeting." He playfully swatted my ass. "Show me your place, handsome."

It wasn't a massive condo in the sky, but it was cozy enough, especially with the low lighting and candles serving romantic ambiance.

Donovan dropped his bag on the floor and stepped inside, and damn he looked good in my apartment. He looked good anywhere, but this was the first time I'd had him over, and his gaze as he looked around was nothing but approving.

"Very nice, Mr. Sinclair," he said, a smile tugging at his lips. "Looks like you're about to have a hot date, though. Should I step out before he arrives?"

"Don't even think about it," I practically growled.

It was all I could do not to tear his clothes off right there, but I wanted us to at least have a nice dinner before I spent the rest of the night enjoying him in my bed. And wherever else I could get him.

He looked good enough himself to eat in a pair of dark jeans, white collared shirt he'd left unbuttoned at the neck, and a fitted black vest. Donovan made everything he wore look stylish, like he'd just walked off a fashion magazine—and usually, he had.

I pointed to the couch. "Sit. Relax." Then I headed into the kitchen with the bottles of liquor he'd brought over and poured us each a glass—a vodka soda for him, a Jack and Coke for me.

He'd already kicked off his shoes when I set our drinks on the coffee table and joined him on the couch. His head was cocked to the side. "Are you listening to jazz?"

Taking a sip of my drink, I shook my head. "The guy who lives below me is obsessed with Duke Ellington, listens to him almost every night."

"Huh." Donovan reached for his glass. "Kinda goes with the vibe you've got going on here tonight."

"Yeah? You like this?"

"Do I like being wined and dined by the sexiest man I've ever met?" He smiled at me over his glass. "Damn right I do."

I relaxed back into the couch, stretching my arm out along the back so that my fingers brushed the soft strands of his hair. "Think you could get used to this? With me?"

Donovan snuggled into my side. "Already have. You aren't getting rid of me that easy."

"Good, 'cause I have a pair of handcuffs in my bedroom, and I'm not afraid to use them."

Donovan pushed up, flicking his eyes to the doors off my small living area, then back to me. "Oh, in that case, I've changed my mind. You might want to go get them, make sure I don't bolt before you have a chance to convince me that you're the one to wine and dine me."

"So now I have to convince you?"

"If it involves me in a pair of handcuffs and you doing dirty naked things to my body? Then yes, you definitely have to convince me."

I pulled him back into my side and kissed the top of his head. "Trouble."

"You know it."

“I do. But I wanted to let you know how things went with Rafferty.”

Donovan grimaced. “Uh oh. Was he mad? Do I need to go into hiding for stealing his ‘*big* thing’ right out from under his nose?”

“Actually, he was pretty good about it. Said that he could tell by my expression when he was explaining I had to be with other men that my heart wasn’t really in it. And how could he expect my cock to be *in it* if my head wasn’t? His words, not mine.”

“Wise words.”

“*True* words.” I took a sip of my drink and then placed it on the small table beside me, doing the same with Donovan’s. “I don’t know what spell you cast over me, but since the moment I saw you, I’ll be damned if I can see anyone else.”

Donovan shifted on the couch, moving over to straddle my lap. He took my face between his hands. “I feel the same way.”

I nipped at his lower lip as I ran my hands up and down his back. “He did say, though, if we ever want to come back and visit, we could *both* wear masks.”

Donovan started to laugh. “Um, I’m pretty sure they’d still be able to tell it’s you. You’re pretty *hard* to miss.”

“What are you trying to say? That people weren’t tuning in to look at my pretty face?”

“Let’s just say Travis would be able to tell who you were in a cock lineup before he would an *actual* lineup. So you could cover your head, just not the head on your shoulders if you’re trying for a disguise.”

“Duly noted.” I gripped his hips and tugged him closer. Donovan tipped his head back, and I moved in to lick a path up his neck to his ear.

He wrapped his arms around me, and before I knew it, he’d pulled my hair tie free. “Fuck, I love your hair.”

He tilted my head back, then leaned down and sucked on my lower lip. I could feel his erection hard and thick through his pants as he ground it against mine.

“Jesus, Donovan. I was supposed to be feeding you dinner.”

He kissed his way up to my ear. “Oh, don’t worry, I plan to eat.”

Fuckin’ hell. I’d always loved sex, had never held back or been shy about going after what I wanted. But with Donovan, it was so much more than that. It was how we’d first connected, first met, and that connection had intensified to the point where I felt he was part of my very being.

I slipped my hands up his shirt, wanting to feel his skin against mine, then took his mouth in a fevered kiss. A soft moan fell from his lips as I slipped my tongue inside for a taste, and when his fingers tightened in my hair, I reached for the button of his jeans.

To hell with dinner. It could wait. I wanted him naked, and I wanted it now.

I ripped my mouth free and palmed his stiff dick. “Take these off.”

“Yes, sir.” He backed up off my lap and unzipped his jeans. As he kicked out of his shoes and socks and tugged them down, I did the same.

I raised my hips off the couch as he hooked his thumbs into his black boxer briefs, and just as we were about to lose the rest of our clothes—

“Kelly, you’re out of milk.”

The unexpected announcement from Corey had me cursing as both our heads jerked in his direction.

He stood in the doorway of the kitchen, holding up the milk jug that clearly had a couple of cups still in it, not bothered in the least that he’d interrupted a private moment.

“Corey, what the fuck, man?”

“What? You wanted to know when you ran out of stuff, and I’m about to use this, so…you’re running out.”

Above me, Donovan was still frozen, watching the exchange. “Uh, what’s happening right now?”

I sighed, my dick instantly deflating as I sat up and pulled my jeans back over my ass. “Corey, this is Donovan. Donovan, this is my neighbor Corey, who has no sense of personal space and steals all my food.”

Before Donovan could say anything, Corey walked over, wiping his hand on his pants before holding it out to shake.

Donovan glanced at me and then down at his exposed boxer briefs, and all I could do was shrug.

As Donovan shook his hand and tried covering his erection with a pillow, Corey gave him a crooked grin. “You don’t have to worry about that. I already know who you are. Great scenes, dude. I especially like the whole burglar thing—”

“Because it’s familiar ground for you?” I said. “Seriously, can’t you see we’re a little busy?”

“I thought you heard me.” Corey shrugged. “And I wouldn’t say *little* about either of you. I saw the—”

“Okay, time to go.” I got to my feet, zipping my jeans, and then pushed Corey toward the door.

“Wait, I didn’t get the cereal—”

“Too bad. Get creative with what you’ve got.” I opened the door and forced him through it. “Or better yet, try delivery. It’s New York—you can get anything.”

Unfazed, Corey stared past me at Donovan and waved. “It was nice to meet you—”

I shut the door in his face then locked it, and as I hauled the entry table in front of it for good measure, Corey called out, “Did you want your milk back?”

“Good night, Corey.”

The look of amusement on Donovan’s face was priceless as I headed back to the couch. The hot moment was snuffed out for now.

“Who’s got the revolving door now?” he said, grinning.

“Ugh, sorry about that. I told him earlier I had company tonight, but obviously he knows no boundaries.”

“I’m familiar with that.” Donovan nodded. “But I don’t give my friends a key.”

I gave him a droll look as I planted my ass on the couch and reached for my drink. “Trust me, I’ve learned from by mistake.”

Donovan tapped his lips, humming as he scanned my apartment. The wheels in his head were obviously turning.

“Do I want to know what you’re thinking?”

“Several things,” he said, scooting in closer. “First, that we’ve gotta get you out of this place and away from crazy neighbors, stat. And second…” He pressed a soft kiss to my lips. “A model needs more closet space than you have here.”

“Oh yeah? You trying to get me to move already?”

Donovan smirked, twirling a finger around a long strand. “I mean, you do have a pretty big check coming in. Then again, my closet’s big enough for the both of us.”

I chuckled, shaking my head. “I can’t just move in with you.”

“Why not?”

“Because you might get sick of me in a week, and they’ll rent this place out from under me in two seconds.”

“Sooo, if I’m not sick of you in a week, you’ll move in?”

Groaning, I scooted to the edge of the couch and uncovered the plates I'd prepared for us. "I think the hunger is making you delusional. We should eat before Corey comes back and steals this too."

"Fine, but don't think this conversation is over." Donovan placed the napkin in his lap—a comical sight, considering he still wore just his boxer briefs—and as he picked up his fork, he added, "Maybe I'll bust out the handcuffs from *my* collection next time you're over, and keep you."

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FORTY

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donovan

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2 MONTHS LATER

I SWUNG THE door to my condo open before Kelly could knock, fisted my hand in his shirt, and hauled him in for a welcome-back kiss. He'd been gone four long days, doing an ad shoot in the Caribbean, but it was like no time had passed at all. His skin was warmer, and I could almost smell the salt from the beach in his hair, and none of that made me at all jealous that I'd had to stay here for a jam-packed week at Astor. Really.

"Now that's a greeting," Kelly murmured against my lips, walking me inside and kicking the door shut behind him. "Miss me?"

"Not at all." I'd never be able to hide my grin even if I wanted to, and why would I? He was all mine.

His skin was a shade darker than it had been when he'd left, and as I ran my hands down his arms, I found myself biting down on my lip. "I can't wait to trace whatever tan lines you've got goin' on with my tongue."

"Why wait?" He lowered his head back down to mine, just as an unwanted voice filled the air.

"Oh, for God's sake, can you not?"

I didn't take my lips off Kelly's as I waved Gavin off. "Go to your room, Gav."

"How about you two *get* a room," he grumbled, walking past us to the kitchen. "Somewhere I can't hear you through the walls would be great."

"Your room isn't even near mine."

Gavin grabbed a container out of the fridge and tossed it on the counter with a loud *smack*. "No. It's not. That's what makes it worse."

Someone was in a mood today.

Kelly lifted a brow, glancing at Gavin, and I rolled my eyes, knowing what it was he wanted. What *I* wanted was apparently something that would

only send my brother over the edge, though, so I sighed, untangling myself from Kelly, but keeping our hands linked as I led him to the kitchen island.

With fork in hand, Gavin speared a grilled chicken breast a little harder than necessary, and I was tempted to take the utensil from him in case he decided to get a little stabby. Not that he would. My brother wasn't usually prone to violence—he left that for my friends.

"Anything you want to talk about?" I asked, watching him plate the chicken, put it in the microwave, then slam the door shut.

"Nope." Gavin leaned back against the counter, drumming his fingers along the edge as he looked at Kelly. "How was your trip?"

"Really good," Kelly said, giving him an easy smile. "Sure beats the hell out of winters here."

Ugh, he didn't need to remind me. We'd gotten an early blast of several inches of snow while he was gone, which wasn't a good sign of what was in store for the next few months.

"What was the ad for?" Gavin asked.

"Tiny-ass swimsuits." When Gavin snorted, Kelly shook his head. "I'm serious. They barely covered my dick. We had to get creative with the shots, so expect to see a lot of my ass."

"Already do," my brother muttered as he popped the door on the microwave and took the plate out.

Ignoring Mr. Grump, I hooked my finger in the waist of Kelly's pants and tugged him toward me, not wanting any space between us after missing him for so long. "Well, *I* can't wait to see it. Have I mentioned I'm so proud of you?"

A beaming grin lit Kelly's face. "You might've mentioned it once or twice."

More like a hundred, but who was counting? I couldn't help it, though. In the couple of months since Atticus had done us the favor of being an asshole who spilled our secrets, it'd turned out sex was *in*. Brands weren't shying away from using models and celebrities who were comfortable with their bodies and open about what they liked behind closed doors. It was giving them a sort of edginess, and though I'd seen a boost in jobs, it was nothing like the kind of attention Kelly was getting right now.

And I couldn't be happier for him. He'd more than paid his dues, and he deserved every good thing coming his way—including the money, which he'd been squirreling away like it would disappear.

“I can’t help it. You’re doing so good. I told you that once people got a look at you, they wouldn’t be able to look away.”

“As long as *you* don’t look away, I’m good.”

“Oh, for the love of God…” Gavin groaned. “You were only gone four days. Not four weeks.”

I cut a glare in his direction, wondering what in the hell was the matter with him. He was never this mouthy, or this moody, for that matter. Clearly something was bothering him.

Just my luck it was the day Kelly came home.

“Is something going on, Gav? Did Joey blow you off again last night?”

My brother looked up at me from the bite of food he’d just heaped onto his fork. “Why?”

“Oh, I don’t know, you just seem a bit…pissed off at the world.”

Kelly snorted and shook his head. “So subtle, Donovan.”

“What? He does. I mean, Jesus, is it a crime I’m happy to see my boyfriend?”

“No, but it should be a crime that I’m going to have to hear you welcome him home for the next twelve hours,” Gavin retorted.

I was just about done with his surly attitude. “You know, if you hate living here so much, why don’t you move out?”

“Oh, okay, and where would I go? Back home with Mom and Dad? You’d love that, wouldn’t you?”

“Actually, that’s not a bad idea.” I fumed. “I’ve been begging Kelly to move in for the last couple of months, and you know what? I think he’d say yes if you weren’t here giving him such a hard time every time he stayed the night.”

“Okay, boys.” Kelly put his hands up. “There’s no need to bring me into this.”

“Tell me it’s not true, then,” I said. “Because I can’t think of any other reason.”

“Donovan, I told you—”

“That you weren’t going to move in with me right away, I know. But that’s because it was too soon and you wanted to make sure I didn’t get sick of you.” I reached for his hand and brushed his palm over my erection. “Does it *feel* like I’m sick of you?”

“See?” Gavin pointed his fork at us. “This is what I mean. You can’t have one conversation without making it…sexual. It makes me—”

“Jealous?”

“Want to gag.”

“That’s not my problem.” I smirked. “But you might want to work on that for Joey.”

Gavin’s expression turned stormy then. His grey eyes resembled thunderclouds.

He was good and pissed. I couldn’t remember the last time he and I had gone head to head, but we seemed about due.

“You know what, you’re right. I do think it’s time we had a bit of space.”

Really? I mean, if he wanted to move back in with Mom and—

“Daire has a spare room. I’ll move in with him.”

My eyes widened, and then I burst out laughing. “*Daire?* Good luck with that.”

“I’m serious. He’s got a room. So, that’s what I’m going to do.”

I’d known Gavin was over Kelly and I being all heart eyes and handsy, but really? Daire?

“Gavin,” Kelly said. “I don’t want you to feel like you have to leave because of me. I don’t want to kick you out of your place.”

That Kelly was now apologizing for showing me affection made me want to drag Gavin out of there and kick his ass. How long had I been putting up with him and Joey? Granted, they weren’t the showy types, but that wasn’t my fault. If he wanted to engage in a little PDA, I wouldn’t stop him.

“You’re not kicking me out.” Gavin looked back at me. “You and Kelly are great together, but if you want to move *in* together, then I need to go.”

“But—”

“I *need* to go.” He picked up his plate and made his way around the counter. “I’ll talk to Daire later today.”

As he disappeared up the hall, I turned back to Kelly, whose mouth was hanging open.

“Wow.”

“Right?”

“Your brother hates me so much he’s willing to live with *Daire*.”

A burst of laughter escaped me as I wrapped my arms around his neck. “I don’t think it’s *you* he has a problem with. He’s always been shyer and more reserved than me, so it wasn’t a problem for me that he had Joey.

But I’m not like that. I like to show affection and touch you wherever and whenever I want.”

“No…” Kelly chuckled, winding his arms around my waist. “I hadn’t noticed that about you.”

“So was I right?”

“Hmm?”

“The reason you haven’t said yes to moving in is because of Gavin.” He grimaced, and I let out a groan. “Seriously?”

“Can you blame me? I could tell he wasn’t thrilled whenever I stayed over, so I knew he’d freak out at the idea of my moving in.”

“And you didn’t think to maybe mention that? I thought you didn’t *want* to live with me.”

Kelly smoothed his hands down to my ass and gave it a firm squeeze. “Now what would give you that idea?”

“Um, maybe the fact you kept saying no every time I asked?”

“Well, now I’m saying yes.” Kelly hiked me up his body, and I wrapped my legs around his waist as he crossed the living room. All thoughts of Gavin and Daire were far, *far* from my mind as he headed up the hall to my —soon to be *our*—bedroom and kicked the door shut. “And in a few minutes, *you’re* going to be screaming it.”

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thank you

Thanks for reading Insatiable Park Avenue Prince!

Ah, those cocky Park Avenue guys. It's nice to see that at least *one* of them is a romantic at heart. Good for you, Van! As for the rest, you'll just have to come back to see if anyone can steal their hearts.

Hmm… Which Prince will be falling this time?

Our lips are sealed. ;)

Scandalous Park Avenue Prince

Want more? You'll see all the guys again soon, including Donovan and Kelly, in the next standalone in the series. But until then, you can grab West and JT's story, Infamous Park Avenue Prince here:

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about brooke blaine

Brooke Blaine is a USA Today Bestselling Author best known for writing romantic comedy and M/M romance. Her novels lead with humor and heart, but Brooke never shies away from throwing in something extra naughty that will scandalize her conservative Southern family for life (bless their hearts).

She's a choc-o-holic, lives for eighties bands (which means she thinks guyliner is totally underrated), believes it's always wine o'clock, and lives with the coolest cat on the planet—her Ragdoll/Maine Coon mix, Jackson Agador Spartacus.

Brooke's Links

Brooke's Newsletter
Brooke & Ella's Naughty Umbrella
www.BrookeBlaine.com

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about ella frank

Ella Frank is the *USA Today* Bestselling Author of the *Temptation series*, including Try, Take, and Trust and is the co-author of the fan-favorite *Fallen Angel series.* Her *Prime Time series* has been praised as “highly entertaining!” and “sexy as hell!”

A life-long fan of the romance genre, Ella is best known for her steamy, heartfelt, M/M romances.

If you’d like to get to know Ella better, you can find her getting up to all kinds of shenanigans at:

The Naughty Umbrella
(Facebook Group)

And if you would like to talk with other readers who love Ella’s character’s from her Chicagoverse, you can find them **HERE** at
Ella Frank’s Temptation Series Facebook Group.

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